THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

NOVEMBER 6, 1948

10¢

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BILLY ROSE
Goes to the Opera

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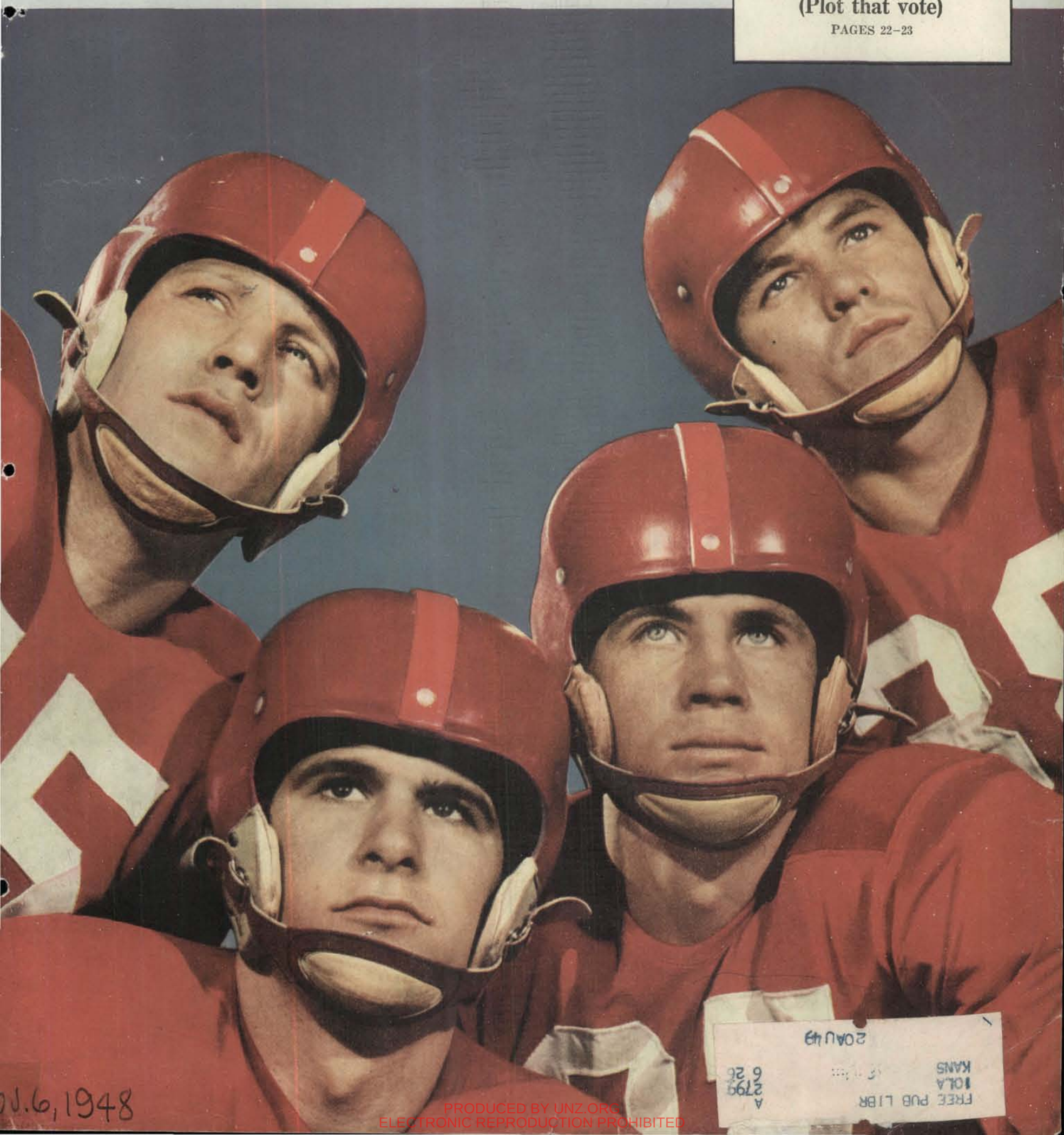
Who's going to be
PRESIDENT?
(Plot that vote)

PAGES 22–23



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HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

100 PROOF

When your choice includes mellow, heartwarming Old Grand-Dad, what else is at hand won't matter. You'll always find each golden drop of Old Grand-Dad as praiseworthy as the first.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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Good Service Depends on Good Earnings

There is still much to be done to make the Bell System big enough for the nation's needs. It will take a lot of money.

This money cannot come out of the rates you pay for service. It must come from investors.

They are the hundreds of thousands of everyday people in all walks of life whose confidence in the integrity and earning-power of the Bell System encourages them to invest their savings in the business.

Reasonable earnings will continue to attract the additional capital needed. And that in turn will provide the new and improved facilities that will benefit everybody who uses the telephone.

Earnings that are too low are not in the best interests of anybody and can only result in the long run in deterioration of a vital service.

The Bell System does not ask that it be allowed to earn one penny more than is required to do the job.

It asks only what most people and most regulatory bodies agree is fair and just . . . a reasonable return to the many men and women all over America whose savings have built the telephone business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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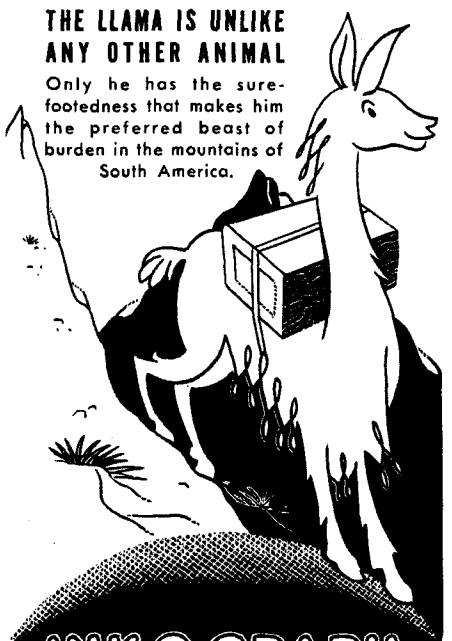

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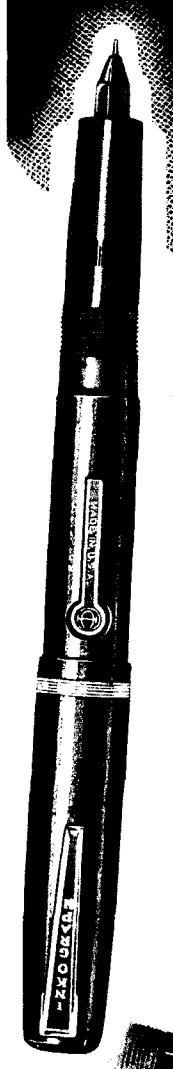

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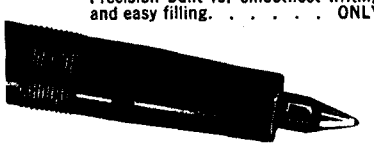

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Collier's

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The Week's Mail

HOPKINS

DEAR SIR: Congratulations on your new cover and other new aspects!

It was quite a surprise to me to read Sherwood, quoting what Hopkins has to say about the fact that our armies under Eisenhower could have taken Berlin with ease, but were ordered to halt at the Elbe. "Anyone who knows anything about it knows that we would have taken Berlin had we been able to do so, this would have been a great feather in the Army's cap, but for Drew Pearson now to say that the President agreed that the Russians were to take Berlin is utter nonsense."

While I have had little confidence in Hopkins' ability, still he was in a much better position to know the truth of this matter than writers like Bullitt. It needs to be cleared up.

W. R. KIMBALL, Ogden, Utah

. . . I have read with much interest Mr. Shepherd's articles covering the activities of Harry Hopkins, who I believe has been called the genius of the Roosevelt New Dealers. Collier's is to be congratulated on publishing this further revelation of the duplicity and cunning of the great New Dealer.

C. L. CLEAVER, Grandview, Mo.

Shepherd? Shepherd? Do you refer, sir, to the author Richard O. Shermund?

. . . In the last installment Robert Sherwood makes a great deal of Mr. Hopkins' "heroism" as a "sick man" in undertaking to meet and deal with Stalin. He should have brought out the idiocy of Mr. Roosevelt in ever sending a "sick man," or, for that matter, a man of Hopkins' nonviolent

(Continued on page 77)

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"But that car's my bread and butter!"

Fred Erickson was in trouble. Driving in a neighboring state on business, he'd had a bad accident. But he had to have his car. It truly *was* his "bread and butter."

"You should have thought of that *before* the accident," said the trooper. "In this state you've got to prove you can pay damages. If you can't post $11,000, you'll lose your license!"

What would happen to you in this predicament? Most states now make motorists subject to just such drastic penalties in case of accidents! Under these laws you could lose your driver's license, your automobile registration, or be required to post sums as high as $11,000. *And you could lose this amount—or more—as the result of a court judgment!*

Insurance protection is your most practical solution!

These laws are complicated. They vary from state to state. They change from year to year. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—each of these states accepts adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In *every* state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, your property, your savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

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1. *State Farm Mutual's rates are low*—because State Farm policyholders are "preferred risks"—people we *know* drive carefully.
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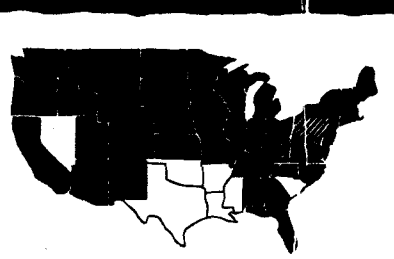

The states are cracking down!

The 40 states, and the District of Columbia (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you, under certain circumstances, to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. A similar law already has been passed by Pennsylvania but is not yet in effect.

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

HOCKEY BLADES ARE FLASHING AGAIN, AND ONCE MORE THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON TOUGH "TURK" BRODA OF THE MAPLE LEAFS

Goalie Broda in action. In the news, says Fay, he's worth at least three all-stars on the ice

WALTER (TURK) BRODA was not the best goalie in the National Hockey League when Happy Day took over as coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs at the start of the 1940 season. Broda didn't move his hands fast enough. Coach Day instituted a Speed-Up-Broda campaign that was as simple and effective as a hot-foot.

Happy confiscated Turk's primary defensive weapon—his thick-bladed stick. During practice sessions, Toronto wings circled Broda's cage and strafed Turk with pucks from 20 feet.

"Catch 'em," Happy commanded, which was quite an order. Pucks are brick-hard rubber disks not much larger than a shoe heel. They travel upward of 100 m.p.h. Turk caught 'em.

"Under the circumstances," Happy recalls happily, "it was not surprising that Turk began to move his hands with unwonted celerity. In practically no time at all, he was fielding pucks like a baseball shortstop."

Happy returned Turk's stick for game action, and the accelerated Turk yielded only 99 goals in 48 contests—an accomplishment which earned him the Vezina Trophy awarded annually to the N.H.L.'s most efficient puck stopper.

Broda is thirty-four now. He's a pudgy, balding veteran of 10 thumping campaigns, and he's still stopping pucks with chin, stick, skates, leg pads and chest protector. Last year, he was the only Toronto player elected to the N.H.L.'s All-Star team. The Detroit Red Wings placed three men on the All-Stars—Ted Lindsay, Jack Stewart and Bill Quackenbush. The Red Wings also developed the Rookie of the Year, center Jim McFadden, and a smashing defense man, Red Kelly, who finished third in the freshman balloting.

With all that talent skating around loose, the Wings figured to win the Stanley Cup, but they didn't. Toronto captured the cup for the second straight year, proving that no team is stronger than its goalie, and that a Turk Broda in the nets is worth at least three All-Stars on the ice. (Toronto fans call Broda "Turk" rather than Walter, because the back of his neck turns a gobbler-red when somebody whizzes a puck past him, which isn't too often.)

"Thank goodness Detroit doesn't own Broda," a National League manager remarked recently. "With the Wings' scoring punch and Turk to anchor their defense, there'd be nothing to it. You could call off the season right now."

But Detroit employs goalie Harry Lumley, who is as vulnerable as a croquet wicket despite the strong protection afforded by Stewart and Quackenbush, the All-Star defense men. This year the Wings will have to score more points or Lumley will have to stop more pucks to keep Broda and his Toronto associates from their third straight Stanley Cup championship. The Boston Bruins will be contenders—thanks to Frank Brimsek who can be a hotter goalie than Broda on his hot nights—but Montreal, New York and Chicago are youth-movement clubs which lack Toronto's three championship assets: experience, teamwork and Broda. As for Turk, he's never been in better shape. He worked all summer in a stone quarry under a foreman named Happy Day.

DOOLEY'S DOINGS

The drop kick is almost as extinct as the flying wedge. "Some blame it on the ball," says Eddie Dooley, one of Dartmouth's greatest quarterbacks. "The modern ball is smaller than the plump pigskin we kicked at Dartmouth and Charley Brickley used to boot at Harvard thirty-odd years ago. But I don't believe it is harder to control.

"It seems to me that psychology has killed the drop kick. After a team makes a long advance the hard way—on the ground—the coach is reluctant to assign the scoring opportunity to one man. If he does so, the other players feel that he lacks confidence in their scoring ability. And if the kicker fails, there is a psychological letdown."

Dooley drop-kicked two long field goals—one 43 yards and the other 46—against Harvard. "Funny thing about it," he recalls, "Brickley was in the stands—cheering for Harvard, of course. But he couldn't help cheering me, too. Brickley's drop-kick accuracy was simply fantastic. Once he drop-kicked a ball from the steps of the Treasury Building on Wall Street into an open window 35 yards away."

Brickley coached Dooley with only two props: a football and a trash can. "He placed the can 40 yards away and made me kick 'loopers' at it by the hour," Eddie says. "He told me I would gain more accuracy by dropping the ball near the trash can than by putting it over the uprights."

Dooley forecasts football results with the same calm accuracy with which he booted field goals for Dartmouth. His predictions and prekickoff bulletins of Collier's 1948 All-America team are aired over 170 stations on Friday nights.

CLIPPING CHAMP

Doak Walker of Southern Methodist, one of the helmeted youngsters on this week's cover (second from right), succeeds Notre Dame's Johnny Lujack as college football's press-clipping champion. Doak and his teammates laugh off the adjectives.

Example: Doak went out for basketball last winter, after running, passing and kicking SMU to the Southwest Conference football title. He sat on the bench until the last 30 seconds of the first game. Finally the coach said, *(Continued on page 39)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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•AM•

Famous Zenith Long Range AM

. . . with exclusive Zenith Wavemagnet that's up to eleven times more effective in performance than a 50-foot outside aerial!

New Zenith "Triumph"

The smart, compact new Zenith shown here is the most amazing FM-AM value ever known in radio!

Here is the first opportunity you have *ever* had to own a radio with *genuine* Zenith-Armstrong FM—PLUS famous Zenith long range AM reception—at a *sensationally* low price! Remember that Zenith-Armstrong FM brings you FM reception at its glorious best—static-free even in the severest storms—with rich, high-fidelity tone and sharp, non-fade tuning not possible with imitation FM.

The new Zenith "TRIUMPH" is the last word in modern design, with new "Cut-Away" Dial for easy reading and tuning. Comes in rich walnut plastic or gleaming white plastic case. Plays on AC or DC. You've got to get personally acquainted with this new set to realize what a great value it really is. It's on display now at your Zenith dealer's. Why not see and hear it—today?

The new Zenith "Triumph" is also available in white plastic at slightly higher price. Your choice of 22 stunning new Zenith models—consoles, chairsides, table models, and portables—from $19.95 to $675.

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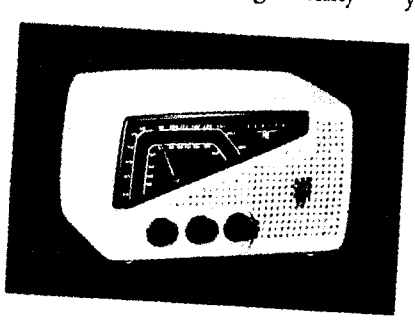

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **NO SALE!** What an appropriate comment on his hair! It looks so dry and stringy . . . and filled with loose dandruff. Too bad . . . when it's so easy to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Hey! Why don't *I* give *him* a tip!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

WHY PUT UP with Dry Scalp when it's so simple to check with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic? A few drops a day do the trick. Your hair regains its natural look . . . your scalp is no longer plagued by loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

Look for the new green and white package—out now!

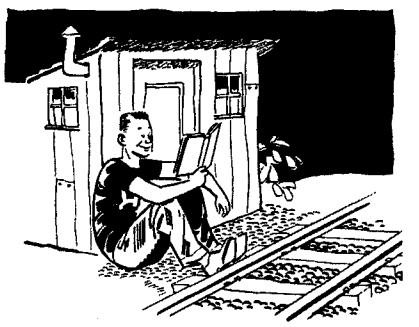
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

IN 1774, A Charlotte Stanley of London eloped with her fiancé to New York where he soon deserted her to marry an heiress. Several months later, after giving birth to a baby girl and arranging for its adoption by a wealthy family, Charlotte died of want, being too sick to work and too proud to accept charity. A tragedy also befell her daughter at the age of fifteen when, still ignorant of her father's name, she innocently fell in love with his son and did not learn of the relationship until shortly before the wedding. The following year, a Susanna Rowson, who had known Charlotte and the story of her life, wrote it into a novel called Charlotte Temple. Owing to the book's popularity, its heroine became so widely known that in 1846 the name on her tombstone in Trinity Churchyard was changed from Stanley to Temple, the only case on record of such a substitution.

DURING THE PAST decade, a brain operation called prefrontal lobotomy has been performed on about 3,500 U.S. citizens to relieve mental disorders, or, in some instances, to eliminate criminal tendencies. While the operation has helped a considerable percentage of these patients, it is still in such an experimental stage that its effect cannot be predicted accurately. In fact, in many cases, a lobotomy to correct an abnormal mental condition in a harmless man turned him into a criminal.

AT MANY AMERICAN colleges, a special scholarship is given annually to the youth who, besides being the best educated of the applicants, meets an odd requirement. For example, a student may obtain one at Harvard if his home is in Iowa in the area served by the CB&Q Railroad, at Tulane if he is a descendant of a Louisiana Confederate veteran, and at Dartmouth if he is "a religious man from Missouri."



AS CERTAIN LIQUIDS can be transported in a wooden barrel without being tainted by its previous contents, these containers are sometimes used successively by a score of different industries. For example, wooden barrels may be employed to ship the following products *in this order only:* whisky, vinegar, molasses, lubricating oil, paint, disinfectants and tar.

AFTER THE FIRST World War, a man named Jim Baker was working as a seaman on American merchant ships that, within a short period, visited 20 of the world's largest ports. While on shore leave, Baker committed a murder in each of these cities and escaped, although he always unwittingly left behind the same evidence of his rage. After his 21st killing which occurred in New York in 1928, the criminal was not located until three years later when, upon being spurned by a Michigan farm girl, he again displayed his old rage and so frightened her that she phoned the police. At his trial, which resulted in a life sentence, it was learned that Baker, when frustrated, would become so infuriated that, before murdering the person who had crossed him, he would terrify the individual with an exhibition of his superhuman strength—by tearing in two any handy telephone directories.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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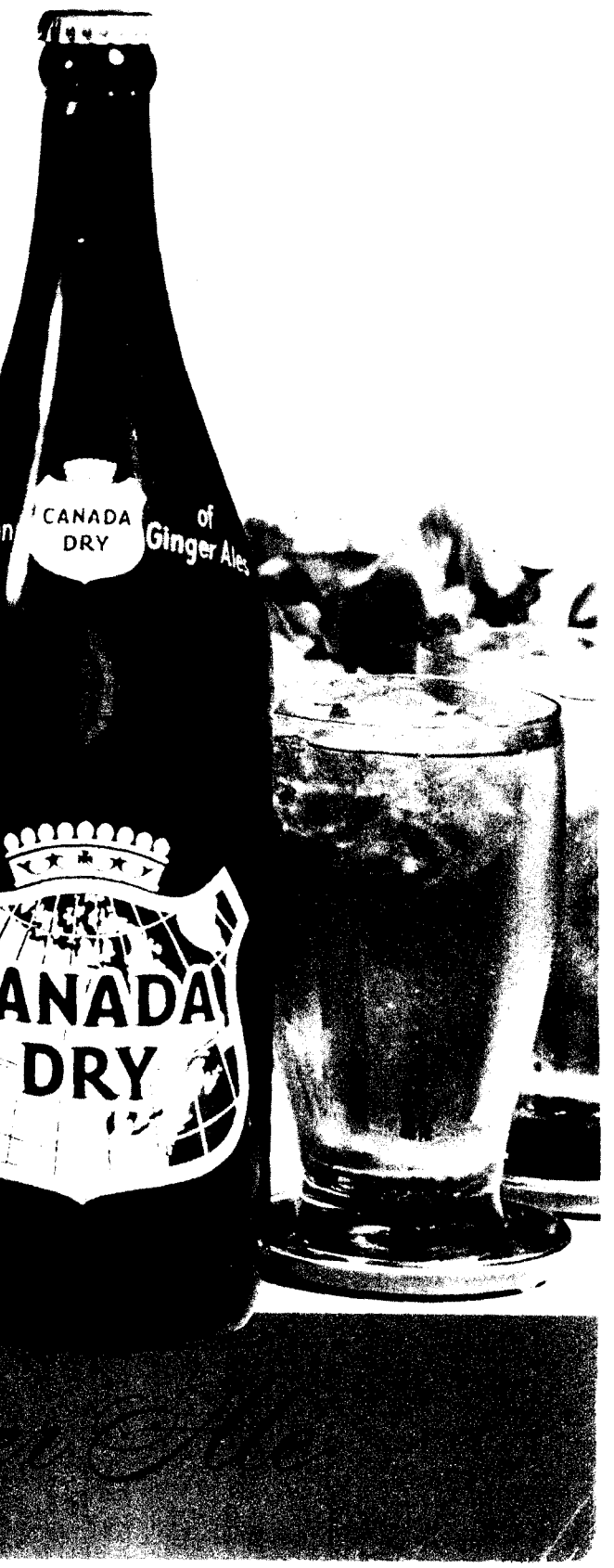

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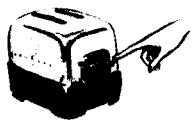
See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's—$21.50

At last! a toaster with patience!

Now General Electric Automatic pops toast up —or keeps it warm till you're ready!

Eat your toast when you want it!



This General Electric wonder has a built-in "patience." Just set the control to "keeps warm" or "pops up." The toaster will patiently keep your toast hot and crisp till you're ready . . . or pop it up.

Toasts each and every slice to taste.

Light, medium, or dark. Just set the knob—and this General Electric Toaster takes over. Doesn't matter if you're toasting one slice or twenty.

So quick to clean!

This General Electric Toaster has a Snap-in Crumb Tray for cleaning that's quick and easy! The tray snaps in and out . . . can be wiped clean in ten seconds! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Week's Work

Collier's

This week's cover: *Left to right, the SMU 1948 backfield: Gilbert Johnson, Paul Page, Doak Walker and Dick McKissack, who topped last year's Southwestern Conference, and defended in the Cotton Bowl.*

MR. BILLY ROSE is a busy man. He produces a triweekly column which reaches readers as far as Johannesburg, South Africa. He owns and actively operates the Diamond Horseshoe, an Average Man's hot spot, now in its 10th year and at which he assures me you can feed eye, ear and innards for about $5 a soul. He gives out with readings from his column over the radio; and he has just released Wine, Women and Words, a book which he describes as the Life & Times of a Saloonkeeper—himself.

He collects rent for a little knickknack he owns called the Ziegfeld Theater. He keeps what he calls his child bride, Eleanor Holm, happy. He has even recently purchased a Tennessee walking horse, presumably on which to ride over and look over his vast country acres, and the worlds he has conquered.

Yet, from a close perusal of Opera Through Rose Colored Glasses (p. 24), you will see that Mr. Rose longs for more activity. He would enjoy taking over that glittering, magnificent longhair flop—the New York Metropolitan Opera House—and making it pay off.

His interest, he assures me, is purely in behalf of the public. Billy Rose says he made enough eating money in the Aquacade to last him 200 years. "I am merely inserting my proboscis in opera problems as a kibitzer," he explains. "But I'm not so sure they want my ideas. They're too simple and sound."

INTERNATIONAL

The Roses, Eleanor and Billy, adorn the Metropolitan

To insert my own nose into the matter as a kibitzer of a kibitzer, possibly Mr. Rose may be proved wrong. He has the Midas touch—he might turn that Metropolitan gilt to gold. Incidentally, Mr. Rose confesses he sings. "There have been many complaints when I do," he says.

LIGHTNING in the form of his second Star Award has struck Jack Finney again for his Long-Distance Call on page 14. The story, the fourth of his domesticomedies featuring Eve Ryan and her husband Timberlake, was inspired by Eve Ryan herself. "I thought Eve had been getting a little complacent about Timberlake's affections recently," Finney points out.

"She was mad at him in one story and it took him a full 5,000 words to get even a smile out of her. Another time she forced him out of bed before noon on Sunday, hardly a way to keep a husband's affections. So, in Long-Distance Call, Tim meets Another Woman. A fat lot of good this does, however, as the end of the story reveals. I'm hoping though, that it'll give Eve pause, whatever that is."

Finney further reveals that the rumba scene in the story is personal jealousy. Finney's own rumba twitch leaves much to be desired, and his envy of friends who win cups at it is ripe green. "I tried to express my yen for the rumba vicariously at the typewriter," he says. "Tim Ryan rumbas even better than my associates. This, too, should give Eve pause."

ALTHOUGH he was born in Manhattan, E. R. Stuart, author of The Trick (p. 31), was raised in Brooklyn, and knows it like a bird knows Prospect Park. He says the street of which he writes in The Trick was a fishing row, near the ocean, and as a boy he often went to sea with the fishermen—Irishmen, Scandinavians and Negroes. They fished a lot in a particular part of Gravesend Bay known as Potato Patch Bay, and on these trips Stuart heard a lot of stories. "What you get to know as a boy, you use when you are older," he advises. "As for that street, it's now Seventeenth Street—a very poor tenement district."

A FEW years ago, while employed in a machine-tool plant," Henry Steig tells us, "I came into contact with a number of men representing the ultimate in certain skills, whom I came to think of as the elite of the industry. I saw them day after day, busy at the most exacting kind of brain- and handwork, often under extremely tough conditions. If some of them were irritable—as most were, now and then—or if they gave way to an occasional fit of temperament, they were easily forgiven.

"One of them fascinated me. He was a diemaker of extraordinary skill and knowledge, who, despite the many demands made on his time and energy and patience, never was heard to say an unkind word. Though imposed upon and bothered by some of us, he only smiled.

"Such consistent and prolonged sweetness of temper struck me as unnatural—superhuman. It had to be paid for, I thought; and then it occurred to me how payment might be made. Out of that idea I developed my short story, The Hour for Heartache" (p. 20). . . . TED SHANE

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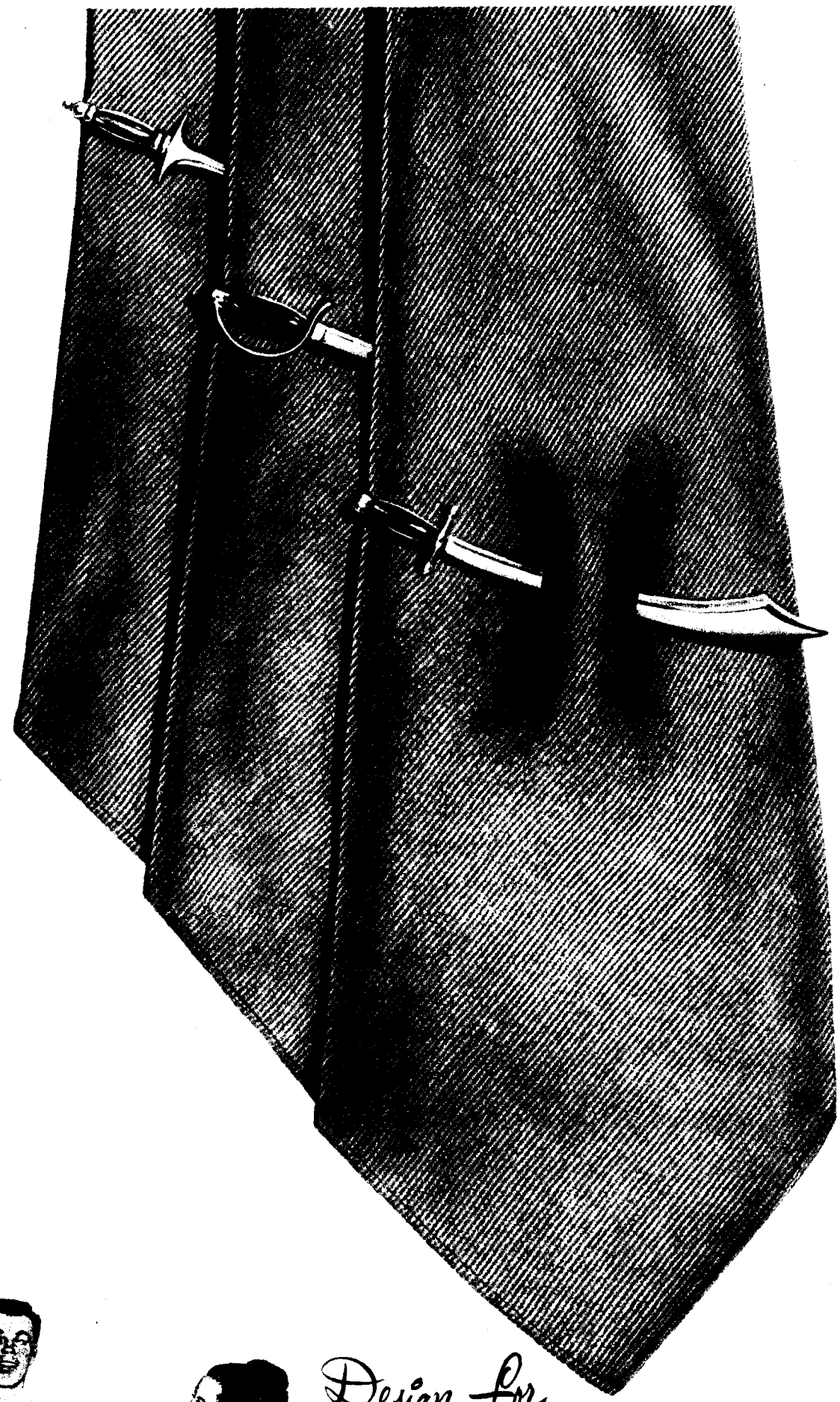

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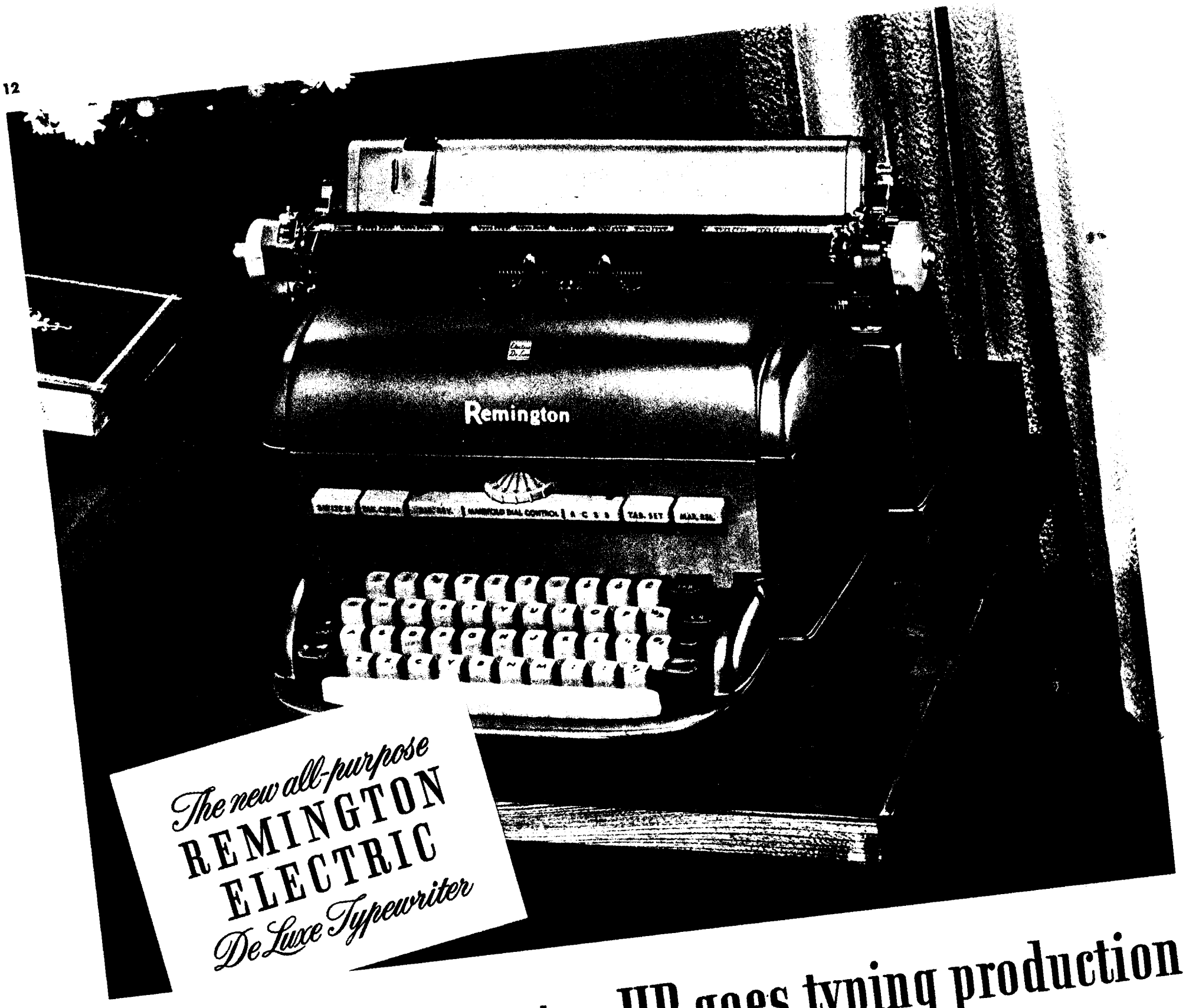

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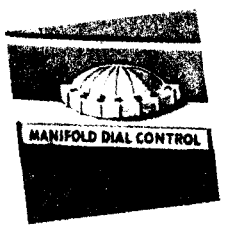

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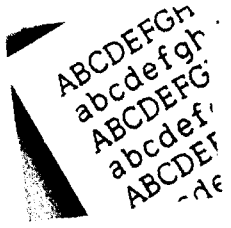

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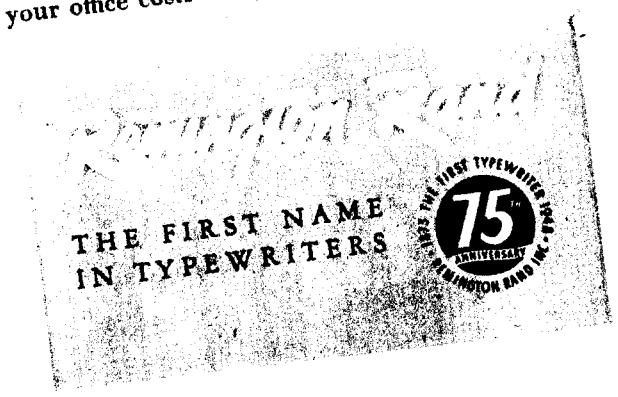

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 6, 1948

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What's Wrong With our Spy System?

ROBERT LEVERING

By FRANK GERVASI

We are losing the undercover war. The U.S., a giant among nations, is dwarfed by the espionage of our rivals for power. We get through by brute force, plus the breaks. But can our antiquated spy system forewarn us in time of a future atomic Pearl Harbor?

IMAGINE a football coach facing a major game without having scouted his opponent and you'll have an idea of what faced Uncle Sam when the whistle blew at Pearl Harbor. He didn't know what plays the opposition might spring. He wasn't even sure where and when the game was to be played or, eventually, against whom.

Your old Uncle's troubles grew out of an almost total lack of an intelligence service. And without one, a country can no more run its international life successfully than a coach can aspire to win games. For intelligence, like a coach, measures an antagonist's strengths and weaknesses and forecasts his immediate and future intentions.

The United States won World War II for the same reason that some coaches have won football games without knowing their opponents' tactics and characteristics—through sheer power plus the breaks. But that was the hard way. Had the country had a first-class intelligence service—pretty words for spy system—the war might have been months or even years shorter. It might not have happened at all.

As talk of a possible World War III crackles ominously in your ears it would be soothing to know that the United States now has an intelligence system as good, at least, as that of the British, the best in the world. But the truth, in the opinion of some of our best brains on the subject, is that the setup we do have is "the weakest link in our national security."

In other words, Uncle Sam is still in the position of the coach without a scouting system or, to switch figures, like an air line without a Weather Bureau.

With war's ugly face mugging at us from the front pages of newspapers, this, you must agree, is a sad state of affairs. But what's wrong with our intelligence setup generally? How does it happen that the United States, a giant among nations, remains a comparative pygmy in espionage? There are no simple answers. An honest bit of soul-searching, however, provides some clues.

America, as a Johnny-come-lately to global espionage, has a lot to learn but, first, a lot to unlearn. Most Americans' notions about the spying business are formed by Alfred Hitchcock movies and E. Phillips Oppenheim novels, whose ingredients are beautiful blond agents, torture, plan stealing, shots in shadowy alleys and other hair-raising stuff. Such notions colored our early efforts in intelligence, which for sheer amateurishness couldn't be beaten.

Dangerous Work for Dimwits

The United States made its debut in big-time espionage in South America in 1942. That continent was webbed by enemy spy nets. Washington sent a few veteran counterintelligence men down there, and also scores of dimwits who didn't even know enough to keep from being caught.

One way of preventing detection is to remain inconspicuous. But in Argentina, a land of rumpled men in dark suits, some of our agents insisted on going about their business in powder-blue and buff-colored gabardine and snapbrim hats, looking like Humphrey Bogart and as identifiably American as if they had carried placards to that effect.

Then came the Office of Strategic Services, a cloak-and-dagger outfit in the best traditions of Hitchcock and Oppenheim. Nothing ever dreamed up by the thrill masters of Hollywood or fiction could match the hammy and costly exploits of some of its operatives before the outfit finally settled down and became, by V-J Day, a valuable member of the victorious team.

One O.S.S. boy's idea of how to get enemy information was to hire a swank villa in a certain neutral country, stock it with champagne and curvaceous blondes and invite hordes of potential informants to parties. No worthwhile data ever came out of that Hang-over Heaven.

Just how much money was squandered by O.S.S. agents who bought or hired planes, automobiles, office equipment, houses, printing plants—anything they needed or thought they did—will probably never be known. But maybe this will give you an idea.

While Admiral Leahy was ambassador to Vichy a large suitcase was delivered at the embassy for a bright young man whom General Donovan had planted there in the guise of a minor diplomat. During one of the embryo spy's prolonged absences the mysterious luggage was opened and found filled with about $200,000 in small bills.

The performance of some O.S.S. elements was not surprising in view of the fact that the United States had never had a real spy system, a lack partly attributable to our natural antipathy toward spying. Americans are decent people. They have Ivy League notions about fair play, that are as pronounced in international politics as in sport. They clung for years to that golden rule of diplomacy—"open covenants openly arrived at"—as stubbornly as they refused for a long time to recognize scouting as an indispensable part of big-time football. *(Continued on page 78)*

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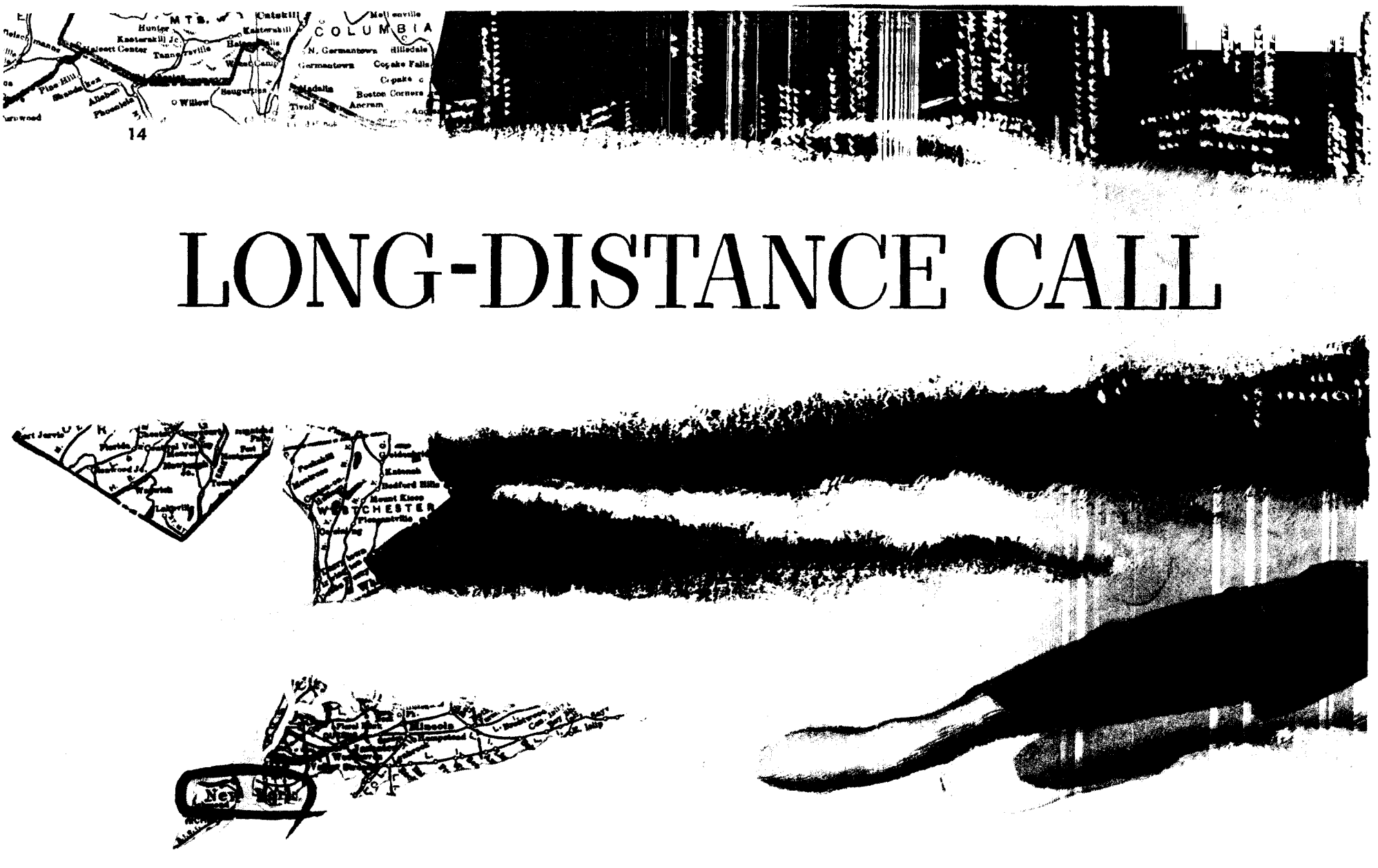
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WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

"Hear me?" he said. "Hear me now? Closed door phone booth."

"That's better. Tim, what's the m—"

He turned up the volume suddenly and raised his voice angrily, holding the phone away from his mouth. "Le'go my arm!" he yelled. "You'll get your money! Close that door!" He turned down the radio and spoke quietly, forlornly, into the phone. "Can't seem find my money. Lost. All gone. Won't le'me outta here. Here't this place. Freggis. Freggis happystace."

"*What* place!" she said, annoyed finally. "Tim, what's the *matter* with you! Where *are* you?"

"Home," he said in a perfectly clear distinct tone. He turned down the radio and spoke as though he were surprised at Eve's question. "I'm here at home listening to the radio? Why? Where'd you think I'd be?"

THERE was a silence at the other end of the line for a moment, then Eve spoke quietly. "I'll murder you," she said. "I will positively kill you the moment I get home."

"And when's that going to be?" he said softly. He grinned. "It better be soon. You can see the risks you're running; I'll fall in with evil companions. When you coming home?" he said.

"What's the matter?" He could tell she was smiling. "You getting lonesome?"

"No, I'm having a wonderful time." He laughed suddenly, a high-pitched giggle. "Cut it out!" he yelled. He turned away from the phone and spoke in a hoarse rapid whisper. "Quit tickling me! Get back in bed; you'll catch cold!" He spoke into the phone again. "No, I'm not lonesome at all."

"Well, in that case I can stay another week."

"No; better not."

"Why?"

"Weeds are growing in the corners, birds are nesting in piles of old newspapers—eagles, I think—and quack grass is springing up on the bedroom floor. A few more days and the place'll get away from me. You better come home. Maybe tomorrow? How's your sister, by the way; and her child recidivists?"

"Child what?"

"Recidivists."

"What's that mean?"

"Incurable criminals."

"Oh, the kids are fine. The whole family's fine; we're having a wonderful visit. Tim"—her voice was serious, concerned—"what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just lying around. Reading."

"What'd you do last night?"

"Same. The Leggetts called me, for some bridge. But I didn't feel like it."

"Well, Tim, I wish you'd *do* something. I hate the thought of you all alone, not doing anything, or having any fun. Did you have a good dinner?"

"Yes, I found some bread; moldy on the outside, but not bad inside. And some dried-up cheese—"

"No, really, Tim. Did you eat out?"

"Yeah, a fine dinner."

"Well, I really wish you'd get out of the apartment and *do* something. It's early yet; just nine o'clock. And it's Friday night."

"Do what? Go to some lousy movie? Or do you want me to make a tour of the night clubs?"

"Yes," she said firmly, "that's exactly what I wish you *would* do."

"By myself?"

"No," she said judiciously, and paused, considering. "Why don't you call Nancy Blatchford? She'd love to hear from you, I know. And she'd love to go."

"Nancy, is it?" His voice was interested. "That's quite a girl you've picked for me. Think you can trust me?"

"I think so," she said dryly. "Tim, why don't you call her? She's a very good dancer."

"So are you," he said brusquely, "and if you'll come home here tomorrow, I can go out with my own wife. Regular old Saturday-night stuff; a real celebration. How about that?" He guessed what her answer was going to be and as she replied, he twisted the dial of the radio rapidly till he found what he was looking for.

"I'll be home," said Eve. "I'm taking the seven seventeen in the morning." *(Continued on page 70)*

Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

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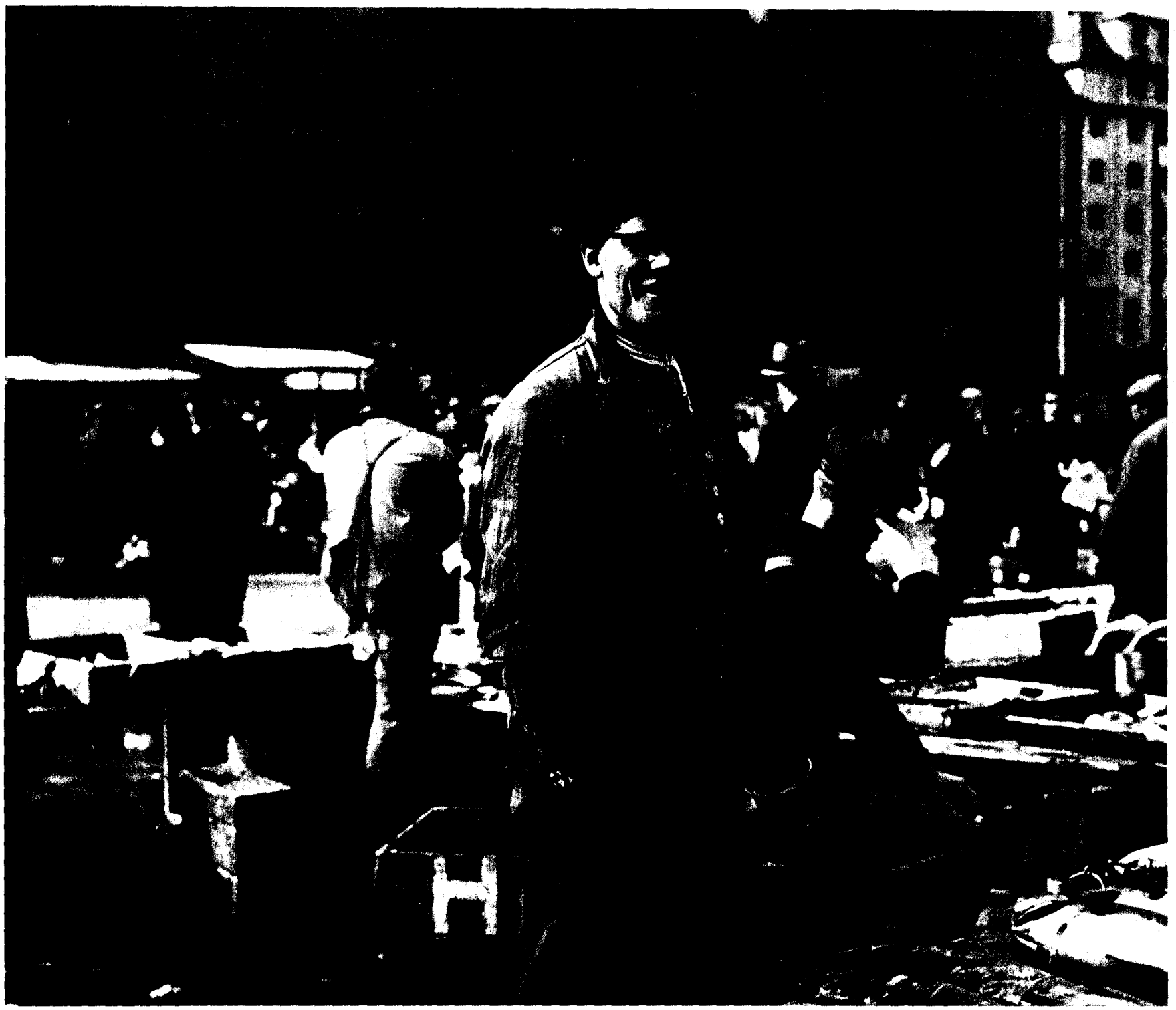

EWING GALLOWAY

Here, in this stalwart Norwegian fisherman, you have Norway—the Norway which no nation will intimidate

Country Unafraid

By

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ARVID NILSEN and his wife Ingeborg live in a pleasant three-room flat on Oekernveien Street in Oslo. Arvid is thirty-five and he has the high cheekbones, the tanned skin, the blue eyes and the fair hair of the typical Scandinavian. He has six pieces of shrapnel in his hard, lean body too, mementos of April 9, 1940, the day the Germans smashed their way into Norway. Arvid's left leg looks as though rats had been gnawing at it, but Arvid slaps the ugly scar hard and tells you that the leg is as good as new.

"It would hold up for seven or eight days," Arvid says calmly. "And Norway would hold out for seven or eight days. By then the British and you Americans would be here. Between the three of us we'd take care of them all right."

You can remind Arvid that Russia has a mighty army, a tremendous air force and a fleet of submarines that would have no trouble penetrating deep into those long fingers which the sea extends into Norway and which the Norwegians call fiords. You can remind Arvid Nilsen that Norway is a country of only 3,000,000 and that she is desperately short of steel, food and all war equipment, but Arvid only shrugs his shoulders impatiently.

"That was all true of the Germans in 1940, but we managed to hold them 63 days before they established military superiority by sheer weight of numbers," he says. "I might add that Denmark didn't fight at all; Holland held out only four days; Belgium fell after 19 days and France fell after 39 days.

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And we learned a lot during the occupation. All of us who worked in the resistance movement and who survived are still available and ready. We will not make the mistakes we made last time. This time we will know who our enemies within the country are. Mind you, not all Norwegian Communists are enemies of Norway. Many members of the party are, however, but we know them and they will be taken care of quickly. Oh, very quickly."

"That is true." His blond wife Ingeborg shook her head earnestly. "We will fight, all of us, and hold out until help arrives."

Arvid's brother, Bernt, who lives with the family, nodded vigorously.

You can travel all over Norway and you'll find a thousand men who speak as Arvid Nilsen speaks and a thousand women like Ingeborg who are getting ready to fight. Norway today is perhaps the only country in Europe that does not live with fear, and yet Norway knows that should Russia finally decide to engage in a flirtation with atomic paradise by making the cold war a hot one, Norway will be the first logical target. The citizens of Norway know this, accept it calmly, and go about their increasingly difficult job of maintaining their home economy and bolstering their military defenses.

Although Norway has a king it also has a constitution and a Storting composed of 150 members, and in no country in Europe does the democratic spirit burn more fiercely. Even the ever-present threat of danger from her huge iron-curtained neighbor has not resulted in hysteria or witch hunting. Only a small per cent of the members of the Storting are Communists, and the party has considerable strength in the industrial centers like Bergen, but not even the most conservative members of the Storting have ever suggested that the Communist party be banned or its members be denied the protection of the constitution.

In Defiance of Russia

In 1946, just after he had made his famous Fulton, Missouri, speech, Winston Churchill was invited to speak in Oslo. The Russian Foreign Office, smarting under the criticism leveled at the Soviet policy by Mr. Churchill at Fulton, put considerable pressure on the Norwegian government to withdraw the invitation. Russia said that bringing Churchill to Norway would be considered an unfriendly act on the part of Norway, and the invitation was withdrawn.

For three years Norway's courageous monarch, King Haakon VII, brooded on what he felt had been a discourteous gesture toward Mr. Churchill, and last May he invited the former war leader to Norway as his private guest. The Soviet Foreign Office protested but the king stood firm. So Churchill went to Norway, was presented an honorary degree by the University of Oslo and was given the greatest personal ovation ever accorded a foreign visitor in Norway.

The whole country roared its approval of what King Haakon had done. It was more than a welcome for Churchill; it was a cry of defiance and a reminder to Russia that this little country, the size of southern California, would not submit to pressure from any outside sources.

For the past two years traditionally neutral Sweden has been trying desperately to persuade Norway to join Denmark and herself in what amounts to a neutrality pact. Sweden would like to think that if a war between Russia and the Western Powers developed, the Scandinavian countries could maintain a polite aloofness and be untouched by the conflict.

The Norwegians believe that such a policy has no relation to reality. They know that if war comes all of Scandinavia will immediately become involved and will immediately have to make a choice between the Eastern and Western blocs. Norway long since made that choice. Norway feels much closer to England than she does to her neighbor Sweden. Norway feels a kinship for America that she has never felt for Russia, even though northern Norway borders on a section of the Soviet Union. Many Norwegians speak English and Norway thinks along democratic lines. To date Norway has made no formal commitment to the Western bloc, but her prime minister, her king and her people have made no secret as to how they stand.

Norway's bitter anti-Russian feeling is perhaps the first tangible sign that Jan Masaryk did not die in vain. Masaryk was well liked in Norway and the people of Norway had a great admiration for Czechoslovakia, the only democracy with strong and virile traditions in the Slav world. Jan Masaryk was a frequent visitor to Oslo and the Norwegians often heard him declare his belief that his country could co-operate with Russia without losing her national integrity. His suicide (or murder) was in effect an admission that he had been wrong.

The Czechoslovakia coup taught Norway the lesson that "co-operation" and "democracy" are words which the Soviet Union interprets in its own peculiar way. Whenever you discuss Soviet-Norway relations, whether it be with private citizen Arvid Nilsen or with brilliant Foreign Minister Halvard M. Lange, the name of Jan Masaryk comes up and the story of Czechoslovakia's death as a democracy is retold.

The Armed Forces Prepare

Until the time of the Czech coup, the Norwegian Labor party was a strong advocate of friendship and understanding toward Russia. After all, Russia had helped to liberate Norway and had scrupulously observed the agreement made to evacuate the country once the war was over. The death of Jan Masaryk changed the attitude of the Labor party almost over night.

Immediately it sponsored a bill in the Storting (only the 11 Communist members opposed it) calling for a sum of $20,000,000 to supplement the already appropriated defense fund. It also authorized

If Russia tries to cut through Norway, the Soviet sickle will blunt itself on the tempered steel of Norwegian courage. Schooled by the terror of Nazi occupation, 3,000,000 Norsemen have achieved a real freedom from fear. But they expect another war and realistically look to the United States in the event of it

Minister of Defense Jens Hauge to mobilize the Home Guard and the reserves, and to hold intensive maneuvers for all armed forces.

All summer Norway was in a virtual state of mobilization. Almost every able-bodied man in the country went through a hard ten-day refresher course. I spent a few days with one unit which was training a few miles outside of Oslo. Nearly all of these men in uniform had been resistance fighters during the occupation. Their physical condition was amazing. They would come into camp after a 15-mile forced march over rugged terrain, drop their heavy packs and then choose up sides for a soccer game.

Target Sola!

Lieutenant Torborg Lavik talked of these men he was helping to train, and he couldn't keep the pride out of his voice. These were not perfunctory, casual maneuvers to Lavik or to the other officers. Lavik, like so many Norwegians, is convinced that war with Russia is inevitable. He faces the prospect quite calmly. He had been condemned to death three different times during the German occupation, and each time had escaped. Men like Lavik don't seem to have the capacity for fear.

"Our men don't march like West Pointers," he said, watching a group of gray-clad men filing into camp. "But we aren't concerned much with how they march. You know we Norwegians spend half our lives on skis, and when we can't ski we walk. If Russia attacks us we will fight a delaying action. Mobility, not massed static defense, is the keynote of our military strategy. We were not well organized or trained back in April, 1940, and we were taken by surprise. We had only about 200,000 men available for defense then. Today we have nearly that many in our Home Guard alone. And we will not be taken by surprise. We have plans to defend all key spots."

"Like Sola?" I suggested.

Lieutenant Torborg Lavik smiled. "Yes, like Sola," he said softly.

The general staff of every army in the world knows about Sola. Sola is the Stavanger airport, and you can bet that every map of Norway hanging on the wall of the huge map room in the Kremlin has a circle around the word Sola.

Whenever air force men gather they play a guessing game which might be called, "If Russia Attacks, Where Will She Hit First?" I heard a dozen R.A.F. men play this one in Berlin not long ago. Some thought Turkey would be the first point of attack, but when the votes were all in, this dubious honor went to Sola by a big vote. And yet Sola is nothing but a commercial airport in southwest Norway..

You have only to fly over Sola to realize its importance. Four long, white, gleaming concrete runways stretch out below you. The sea touches the perimeter of the airfield, and so it is also used as a seaplane base by the Norwegian Air Lines. The nearest hills are some miles away. Sola was a good airport in 1940; so good the Nazis landed 300 troop-carrier planes there in two hours. During the occupation the Germans lengthened the runways; during the past few months Norway has lengthened two of them to such an extent that today any military aircraft in the world can land or take off from Sola.

In case of war, both sides would want to use Norway as a base. Sola would be indispensable.

Standing up in the control tower watching an occasional Scandinavian Air Line plane casually take off for Rio or New York, it seemed hard to believe that someday men might die attacking or defending the four strips of concrete shining in the sun. I looked in vain for the antiaircraft guns you might expect to circle the field and I commented on it. Martin Ellingsen, the pilot who had flown me from Oslo, smiled blandly.

"This is a civil airport," he said gently. "Forus, over there, is the military airport."

Austerity for Survival

Just three miles from Sola (and connected beautifully by a taxi strip) is the military airport of Forus. Consider the two airports as one and you have just about the greatest air base in Europe.

"A nice airport," the Norwegian pilot said. "Never snows this far southwest—the Gulf Stream takes care of that. Never any fog. Very seldom have any storms here; just nice peaceful weather."

"But where are the defenses for Sola?" I asked, puzzled.

"Defenses?" The pilot smiled. "I don't know. Why not ask the R.A.F. chaps or your own Air Force people? I'm sure they'd know. But me—I'm just a commercial pilot. That is"—his smile disappeared—"until it starts. I still have my R.A.F. commission."

Norway, of all European countries, deserves peace. When the war ended she counted her dead, totaled up her economic losses, and then settled down grimly to an austere, rigid regime of self-denial that was necessary for her economic survival. Norway has always lived by shipping, fishing and the export of wood pulp. The war destroyed 2,500,000 tons of her shipping (660 ships). During the occupation the Germans literally destroyed all of northern Norway and even today there is hardly a town or village north of Namsos that is self-supporting.

Despite the heavy loss in shipping, her merchant fleet continued to operate all during the war, and the result was a tidy amount of dollar and sterling credit. The Labor government acted realistically. It decreed that this foreign credit be used exclusively for long-term benefits and not as a temporary palliative. Orders were placed for new ships and today both England and America are filling those orders. The foreign exchange was used to import steel, machine tools, agricultural machinery and other absolute necessities.

You can stay in Oslo for a month without ever seeing an egg or a piece of meat. They have to be imported and the government will not spend its dwindling foreign reserves for food. The people understand, smile grimly, tighten their belts and continue their fish diet. *(Continued on page 46)*

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THE EGG-SHAPED KID

By MICHAEL FESSIER

One word from his baby son would save George's happy home—but the kid just wouldn't talk

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

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WHEN George returned from the office to his vine-covered cottage in the suburbs that night his wife, Midge, met him at the door and there was a strange and holy light of joy in her eyes.

"Oh, George," she cried, "I'm so excited and happy."

George kissed her perfunctorily and tossed his hat onto a chair. "What's for dinner?" he said.

"George, sit down and listen," said Midge, her voice quivering with emotion, "I've got news for you."

"Good or bad?" asked George, sitting down and lighting a cigarette.

"Good," said Midge. "Very good, the very best you could imagine."

"Don't tell me your mother broke her neck," said George. But he said it in such a flat tone of voice that it was obvious he really didn't consider it possible that he could be among those heaven-blessed few with broken-necked mothers-in-law.

"Oh, quit being facetious," said Midge. "George, I just got back from the doctor. We're going to have a baby."

She beamed at him, waiting for the look of happiness to dawn in his eyes. He stared at her for a long moment, and whatever the look in his eyes meant, it certainly wasn't happiness.

"That," he said coldly, "was a low, underhanded trick."

She stared at him incredulously. "George," she said. "You don't mean it."

"You're darned right I do," said George. "Why didn't you consult me?"

"*Consult* you?" she repeated. "George, don't tell me you don't know about babies?"

"Of course I know about babies," snapped George. "I know all about babies. Did I ever tell you I wanted a baby?"

"No," admitted Midge. "But I took it for granted. Why, George, *everyone* wants babies."

"Except me," said George. "So I'm the one it's going to happen to. The mere thought of kids appalls me."

"How do you know you don't like children?" demanded Midge. "You never had any."

"Ye gods!" said George. "I was raised with kids; I went to school with 'em—thousands of 'em. I hated 'em all."

"You'll love ours," said Midge.

"What if I do?" demanded George. "It'd still be a dirty trick on the kid, wouldn't it—to bring him unasked into this world, the shape it's in. Where's he going to live when he grows up? It's a cinch he isn't going to sponge off me the rest of his life."

But Midge didn't answer. She was crying into her blue apron. Contritely, George went over to her and put his arms around her.

"It's all right, hon," he said. "I was just kidding. I'll feed him well, really I will. He'll always have shoes. I'll love him as much as I can."

THE next morning George consulted an older and more experienced man who had a desk next to him at the office. "Did your wife ever have any kids?" he asked.

"Did my wife have any kids?" snorted the older man. "My wife's had so many kids that we gave 'em serial numbers instead of names." He gave George a keen look. "Boy, are you in for trouble!" he gloated.

"I know it," said George despondently.

"You just think you do," said his friend. "Boy, these dames when they're expecting. Holy smoke!"

"What about dames that're expecting?" asked George, alarmed.

"Flighty," said the other. "Fickle as all get out. You can't do anything to please them. In the middle of the night they get a yen for a pineapple. You shag all over town for a pineapple and when you get back, the dame wants a peach. You go get a peach and when you give it to her she doesn't want *anything* to eat; she wants the parlor redecorated. Boy, it's awful!"

"And what if you don't pamper 'em?"

The older man shook his head direfully. "Clubfeet," he said cryptically.

That night George brought Midge home a pineapple and from then on he was so attentive and obliging and loving that Midge's heart was bursting with joy by the time she was taken to the hospital for the accouchement. She felt that approaching fatherhood had made a new man of George. . . .

George, torn with anxiety over Midge, sat miserably in the waiting room of the maternity ward. His mother-in-law came in and glared at him.

"What that poor child is going through!" she said. "George Sommers, till the day I die, I'll never forgive you for what you've done to her."

"Ye gods!" said George, smarting at such rank injustice, "I had the parlor redecorated, didn't I?"

After having been assured that Midge was resting and in no danger, George was told that he could see his new son and heir; but when he was informed of the procedure customary in such cases he balked.

"I'll be damned if I'm going to take my first look at the kid through a window pane," he stormed. "I want a real good, close-up gander at him."

Finally they equipped George with a sterile mask and a white gown and he entered the nursery.

The nurse pulled back a blanket from a crib. "There," she said, "isn't he darling?"

George stepped back from the mottled liver-colored, squirming mite. "You shouldn't show that thing to visitors," he said. "It'll give the hospital a bad name. Now where's *my* kid?"

"That," said the nurse, "is your son."

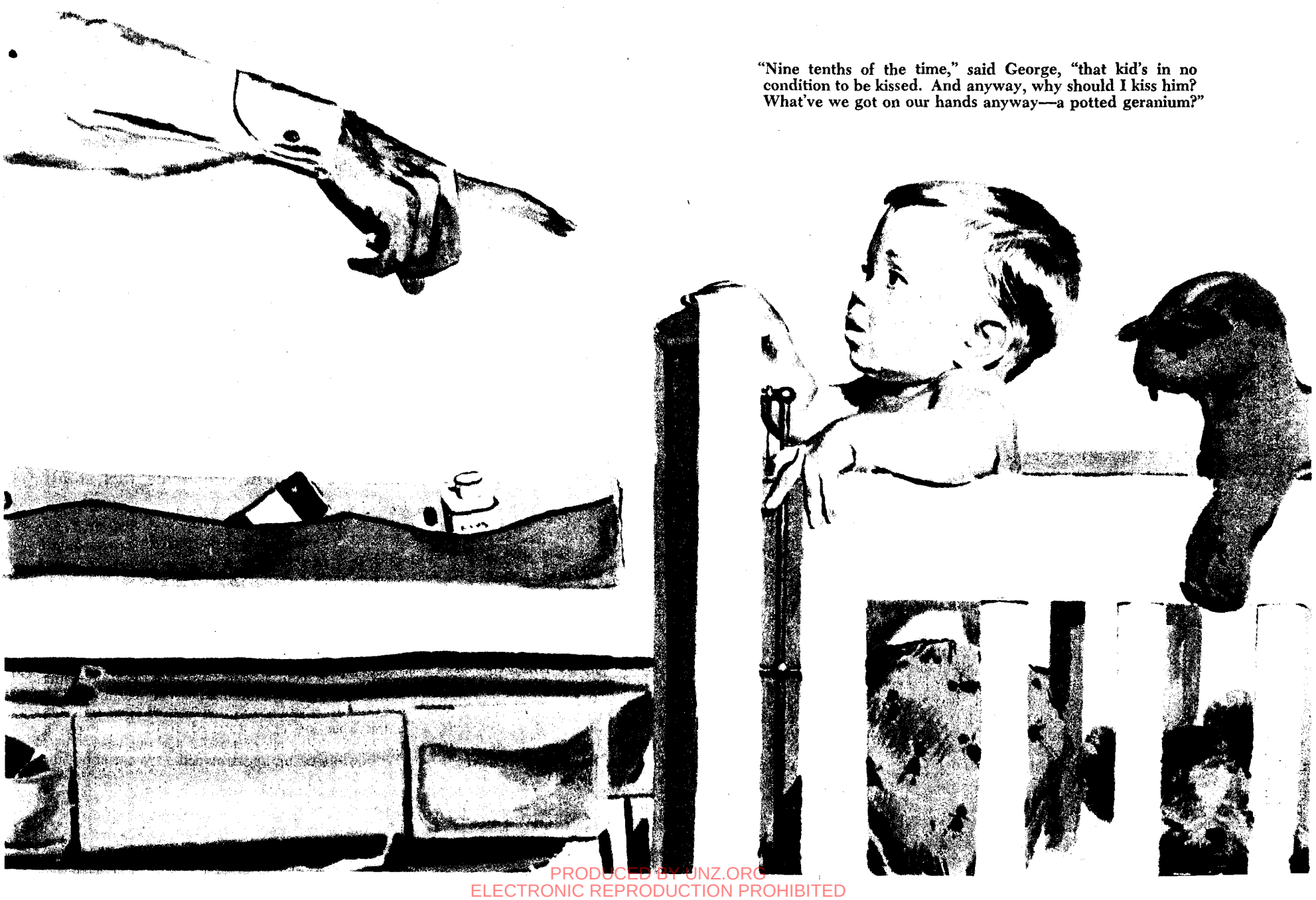
George took another look at the contents of the crib. "I'll sue the hospital," he yelped. "That's not my kid. That kid belongs in a bottle. He's got everything but two heads."

"Don't be ridiculous," snapped the nurse. "That's a perfectly normal, healthy baby."

"Normal," said George. "Look at that noggin on him. It looks like an egg laid by a distressed hen."

"All babies have heads shaped like that," said the nurse.

George bent over and examined the baby. "Well," he conceded, "he hasn't got clubfeet. He has *me* to thank for that." *(Continued on page 74)*



"Nine tenths of the time," said George, "that kid's in no condition to be kissed. And anyway, why should I kiss him? What've we got on our hands anyway—a potted geranium?"

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Mrs. Morton felt herself being pulled into the machine and tried to stop it. She couldn't, and she began to scream

THE HOUR FOR HEARTACHE

By HENRY STEIG

Hugo's wife knew that she had to pay for the happiness that she had—and even then she thought the price was small

THE fog was so dense Mrs. Hansteen thought she could taste the wetness in the air. She had awakened at seven, prompted by something unconscious inside her which was as reliable as any alarm clock. As usual, before rising, she lay abed a while, close to the man to whom she had been married for two decades. One of her thick blond braids lay across his face. He was snoring softly in her ear. She smiled at him and gently lifted away the braid. It was going to be a dreary day; too bad this beautifully peaceful moment could not be prolonged. With a sigh, she eased her plump form out of bed, careful not to waken her husband.

Soon the odor of frying bacon and brewing coffee filled the four-room apartment. Mrs. Hansteen let things rest in the kitchen and went to waken Mr. Hansteen. She leaned over him and kissed him. "Hugo, breakfast's ready. Hugo—Hugo!"

He opened his eyes, grinned at her, pulled her down to give her a hug, and let her go. Then he sat up, sniffing in delight the good smells from the kitchen. "I'll be right there, Ellen. Funny how hungry a good night's sleep makes me." He got up to dress and began whistling.

He went through breakfast with gusto, smacking his lips over a second cup of coffee. "Swell wheatcakes, but no more. No more bacon, either, or I'll be too late for work." He got up to leave.

"Got your glasses, dear?" she asked.

He patted his pocket. "Yeah, I've got 'em." He kissed her and went off to the downtown subway. . . .

Whistling like a bird, Hugo Hansteen entered the factory and waved good morning to John Kereny, the foreman, who stood at his desk near the center of the production floor. John beckoned him. Hugo came over, a smile on his flat, oval face, and with calmly peering eyes watched John shuffling jobtime slips in his characteristic nervous rush.

John looked up and frowned. "What about the

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job you're on?" he asked. "Not much left to it, is there?"

Hugo shrugged. "I'm staying with it," he said and turned away.

"Yeah, I know—it'll be done when it's done!" John called after him. Asking about the compound die Hugo was working on wouldn't make it go any faster than it was going. During the months Hugo had been with John's crew of tool and diemakers, he had shown himself to be easily the most competent man among them.

It was Hugo's perpetual half-smile, his supreme good humor, which sometimes got the foreman down. John understood that serenity of nature was a great asset to a precision worker—cranks had a tough time of it—but he felt things went just a bit too easily for Hugo Hansteen. It wasn't natural for a man to go so long at such difficult work without signs of wear.

Hugo was at his bench by the window when John blew his whistle. As the lathes and millers started going, Hugo turned on a fluorescent lamp over his bench, rolled up his shirt sleeves and slipped on a clean shop apron. Unlocking the drawer in his bench and the toolbox on top of it, he took out parts of the compound die, a blueprint, a set of Swiss files, a micrometer depth gauge, and a diemaker's square. He wiped the surface plate on his bench and began measuring and checking the die members. The die stripper plate needed modification and he set to work at it with a tiny half-round file. Then he remembered his spectacles, took them out, polished the lenses, put them on.

He worked uninterruptedly for about an hour. Then John came to his bench and looked worriedly at his job-time sheet. "It's going fine, Hugo," he said, "and you've done a lot in four hundred hours. But I've just had a call about this die. It's for one of our most important accounts and they're getting anxious about it."

"Still quite a bit to do on it," Hugo said, showing the foreman a trial punching. "After I get the stripper plate cleaned up I've got to deepen that inside groove about a thousandth. Then I've got to harden the job and fit the springs—"

"I know, I know. Wouldn't bother you if I could help it."

"Another ten or twelve days, I figure," Hugo said.

"Thing is, I went overboard on it," said John. "Let 'em coax me into promising it for early this week, and now they're on my tail about it. I can stall 'em off till beginning of next week. Say Tuesday."

"Couldn't do it without piling in a lot of overtime."

"That's what I mean."

Hugo shook his head regretfully. "'Remember what I said when you took me on? No overtime—that was the understanding."

"But just this once, man. Haven't you any pride in the company's reputation? Don't you give a damn about production?"

"Please, John," said Hugo, "no pep talks."

John went away in exasperation. You had a chance of getting somewhere even with a stubborn man if you could get him into an argument. But Hugo's impregnable tranquillity made argument impossible.

AT TEN o'clock John blew his whistle for the regular morning ten-minute rest period. The abrupt cessation of the roar of the gear shapers made Hugo feel faint for a moment, as if a support had been drawn away from under him. He rubbed his eyes, stood up, and started thoughtfully for the foreman's desk; but he was stopped by Mrs. Morton, a middle-aged woman in a big shabby shop coat who ran a lathe at the edge of the production floor, near Hugo's bench.

"Mr. Hansteen, pardon me, but if you've got a minute—"

Hugo went with her to her machine, a large old lathe, converted with hand-operated accessories to do turret work. She had been cutting quarter-inch slices for gear blanks from two-inch round steel bars.

"All of a sudden the parting tool doesn't bite, even with plenty of coolant, and I get a lot of chatter," she said.

He looked over her setup. "The parting tool's shot now, but everything else looks tight. When did the trouble start?"

"Pretty soon after I began that new length of stock."

"Oh. Might be something wrong with it." Hugo took one of the last disks she had cut, another from an earlier batch, and led Mrs. Morton to a bench grinder. He set it going and touched one of the disks to the wheel. "Watch the sparks. This looks like high-carbon steel—tool steel. You can tell from the little stars at the end of the sparks, and their whitish color. Now look at the difference." He touched the other gear blank to the grinding wheel. "These sparks are just straight lines, see? No stars. And the color's yellower. This is your free-machining cold-rolled." He showed her how to regrind the tool and helped her get rid of the bar of steel in the lathe-feed support and reload it with a new piece."

"Thanks, Mr. Hansteen. Thanks an awful lot."

"That's all right." Hugo wanted to see John, but the recess was at an end and he returned to his bench. The day had brightened and he switched off his lamp. At noon the stripper plate was finished and he started going over the principal parts of the die, those which would do the actual forming of the sheet bronze.

He got to work on the upper die member at a precision lathe, using one of a number of special lathe tools he had made to cut the circular grooves. He had to adjust it in the tool holder so that the curve of the cutting edge fitted exactly into the curve of the groove which he was going to deepen by a thousandth of an inch. The whistle sounded again, but Hugo worked on for a few minutes. Then, having everything as he wanted it, he went to lunch.

He found John in the restaurant where they usually ate, sat down opposite him, ordered sandwiches and coffee and started talking. "About overtime—guess I ought to explain. Got too much of it during the war."

"So what?" John said. "You weren't the only one."

"I was working on dies for some tiny optical instruments," Hugo continued in a circumstantial tone. "Some of those die parts were as small as your shirt buttons. Of course, I was pulling down nice dough. And I saved a nice lump of it." He gave John a sad, almost apologetic smile. "Then my eyes went back on me. All of a sudden, one night, I was blind."

"Oh! . . . Gee!" John didn't know what else to say.

"Got your glasses, dear?" Mrs. Hansteen asked. Hugo patted his pocket. "Yeah, I've got them"

"Then I went to pieces altogether," Hugo said. "Seemed I'd just been going along on nerve. Pretty worn out, but didn't know it till my eyes went bad. I almost went nuts"—he chuckled mournfully—"and from the hints some of the doctors made, seems they thought I really was, in a way. One thing they agreed on, I needed rest. So my wife took me to the mountains and kept me quiet for six months. After that, my eyes slowly started getting better. I get by now, with glasses."

"I understand. No wonder you don't like pep talks," John said. "Are you sure you're all right now?"

"Well—I have to be careful. Doctors wanted me to give up fine work altogether but you know how they are. And what else could I do, anyway? I'm a diemaker."

"Sorry I gave you the rush," John said.

"I feel funny about it," Hugo said with a shrug. "I mean it's really nobody's business. But now you know."

THERE was an afternoon recess at three-thirty. Two girls came to Hugo with a micrometer which was out of adjustment. They wanted him to fix it for them but he made them do it, showing them how. A machinist brought him a blueprint which puzzled him and Hugo interpreted some obscure symbols for him. John dashed over with a shop math problem involving bevel gears. "I'd do it myself but I'm up to my neck with a couple of new kids on the gang drill presses, and the only man I've got free for this job has to have everything figured out for him."

Daylight was failing and it was getting gloomy even close to the window. Hugo switched on the fluorescent light again and wiped his spectacles clean. It was a while before his eyes adjusted themselves to the new color of things and the new shadows. It took a special effort to continue working.

He began putting finishing touches on the upper die member with a small cylindrical fine-grit stone. After an hour's honing of the tough steel, he took a few minutes off to bathe his eyes in cold water. Always on dark days when he had to rely on artificial light, he had trouble with his vision. The cold-water treatment helped him get through the long last hour from four to five.

Near by, Mrs. Morton was standing sidewise to her machine as she had been all day, left hand on the cross-feed control, right hand squirting coolant on the work from a large oilcan. Her shop coat brushed against the long, steadily turning lead screw which ran horizontally along the front of the lathe bed. A flap of torn cloth got caught in the screw, slowly wound up on it, then a fold of the garment itself became engaged. Mrs. Morton felt herself being pulled against the machine and tried to stop the motor, but from the position in which she was being held she could not quite reach the switch. She began to scream.

Hugo, being nearer than anyone else, got to Mrs. Morton first. He shoved the switch through neutral to reverse. The lead screw, now turning the other way, began slowly releasing the woman. It seemed to take a long time. She had her teeth clamped on her lower lip and was sucking in her breath. When she was free at last, she put her hand to her side, groaned and fainted.

Hugo and a couple of other men carried her to the rest room, with John fluttering along, saying over and over, "God, I hope it isn't serious." Another woman employee, whose regular duty it was to administer first aid, took over. It turned out not to be very serious, as she reported: "You could tell the pitch of that lead screw from the mark it left on her. Nasty pinch, but that's about all, besides the shock."

The excitement over, Hugo had returned to his bench. The upper die member wasn't there. He found it on the concrete floor and realized he must have let it roll off the bench when he ran to help Mrs. Morton. He sat down quietly and examined it, blinking as he turned it about in his hands under the lamp, his lips moving slightly in whispered curses.

It was five o'clock. John blew his whistle, the machines stopped, and it became quiet again except for the scurrying of people getting ready to go home. Hugo remained at his bench, studying the die part, deciding what to do with the place on one of its edges where it had *(Continued on page 38)*

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GEORGE WASHINGTON
Federalist 1789-1797

JOHN ADAMS
Federalist 1797-1801

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Democratic-Republican 1801-1809

JAMES MADISON
Democratic-Republican 1809-1817

JAMES MONROE
Democratic-Republican 1817-1825

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
Democratic-Republican 1825-1829

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Democrat 1945-

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Democrat 1933-1945

HERBERT C. HOOVER
Republican 1929-1933

CALVIN COOLIDGE
Republican 1923-1929

Your Election Score Card

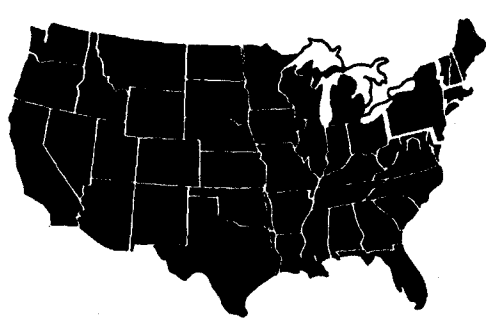
Here is a series of eight maps of the United States. They graphically illustrate the outcome per state in each of the preceding Presidential elections since 1920 inclusive. Only the results of major parties are shown. Use the maps to gauge your predictions in the columns on the next page

■ RED REPRESENTS REPUBLICAN PARTY ■ BLACK REPRESENTS DEMOCRATIC PARTY

1920

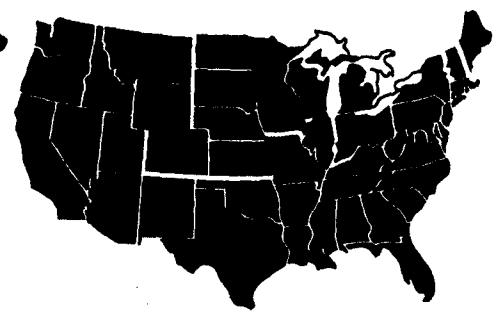
1924

1928

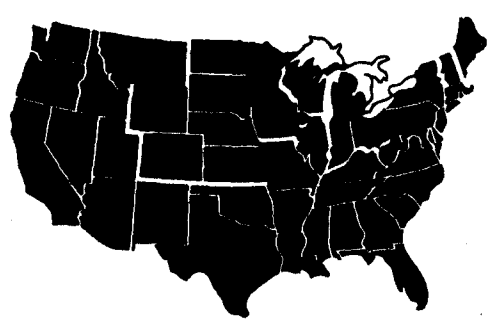


1932

1936



1940



1944

1948

WARREN G. HARDING

WOODROW WILSON

WILLIAM H. TAFT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WILLIAM McKINLEY

BENJAMIN HARRISON

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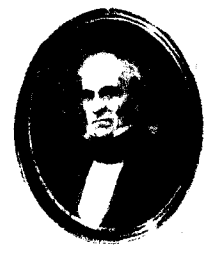
ANDREW JACKSON
Democrat 1829-1837

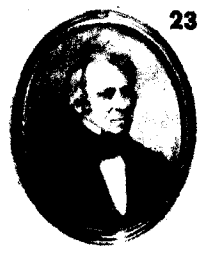
MARTIN VAN BUREN
Democrat 1837-1841

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
Whig 1841-1841

JOHN TYLER
Democrat 1841-1845



JAMES K. POLK
Democrat 1845-1849



ZACHARY TAYLOR
Whig 1849-1850

AT THIS point you are probably tired of hearing others make Presidential predictions. In self-defense why don't you take a whack at the game and see how sharp *you* are?

Here's a chart for your political picks. It looks complicated but it isn't. You have to figure the thing by electoral votes—state by state. The list below gives you the total number of electoral votes allotted to each state. The national total is 531. In order to be elected to the Presidency a candidate must win a simple majority of 266.

The chart provides three columns—one is for the Democratic candidate, Harry Truman; one for the Republican, Thomas E. Dewey, and one for the rest of the field. Put down your guess now as to which way each state will go and check yourself against the election returns.

In listening to the returns, remember that the candidate getting a *majority* of individual votes in a state gets *all* the state's electoral votes.

MILLARD FILLMORE
Whig 1850-1853

FRANKLIN PIERCE
Democrat 1853-1857

JAMES BUCHANAN
Democrat 1857-1861

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Republican 1861-1865

STATE	No. of Electoral Votes	YOUR GUESS (Remember, the candidate you select to win in each state must get a majority of the popular vote to capture the electoral votes allotted each state) Dem.	Rep.	Others	ACTUAL RESULTS (As each state's final vote goes for one candidate or another, put the total electoral vote in the correct column. Check your guess with the final outcome) Dem.	Rep.	Others
Alabama	11						
Arizona	4						
Arkansas	9						
California	25						
Colorado	6						
Connecticut	8						
Delaware	3						
Florida	8						
Georgia	12						
Idaho	4						
Illinois	28						
Indiana	13						
Iowa	10						
Kansas	8						
Kentucky	11						
Louisiana	10						
Maine	5						
Maryland	8						
Massachusetts	16						
Michigan	19						
Minnesota	11						
Mississippi	9						
Missouri	15						
Montana	4						
Nebraska	6						
Nevada	3						
New Hampshire	4						
New Jersey	16						
New Mexico	4						
New York	47						
North Carolina	14						
North Dakota	4						
Ohio	25						
Oklahoma	10						
Oregon	6						
Pennsylvania	35						
Rhode Island	4						
South Carolina	8						
South Dakota	4						
Tennessee	12						
Texas	23						
Utah	4						
Vermont	3						
Virginia	11						
Washington	8						
West Virginia	8						
Wisconsin	12						
Wyoming	3						
TOTAL	531						

GROVER CLEVELAND

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

JAMES A. GARFIELD

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

ULYSSES S. GRANT

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Opera Through Rose Colored Glasses

Tie a can to the cliques, claques and corpulence at the Met. Put the librettos in simple English and haul the box office out of the red with better showmanship, says Rose. Here's the how of it

By BILLY ROSE

ON AUGUST 4th George A. Sloan, chairman of the Metropolitan Opera Association, announced that the board had decided not to run the opera this year because of excessive union demands. He said the Met had lost $220,000 in 1947–8, and was afraid of an even larger deficit this season.

I wrote Mr. Sloan on August 6th and offered to operate the Metropolitan for one year and personally guarantee it against deficit, on condition that I be given a free hand and allowed to clean house. I said it was my belief that a bit of streamlining would find favor with lovers of good music, and that this could be done without tampering with what was fine in grand opera. I concluded by saying that I saw no reason why an institution which had such general public acceptance couldn't carry itself.

Mr. Sloan replied on August 10th that he would bring my offer to the attention of the board, but that in his opinion the current problem was not one of management. Shortly after, the Met announced it had come to an agreement with the unions, and there would be a season of opera after all.

Since making my fools-rush-in offer, my desk has been piled high with newspaper clippings and letters from all over the country. Most of them favor my plan to dab a little rouge on the cheeks of the Old Lady of Thirty-ninth Street, but, as was to be expected, several self-declared wits had themselves a time speculating on what would happen if an old hoopla huckster became boss of the ariaways. They envisioned Pagliacci with breakaway suspenders, Aïda with a herd of spangled elephants, and Madame Butterfly in a tank big enough to float the U.S.S. Missouri.

Also there were the deep thinkers who asked the $64 question: "Why did Rose make such a proposition? Does he hanker to wear a fuzzy hat and a beaver collar? Or does he want to cast Eleanor as one of the Rhine Maidens?"

If Billy were King of the Met, he would want these courtiers to help him run the place. Society boys couldn't make it unless they ponied up and shut up

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHELLHASE

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"Watching a love scene at the Met," says Billy, "is like seeing Gone With the Wind with Sidney Greenstreet as Rhett Butler and Sophie Tucker as Scarlett O'Hara"

Here are my reasons for wanting to run the Metropolitan:

The first is "kicks." Five years ago, I produced Carmen Jones, the all-Negro version of the Bizet opera, with libretto and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. It played to a million people who had never set foot in an opera house, ran three years, and earned nearly as much as the Met loses in four. But even more important to me than the customers and their kopecks was the personal pleasure I got out of my first encounter with great music. Today, when I make eyes at the Met, it's like a sixteen-year-old kid who has had his first kiss and wants to meet Hedy Lamarr.

My second reason for wanting to tackle grand opera is the conviction that, if given an even break, it's a cinch to break even. So far as I know, it's the only monopoly in the world that doesn't make money.

The third reason, so help me, is that I'm dead stuck on the town I live in. The Met is one of the prettiest ribbons in M'lady Manhattan's hair, and in my book, nobody has the right to yank that ribbon out—board of directors, labor unions, or the people who hold the lease. It's as unthinkable as boarding up the Museum of Art or the Forty-second Street Library.

It Wasn't a Hasty Decision

Naturally, I didn't offer to guarantee the Met against loss without first doing a lot of thinking about it. And, if you must know, this thinking started a half a dozen years ago when my wife and I discovered that certain operas gave us a bigger bang than the theater or movies. There was one season—the year I produced Carmen Jones—when Eleanor and I had our own hooks in the Met coat-room, and attended as regularly as the claque.

But as my eyes and ears got into focus that season, I found myself getting madder and madder. Why, I kept asking myself, must I be bored with endless declamation which doesn't advance the plot? How come somebody doesn't call a rehearsal and instruct certain of those hamfatters in the ABC's of stage deportment? Why, for $7.50 a ducat, must I put up with moldy costumes and wigs that don't fit, with unsightly piles of lumber masquerading as scenery, and with dancers who look like hang-overs chasing one another? And why doesn't the Met buy itself a couple of front spotlights so I can see the performers' faces? In short, why doesn't someone coax grand opera into the twentieth century?

Your natural reaction to these angry questions, of course, is, "Okay, wise guy. You've told us what's wrong with the Met. Now how about telling us how to fix it. If, by some minor miracle, you found yourself in charge of America's number one opera house, specifically what would you do to make it more palatable and profitable?"

Okay, friends, that's a fair question and, as Groucho Marx used to say, if there's anything I like, it's a fair question. . . .

If I were handed the gingerbread monstrosity on Thirty-ninth Street, the first thing I would do would be to screw a jeweler's glass in my eye and take a look at the pay roll. At the top of the page, I would see four managers listed besides Edward Johnson, the general manager.

"Why five managers?" I would want to know. "With the opera idle part of the year, why can't the general manager and one good assistant cast the shows, and handle the dough and the union fellows?"

Although it isn't fun to fire people, I would send for three of these gentlemen and give them the warm handclasp and the splendid letter of recommendation. And the saving on their salaries in a year would be twice as much as the social security the Musicians' Union has been hollering for.

In an organization as old and creaky as the Met, I'm sure I'd find that several barnacle salaries are being paid to old hands who no longer produce. Now, I have nothing against sentimental pay-offs if an organization can afford them. But taking the Met at its own word, it can't, and I think it's more important for millions of people to have an opera house than it is for the board of directors to play Auld Lang Syne.

My most conservative guess is that I could effect salary savings in the front office and elsewhere which would amount to 20 per cent of last year's $220,000 deficit.

Simple Cure for Waste Motion

My next step would be to pick up a fresh pencil and try to whittle down the remaining 80 per cent. Well, I know how the Met can save itself another $100,000 a season—perhaps even more. And the notion is so simple that it's a cinch it will be greeted with jests and jeers.

I have checked carefully, and found that the cost of striking a production, setting it on the sidewalks of Seventh Avenue (where it's often rained on), carting it to the warehouse, and then bringing it back a few weeks later and putting it up again, is close to $4,000.

Why, then, wouldn't it be smart to present two operas a week instead of five or six? Instead of treating the biggest city in the world as a one-night stand, why not play Carmen the first half of the week and, let's say, Der Rosenkavalier the second half? And ditto the rest of the operas in the repertory.

I have discussed this plan with union officials and they assure me that it would cut down rehearsal expenses, and make for smoother and more expert handling of scenery and lights. And one of the box-office men tells me it would in no way inconvenience the subscribers or the general public.

Is it practical from the standpoint of the singer? Well, I've talked to a dozen Met stars and they tell me it is. Last season La Traviata was performed seven times with four *(Continued on page 58)*

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The Impudent Rifle

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A RASH YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T GIVE IN

By DICK PEARCE

The Story: On board the Rachel and bound for Fort Gibson are LIEUTENANT PHILIP ROYALL, GOVERNOR SPRAGUE, his beautiful daughter BETH, SEAN DONNELL, FRANK OLLERS, and an assortment of desperadoes clustered about a man named SCANLON. Governor Sprague had been commissioned by the President to move the Choctaw Nation to the west. He is carrying $50,000 in public funds. Frank Ollers, the richest man in the territory, shrewdly engineers a holdup of Governor Sprague by the Scanlon gang. Ollers then rescues Sprague, capturing the gang. Royall knows Ollers has done this to gain Sprague's confidence, as Ollers wants to be the contractor who moves the Choctaw, but Royall can't prove it. At Fort Gibson, Royall meets his acting C.O., MAJOR TRAUT, and Ollers' daughter HARRIET, a sultry girl dressed like an Indian. Later, from the post surgeon CLAUSEN, Royall learns that Ollers deserted his Indian wife and that Harriet hates her father for this. Royall calls on Harriet, walks with her, and kisses her good night. Major Traut, who is in love with Harriet, sees them. The next day he orders Royall out of the fort for the summer with a timber-cutting detachment. During the summer Royall observes a Comanche war party and reports it to the fort, but his report is dismissed as inaccurate. Meanwhile, Ollers forces Traut to recommend that the regiment be moved back to Arkansas. Ollers, who hates Indians, wants the Comanches and Pawnees to kill off the peaceful Choctaw at their ease. Royall returns with his detachment and finds his friend, Sean Donnell, a member of Sprague's party, seriously ill. When Royall reports to Traut, the major immediately sends him out again —this time to survey the ruins of Fort Johnson, in Arkansas, and see if it can be rebuilt.

Harriet wore a single garment of brightly colored cloth and a tribal turban wound around her head

PART 4 OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

SERGEANT TAYLOR came around the dead ashes of the supper fire and caught Royall's eye. Royall spoke to Beth, excusing himself, and left her reluctantly. Ollers observed him, but not Governor Sprague.

When they were out of earshot, Taylor said, "Hogue's gone."

Royall walked on, circling the Sprague's dearborn carriage until the separate bivouac of the detachment was in sight. Beyond it was the Arkansas River, and directly across from them, a tongue of land formed by the Poteau flowing in from the south. On this point lay old Fort Johnson. Tomorrow they would cross, and Ollers and the Spragues would continue to Little Rock.

"How long ago?" asked Royall.

"He made the mess. Must 'a' been right after. There's groggeries all through here to catch the river trade. Hogue knew it and the men know it." Taylor scanned the twilight thoughtfully.

"Tell them they can suit their fancy tomorrow night. They've got some fun coming. But not tonight. This is still an escort."

"Yes, sir. They was bettin' you'd say that and holdin' in for the word. Could be, if they was left alone with Hogue, they'd fetch him up a bit."

"No, Sergeant."

Royall turned back, realizing that he had answered without thought and already regretting it. Perhaps Taylor's suggestion was the only way. Discipline within the ranks could be effective.

But he pushed it from his mind as he came around the dearborn and saw Beth still seated in her camp chair.

Stopping before her, he took her hand from her lap and lifted it, gently but firmly. She tried to pull the hand away, raising her head and showing him eyes that held an unexpected intensity of expression. He could not read them, but he knew she was neither startled nor surprised. When he would not surrender the hand, she came wordlessly to her feet.

He circled the dearborn once more, but there she stopped. He could still hear behind him her father's monotone and a rumbled answer from Ollers.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "Out of the camp."

He put his hand beneath her elbow, guiding her past the picketed horses and on to the rough military road they had traveled today. She moved away from him so that his hand fell away from her arm, but she let him lead her on through the half-light.

"We are almost like strangers again," he said.

"You didn't act—" She stopped abruptly.

He laughed, remembering. "I didn't act like a stranger the night I came back from the pineries. Is that what you were going to say?"

"Perhaps."

He saw her smile. But it was quickly gone, and her lips settled into grave lines. "Beth," he said abruptly, "why are you afraid?"

She hesitated as though she were going to stop. Instead she walked more rapidly, looking straight ahead. "I am not afraid," she said.

"You are. You have been afraid of Frank Ollers for a long time. Now there is something more. What is it?"

She stopped then, turning to him and saying vehemently, "Frank Ollers is an evil man."

"Of course."

She was surprised. "You knew that?"

"I have known it a long time. Ever since he engineered that fight at Montgomery's Point to put your father under obligation to him."

"Oh!" It was an exclamation of comprehension. "So that was—Phil! Why didn't you tell me?"

ROYALL said, "You can't prove things like that. Not when a man as shrewd as Ollers does them. Your father wouldn't have listened."

"No," she said unhappily. "He wouldn't have listened."

He spoke gently, "That's it, isn't it? You're afraid because your father is influenced by Ollers. But you shouldn't be. Your father is the commissioner. He can pull Ollers up short if Ollers goes too far."

"You don't understand," she burst out. "Ollers has already taken charge. He is arranging everything, and doing it in such a way that Father still thinks he is giving the orders." Her voice grew even stronger with emotion. "Ollers is—oh, not just dishonest. But something worse, something dark and malignant. He has a terrible purpose that he hides behind those black eyes. I know it!"

"What do you think it is?"

"I don't know," she continued miserably. "But in two or three months we will leave Fort Gibson for good. Father is determined to set up a headquarters in the new Choctaw country. He says he wants to get away from the Army, to keep the Army's hands off the removal. He won't permit any soldiers there except a few to do common labor. And he doesn't realize that all this was Ollers' idea."

"You will have Sean with you."

"Yes," she said, and turned to walk again.

He resumed his pacing beside her, feeling her withdrawal from him. Already, he thought, she regretted confiding her fears to him.

"Sean has changed," he said abruptly. "He will be stronger, and useful to your father."

"Yes," she said again.

He thought there was reluctance in her answer. "He loves you, Beth."

"He has not said so."

"That doesn't matter. You know it."

She gazed ahead, not replying.

"Do you love him?" Royall persisted.

"Maybe I do. He is a fine and gentle person, and he would not dream of prying the way you are doing."

He laughed impatiently. "I not only pry, I gossip. I know all the junior officers who paid court to you this summer, and I know that Dahl led the pack."

"Phil!" She stopped, facing him with a flash of temper. "I had forgotten how rude you were the first night Mr. Dahl came to my house."

"Ah! The night I left you for the sutlery."

"You had a pleasant visit, I hope," she said coldly.

"I did. I made love to Harriet."

"Please, Phil. Why are we talking like this?"

He stepped across to her, gazing soberly down,

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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Swiftly Royall grasped Ollers by the shoulder and thigh and hurled him over the bank, into the water

seeing the distress in her face and feeling the disturbing nearness of her. "Because," he said, "I want to find out about you. I don't think you're as cold and prim as you act with me. You're afraid of something besides Ollers. You're afraid to love Sean or any man."

"I am not afraid!"

She faced him with her chin up, her full lips defiant, her eyes stormy. She held her head thus until his arms went about her and his lips touched hers. Then she pulled violently away, lowering her head and struggling to free herself.

With one arm he pinioned both of hers against her sides, and with the other hand he forced her chin up. The struggle and the warm feel of her kindled a rough desire in him, and he brought his mouth hard against hers. There was a trembling in her shoulders and in her lips. And then it stopped and her lips answered the pressure of his. He held her so for a long time. All thoughts went out of his mind—he had discovered in this girl a wonderful fire and a capacity for love such as he had never known.

A little cry came out of her and she shook herself free. He spoke her name, and she answered in a low, uneven voice, "You must not do that again. Not ever."

As they walked in silence toward the camp, Royall took her arm and pulled her around to him. Her eyes were wet but her face was composed and distant and remained so as he brought her against him. She did not resist. But he freed her at once, for her lips were cold and lifeless.

"In a man it would be cowardice," he said scornfully. "What do you call it in a woman?"

She sent him one stricken glance before she fled around the dearborn. Following slowly, he saw her go directly to her tent. Sprague did not notice, but Ollers turned amused eyes from the tent to Royall as Royall approached. . . .

Much later, twisting on his blanket and staring into the soft blackness of the night, Royall remembered her last stricken look. The meaning of it reached him and so brought him by slow degrees to a kind of understanding. She was a full-blooded woman, needing a love that was passion too. She was trying to reconcile this conflict in her own nature. That explained her turmoil tonight. And he had made it worse.

He knew now that there was a slumbering ardor in her that responded to him. But that was a thing of the moment; her enduring response was to the kindliness and compassion of Sean. It would be much better if he left alone these two people who inhabited a gentler world than his own.

HIS scant sleep ended in the first vague smear of dawn. Some sound had awakened him and he lay there, waiting for it to repeat. It came almost at once, a furious shout and growl of voices from the direction of the detachment's bivouac.

He found his boots and rifle in a moment, cut between Beth's tent and the dearborn, and ran the short distance. He saw a sprawling melee of half-naked men, and even as he threw a shouted command at them he saw that they were many against one, and the one was Hogue. Hogue was on his back.

"Keep him down!" barked Royall.

A dozen steps away Sergeant Taylor lifted himself painfully from the ground, spat blood and came to Royall. He was naked but for his drawers, as were all the others who had been roused suddenly from sleep by Hogue's return.

"He come in whoopin' and staggerin' and full o' fight," said the sergeant. "I ordered him down and he hit me."

Royall walked over and looked down at Hogue, who still writhed in a slow, stubborn struggle against those who held his arms and legs. His eyes had the glassy, fixed focus of the dead drunk. Within thirty minutes, an hour at the most, he would sink into a stupor from which nothing could arouse him.

"Hogue," Royall said, "can you hear me?"

Hogue ceased his struggles. His red eyes looked about uncertainly until they found Royall above him. He grinned. "Beauty Boy," he muttered.

"You're going to work today, Hogue. You're going into the river now to knock some of that whisky out of you. And you're going to stay on your feet all day and sweat out the rest of it."

Hogue did not seem to hear. "Beauty Boy," he muttered again. "A damned beauty boy. Kate!" He heaved violently, thrusting up until his weight was on his elbows. "Kate! I'll kill ya first. I'll kill both of ya!" His face was contorted with hate. "I tell ya he's a beauty boy, Kate. He ain't for the likes of you. He'll leave ya 'n a week. Him and his uniform. Kate! Kate, I'll kill ya! I'll kill—"

He flung his body with an insane strength, twisting his shoulders and rolling half free until Sergeant Taylor grabbed his head and slammed it back to the earth. Then he lay quiet, his eyes closed, his thick chest heaving.

"Get shoes on your men, Sergeant," said Royall. "Then pick him up and follow me."

He walked to the river. It was shrunk to a single channel that twisted in lazy loops within its wide confines.

Royall stood on the bank, which dropped abruptly some ten feet to *(Continued on page 62)*

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The gold in those squash is black gold—a new rich source of vegetable oil for a dry world. Their developer, Dr. Lawrence C. Curtis, picks a basket of them on the university grounds at Storrs, Connecticut

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Grow Your Own Gold

By LESTER VELIE

Plant it in the desert. Pray for dry weather. In spring it will bring wealth. It will paint your house and spread your bread. What more could you ask of a gourd seed?

PUT Dr. Lawrence C. Curtis out in the desert—any desert. His eyes sparkle, his face lights up; he sees golden butter, rich mayonnaise and cakes of soap that the parched, barren land can produce—all derived from the wild gourds, the ball-like plants that grow like weeds in the arid land.

Some botanists regard Dr. Curtis as a sort of George Washington Carver for transforming the gourd and the squash into a potentially big-league money crop.

But out in Arizona, natives can't for the life of them see why that professor fellow from the East gets so darned excited about "them stinkin' gourds." "Why, there's nothin' but dried-up seed in 'em!" they exclaim.

For years, Dr. Curtis has been popping up in some ranch or oil community bordering wastelands in Texas, California or Arizona. He'd ask the local folk to send a searching party after him if he were gone over 24 hours. Then, amidst shaking heads, he'd light out alone into the desert. Back he'd come with armfuls of "them gourds."

Sometimes he'd hire ranch kids to pick up the gourds that grew wild along the fence rows and railroad right of way. The kids wondered why anybody would be fool enough to pay money for collecting the weeds they used as summer snowballs.

Once Dr. Curtis blew into his native Thatcher, Arizona, and started threshing out his haul of gourds in the street by running his car over them. Then, while his sister was in church, he dumped the seeds into her washing machine, turned on the juice and completed the husking bee. "All that book learning in three colleges has loosed a screw in Larry's head," his friends explained later.

But if Dr. Larry Curtis was crazy, he was crazy like a fox. He had a secret, and the excitement of it kept him awake nights. The despised wild gourd, seemingly useless, is a distant cousin of the domesticated squash. And Dr. Curtis, the country's leading authority on squash seeds, had made a momentous discovery. He found that the wild gourd's seeds have in them twice as much oil per pound as the soybean and about one and a half times as much as the cotton seed. *(Continued on page 32)*

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THE TRICK

By E. R. STUART

Guido had cheated Dodo out of his wages. And Dodo was the dumbest man who ever lived—dumb, that is, like a fox

DODO SCAPAFORTA had the mind of a child and all those who lived on Seventeenth Street in Brooklyn knew it. Even Dodo knew it, and he didn't care. What could he do?

They would make fun of him. Sometimes they would play very bad tricks on him, such tricks as only the strong play on the weak. It was very sad for Dodo because not only was he simple in mind but also he had the kind heart and the goodness of soul and always he would forgive.

"Dodo," one would ask, after some trick had been done to him, a bad one, "why don't you get back at them?"

"Aaaaaaaa," he would answer forgivingly, a slow gentle smile on his face, large brown eyes moving about, wide with tenderness. "Aaaaaa," he would answer.

"Dodo," another would say, "you are good."

Dodo would laugh in embarrassment. "Naaa," he would say, walking away, kicking a beer-bottle cap making believe he was kicking a soccer ball in a game between his block, Seventeenth Street, and the enemy block, Nineteenth Street. Dodo would walk away, kicking the metal beer-bottle cap down a sewer, making a goal. Oh, joy in his heart!

So it was like that all of the time—Dodo silently taking punishment, wondering in his own inviolate soul why they picked on him. What he could not understand was that it was always the young men who had returned from the war who hurt him. This he could not understand. They, who had seen so much suffering and hurt overseas, would bother him most of all, even though he, Dodo, had also seen service overseas. Of course, he would not tell his friends these secret thoughts of his but would walk about with a benign serenity as though everything were always well.

One day a particularly bad thing was done to him. He took a job for one day at Guido Angeleni's clothing store, "Veterans given special attention on all sales," to clean out the basement. When Dodo had cleaned all the rubbish out of the basement and made it once more neat, he said to Guido, "Guido, I am finished."

Guido looked over his work and was satisfied and told him so. "Good job, Dodo. Here." He held out five dollars.

Dodo looked down at the five-dollar bill. "This is not what was promised," he said.

"That's what you get," Guido said.

"You promised me ten," Dodo answered.

"Take it or leave it," Guido said harshly, and he dropped the bill to the floor, walking away.

Dodo looked down at *(Continued on page 54)*

"I will cut his heart out," screamed Guido, gesturing furiously with both hands

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKET

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"ALMA MATER" by Robert Bruce

On every campus the Robert Bruce "Alma Mater" is a four-letter sweater. 1. It has the exclusive patented **FLEXELF** *elastic shoulder construction. 2. It's soft, rich, 100% virgin wool. 3. It's 3-ply baby shaker knit. 4. It's right in the groove for easy style and fit. Available in 16 colors. Award Coat for Men, about $8.95. Boys, about $7.95. V-Neck Pullover for Men, about $7.50. Boys, about $5.95. At better stores!*

ROBERT BRUCE KNITWEAR COMPANY
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

GROW YOUR OWN GOLD

Continued from page 28

It's also rich in protein. In fact, Western saddle horses and grazing cows eat it.

Here, to Dr. Curtis, was vegetable fat for food and soap, tissue-building protein for animal feeds, perhaps even oils for paints and other industrial needs.

On top of all this, gourd reseeds itself and grows on barren wastes where even sage and greasewood cannot breed. Curtis searched for more desert gold, lugged it to university and industrial laboratories for tests. Then buttonholing farmers and industrialists, he made them listen to his story.

He put it this way. The soybean, imported from China two decades ago, is now used at the rate of 260,000,000 pounds a year to produce oil. Why not the wild gourd? Corn, tomatoes, lima beans, peppers, peanuts were the Americas' contribution to the food of the world. Again why not the wild gourd?

This year some of Dr. Curtis' questions began to be answered.

Industrial chemists crushed the wild gourd seed and made a usable soap from its oil.

Biologists at Yale fed crushed wild gourd meal to rats. The rats lived well on it. From this the scientists concluded tentatively that gourd meal can feed cattle and they are pressing further experiments to prove it. Interesting, when cattle feed is $80 per ton and translates into 24-cents-a-quart milk and dollar-per-pound hamburger!

A national paint company made up some varnishes and paints with wild gourd oil and was so encouraged with preliminary tests that it is pushing large-scale research to seek a drying oil.

Testing for Food Values

What about human consumption? One of the world's biggest users of vegetable oil is testing wild gourd oil for use in shortenings, mayonnaise, possibly margarine.

There's many a slip between a laboratory test and large-scale production. Before the desert blooms with millions of acres of vegetable-oil riches, some questions will have to be answered. Will a desert acre yield enough to make it worth while? Can the gourds be harvested cheaply by machinery?

Dr. Curtis may get a chance to answer these questions himself. The National Cottonseed Products Association, looking for new sources of desperately needed vegetable oil, has given Dr. Curtis a commission: Find new oil crops and encourage farmers to grow them.

Last month Dr. Curtis dropped his teaching at the University of Connecticut, where he has been an associate professor of horticulture, and left for his new job with the association, making his headquarters at Dallas, Texas.

With missionary zeal he carried the gospel of the wild gourd to colleges and experimental stations. At the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, scientists had already planted the wild gourd and were on their way toward answering the vital question about the practicability of farming the desert.

But that isn't all Dr. Curtis had up his sleeve. To ranchers and planters he is unfolding another treasure which he describes as "naked" squash seeds. The squash on your table has seeds with the hard, shell-like hull with which nature protects practically all seeds. But squash seeds have no hard shell, require no hulling and are therefore tailor-made for industry.

With these naked seeds the humble squash promises soon to leave its lowly place as a side dish and soar to world significance as a big-time, multimillion-acre farm crop. It promises to solve the fat shortage and provide so many products for kitchen and factory that it makes even a sales manager's head reel to think of it.

Press the squash seeds—"squeeds" for short—and you get vegetable oil as rich, say the experts, as that of the peanut and equal in quality to that of the olive. Roast the squeed in its own oil, salt lightly, and you create a new and strange nut confection with a flavor that is a cross between the delicacy of almonds and the heartiness of peanuts, plus a texture that is smoother than either.

Dr. Curtis says that at first it was hard to keep enough squeeds on hand for experiments. The absent-minded professors gobbled them up.

As this is written, Dr. Curtis is increasing his supply of naked squash seed. He hopes to have enough to release to farmers next year.

Last month Dr. Curtis stood among a lavish profusion of squash plants on a seven-acre patch near Storrs, owned by the University of Connecticut. A ruddy-faced man of forty-three with a graying cavalry mustache, he tends his plants in a patched Army shirt and baggy slacks. Usually he isn't much given to sentiment.

But on this day he had the look of a man who was saying goodby to old friends. And this was indeed what he was doing. Before leaving for his new job in Texas he was saying goodby to his broad-leaved plants—a thousand-odd varieties of squash. They ranged in straight rows as far as the eye could see, in shapes, sizes and colors never seen before.

They were his creations. The thousand-odd varieties were children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of parents that Dr. Curtis had bred and mated. He had played the role of Cupid to produce this flourishing family—pollinating the plants by hand to see that only the best families were mated. He had tied up the male blossoms at night to prevent indiscriminate mating.

And he had patiently coaxed squash parents to breed to his requirements: neatly on bushes instead of on vines; and with straight cylindrical shapes instead of the weird crooknecks, so that they can be easily packed.

But of this collection, Curtis' real pride were the squashes which were jam-packed with naked seeds, containing relatively little pulp. He had discovered that an acre of these would yield up to 1,900 pounds of seed and produce more oil than any competitor, even peanuts. To develop it, he had to reverse the evolutionary process through which the squash had reached its present state of much flesh and few seeds. Much flesh and few seeds is what the Indians had bred it for. Dr. Curtis was after something else. His perfect squash was all seeds—seeds from which oil could be obtained—and a rind. It took him seven years of breeding work to get in sight of his goal.

The work began at the Connecticut Experimental Station at New Haven. Fresh from the University of California, with a degree in agriculture, the then twenty-five-year-old Curtis got his first assignment: Breed a squash that Connecticut truck farmers can sell more of.

A Discouraging Orphan

Young Curtis' heart sank. What a letdown! The squash was then the orphan of the vegetable patch, dull and unglamorous as its name, a plant that came in outlandish shapes and sizes.

One thing cheered young Curtis. He knew that the lowly squash was a member of a big and noble family—the cucurbits which boast such members as the pumpkin, the watermelon, the cucumber, the cantaloupe. With all this room to move around in, perhaps a plant breeder could make a name for himself in squashes after all.

First thing he did was to breed out the crooked neck from the early summer crookneck squash so that it could be packed uniformly in boxes. Then, with this Yankee hybrid, a straight yellow squash, he grew 30 per cent more fruit to the acre than he had with its predecessors, and it ripened ten days earlier.

Curtis began to collect squashes from Europe and South America. From missionaries, soldiers and agricultural attachés in American embassies came a stream of squash seeds.

One day a packet of seeds came from the Balkans that changed the course of Curtis' life and raised his work to world importance.

It was a packet of seeds without hulls—naked seeds. Balkan farmers had known about them for 60 years and had pressed some oil from them. But they were not worth much commercially. Farmers, trying to grow them on a large scale, found that because they lacked

COLLIER'S "If only that bell wouldn't keep saving me!" PERRY BARLOW

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VISCOUNTESS FURNESS... *or You!*

WHETHER it's VISCOUNTESS FURNESS, entertaining in the formal atmosphere of a California drawing room—or you, playing host to neighbors or friends, you'll find Pabst Blue Ribbon always a pleasant, friendly companion.

That ever-faithful, real beer flavor you enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing* . . . and the *Science of Blending.*

By tasting, by comparing, you will understand why millions the world over have settled down to the real beer enjoyment and satisfaction that come with blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Tune in the EDDIE CANTOR Show
Every Thursday Night over N B C.

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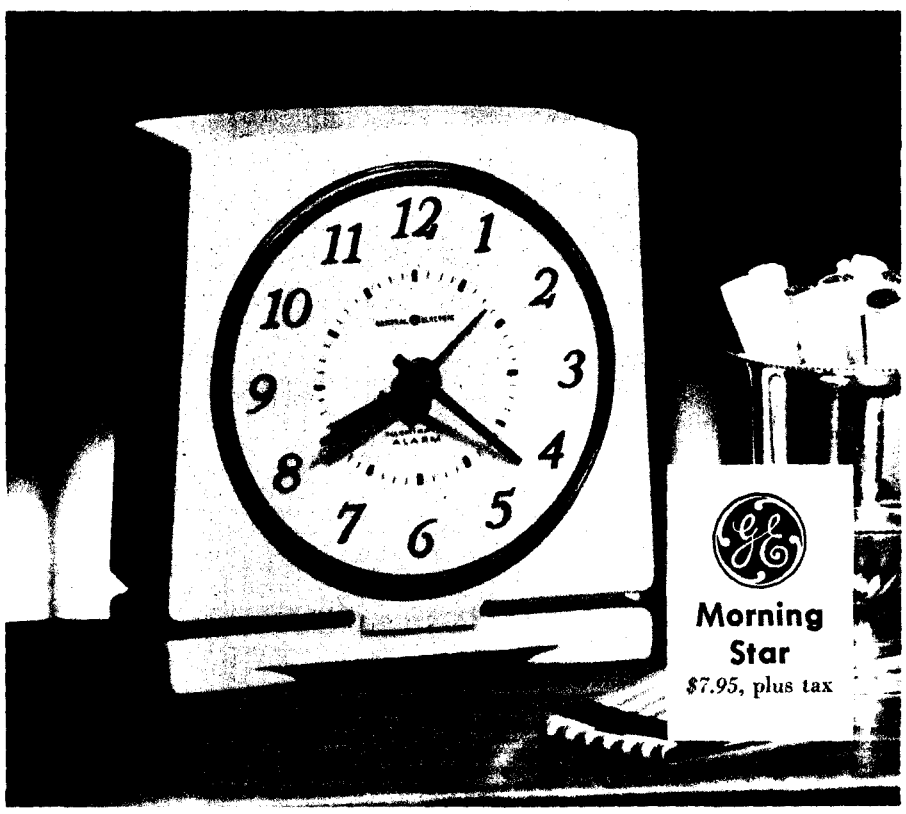
It's an alarm clock

...a night light

...a **Grand** gift!

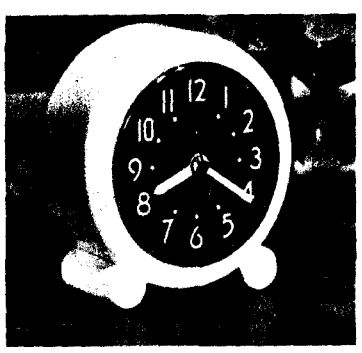


High on many a gift list is the handsome "double-purpose" clock shown here.

Its face is made of gleaming, translucent ivory plastic—and BEHIND it there is a light! Flick a small switch, and the clock face lights up, brightly, clearly visible—a perfect night light!

Give this ingenious General Electric Alarm Clock for use as a dependable alarm—and as a convenient night light! It has all the other G-E advantages people appreciate so much:

1. **No winding** . . . self-starting, just plug in
2. **Quiet** . . . no ticktock
3. **Dependable** . . . wakes you on time, every time
4. **Accurate** . . . electrically checked by your utility company to correspond with official Naval Observatory time.



A low-priced gift alarm clock . . . Heralder, $4.95, plus tax

This most acceptable Christmas gift clock boasts all four invaluable features mentioned directly above. It will get people up, *on time!* Besides these two G-E Alarm Clocks, there are many other models on display at your dealer's. The price range: $4.95 to $535.00 plus tax. *See them!* General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today?
Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

hulls the seeds had rotted in the ground. Those that survived yielded a squash with seeds that were harder to cure than the ordinary variety. But Curtis realized that if these seeds from the Balkans could be made to grow, they would yield a new rich source of oil.

An avid eater of squash seeds, Curtis chewed thoughtfully on the naked variety, delighted that he had no hulls to crack. He knew that some 8,000,000 pounds of squash seeds are imported yearly into the United States for the "crack and spit trade," folks who like to crack and eat seeds. If a tidier way of eating them could be devised, millions of new customers would be added.

Then Curtis had an even bigger idea. Back in the Arizona desert, he remembered, was a wild gourd related to the squash. He had once tried to dig one up and found it had a root twelve feet long which stored water and helped the plant thrive on parched land. If the naked seed could be bred into the wild gourd, then you'd have new, cheap vegetable oil: cheap to raise, cheap to harvest, cheap to extract. This is one Dr. Curtis is still working on.

How a Problem Was Solved

In two years' time, he solved the problem of growing the naked seed. He coated it with chemical protectants against fungicides and found that the seed germinated in the ground just as well as the normal, hull-protected kind. Then Curtis proceeded to turn back the clock of evolution—to produce squash for its seed. He succeeded in developing one which yields as much as 1,900 pounds of oil-producing seed to the acre.

But Curtis, the squash-seed eater, didn't neglect the "crack and spit trade." The naked seeds he produced come from the squash in a thin green skin, which scientists call the endosperm. It interfered with chewing and had to be scraped off. Curtis whipped that too. He developed a fermentation process which loosens the squeed's skin. A stream of water and a little shaking in an agitating apparatus finishes the cleaning job, and out the squeeds pop, amber and inviting.

Dr. Curtis donned an apron and deep-fried the squeeds in their own oil. They were delicious. One day he asked the manager of a nut-roasting shop to try one. "Hey," said the man, "where can we get a couple of barrels?"

When Dr. Curtis attends scientific societies' banquets he loads himself down with sacks of roasted squeeds to garnish the scientists' dinner plates. Thoughtfully the scientists munch on the seeds of the genus pepo—squeeds to you.

The squeeds cannot be put on the market until Dr. Curtis has hit the target he has set for himself—a high-yielding squash from which the maximum of seeds can be obtained.

Demand That Can't Be Met

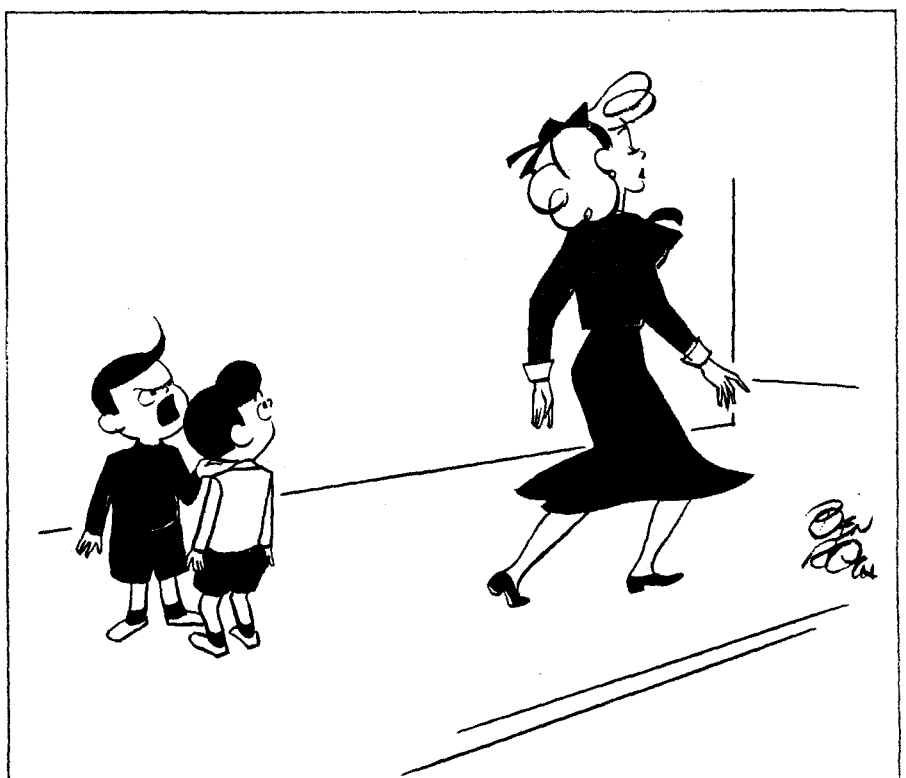
The slowness of the plant-breeding process irks Dr. Curtis. After a big food processor had tried the squeed oil for margarine and mayonnaise dressing, he pleaded with Dr. Curtis for squeed oil in tank-car lots. Seedsmen all over the country want the squeed. Planters in Cuba, Australia, South Africa and Alaska want to turn over land to grow it exclusively. But the time is not yet.

While the naked squash seed was achieving these successes, Curtis kept returning doggedly to the desert in quest of the wild gourd in larger quantities, paying much of the expenses from his meager plant breeder's salary to do it.

Looking toward the reconstruction of the conquered countries, the U.S. Foreign Economic Administration sent Dr. Curtis to North Africa during the war as a member of the American Food Mission. The plant breeder, preparing for the journey, armed himself, among other things, with wild gourd seed from the Arizona desert. Arriving in North Africa, Curtis traveled 20,000 miles by jeep over the back roads of Morocco, Tunisia and Algiers. He found great hunger in the arid land.

"Why not grow the wild gourd?" he pleaded with French colonial officials. "The American Indians used to grind these seeds for meal. If an Indian can live off it, so can an Arab." He pointed out that the wild gourd contains 37 per cent vegetable oil per pound and can be used for soap. The French promised to plant it. Curtis has not heard from them since. A new idea takes time to catch on.

Curtis was deeply stirred by his close-up view of world hunger and filth-bred disease. He returned to the States with zeal to make the desert bloom—not merely his native Arizona desert, but wasteland everywhere, from the Mojave to the Sahara—with wild gourds as countless as the sands.



COLLIER'S

"I lived in a fool's paradise until I learned she was getting 75 cents an hour to sit with me!"

BEN ROTH

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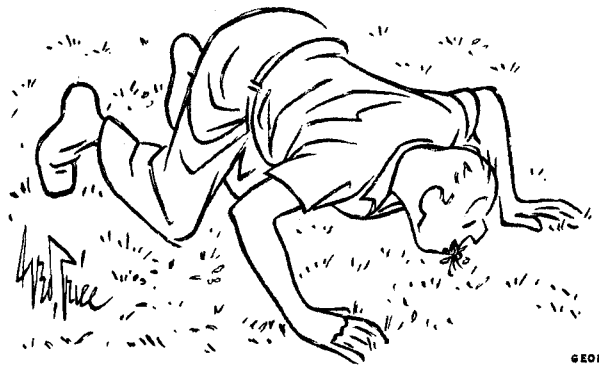
Scientists have started to make short people taller by grafting pituitary gland tissue from cows to the patients.—News Item.



GEORGE PRICE

"—urge to munch grass between meals"

TAKE A LETTER

Dr. Herbert M. Evans,
University of California,
Berkeley, Calif.

My dear Doctor:

As far as stature is concerned I would say my operation was a complete success. I have gained almost three inches in as many months, and only yesterday I threw away my elevator shoes. True, some people still call me Shorty, but I believe even this appellation will be forgotten as the gland tissue takes hold and adds more height to my diminutive frame.

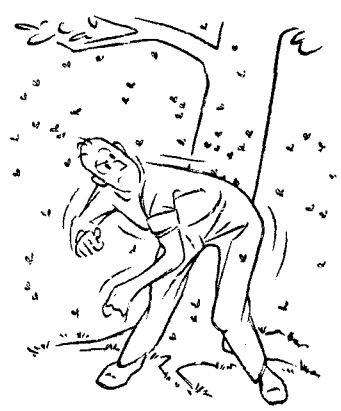
Tell me, have any of your patients experienced the uncontrollable urge to munch grass between meals? This may be just a temporary phase which will eventually pass away but several times of late I have wandered off across the lawn and, when no one was looking, got down on all fours and cropped off a mouthful of clover.

"—I threw away my elevator shoes"

Last Saturday night at a dinner party I upset my hostess no end by pushing aside my London broil and asking her if I might have a bowlful of hay instead. During the silence that ensued I stuck out my chin and mooed. The guests tittered, and to cover my embarrassment I told them that I was just imitating Georgie Jessel.

My wife flew at me in a rage when we got home. "I've read Emily Post from cover to cover," she yowled, "and nowhere but *nowhere* does she condone the chewing of spinach sideways, particularly two hours after you've left the dinner table." I haven't the heart to tell her that I've developed a cud.

My ears twitch continuously and I can now turn them in any direction. Flies bother me more than usual and I find myself rubbing up against tree trunks to alleviate the irritation. Last Sunday I took my family for a peaceful drive in the country and every time we passed a silo I began to drool. My eyes, ordinarily blue, have turned a limpid brown. My tongue is like sandpaper and completely useless for licking postage stamps.



"Flies bother me more than usual—"

As I say, some people still call me Shorty, but the event which really stung me to the quick and made me fear for the future occurred yesterday at the office when B. L. summoned me to a conference by switching on the intercom, calling softly, "Here, Bossy. Here, Bossy."

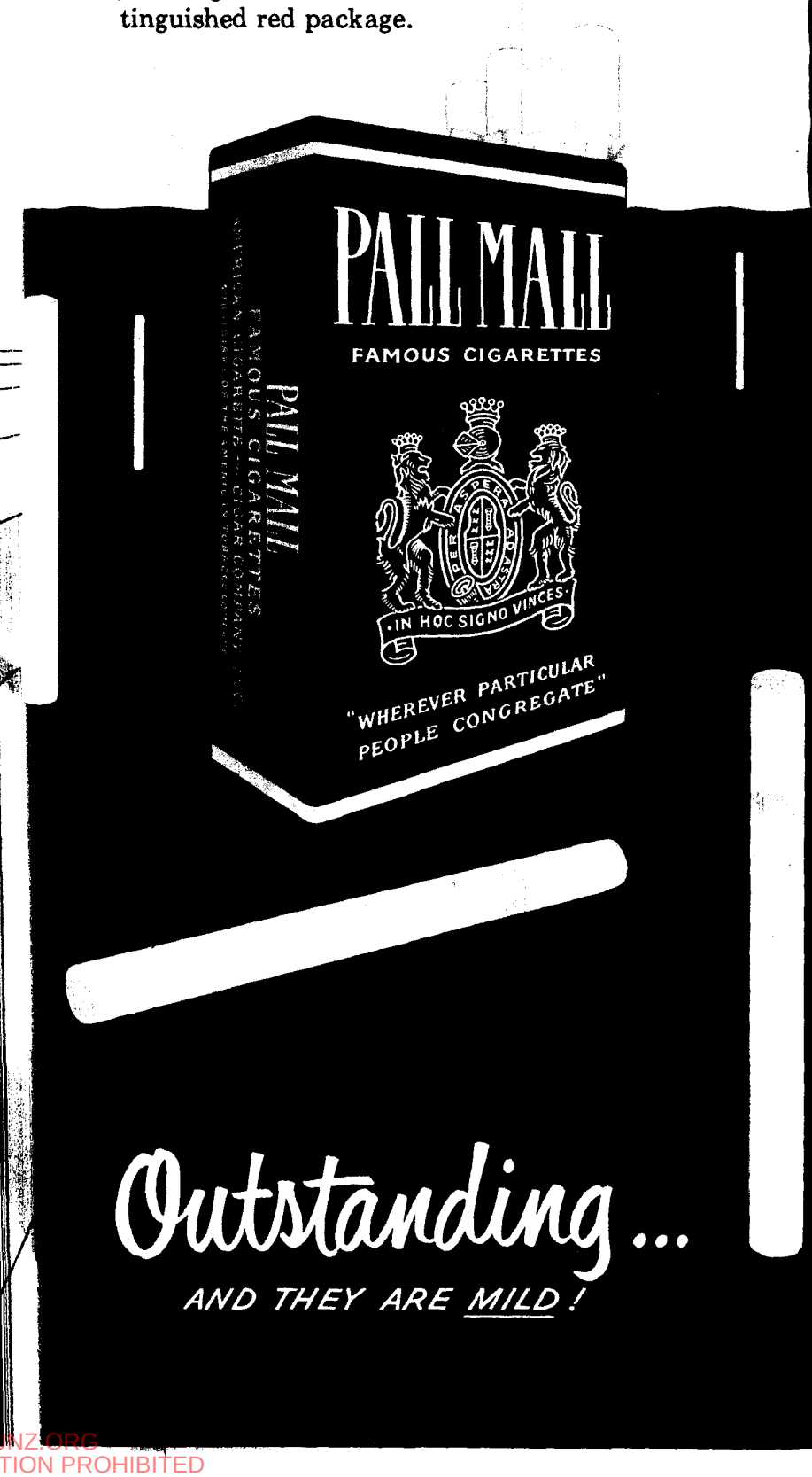
Yours truly,
JACK CLUETT

I've discovered the longer, finer cigarette

PALL MALL

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste and *good* to smoke. PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobacco filters the smoke of this *longer*, *finer* cigarette—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.



Outstanding...

AND THEY ARE MILD!

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ONE...TWO...THREE.

OPEN 1 To enjoy the richest, tastiest soup that ever steamed fragrantly in a bowl is easy as 1, 2, 3! First—stop at your favorite eating place and ask for *Heinz!* The waitress pours the soup into an electric cup while you watch.

HEAT 2 Soon the aroma of chicken enriched with homemade noodles, simmering beef broth or mushrooms reaches you. And in just two minutes the waitress pours the hot, luscious soup into a big bowl and sets it before you.

YOU'LL FIND HEINZ SOUPS SERVED EVERYWHERE— AT SNACK BARS . . . BOWLING ALLEYS . . . DRUG STORES . . . IN FACTORY, BANK AND OFFICE BUILDING LUNCH ROOMS

Office employees in the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, Columbus, Ohio, find hot Heinz Soups make marvelous lunches.

Hungry bowlers make a bee-line for the Heinz Soup Kitchen at the DuBowl Lanes in St. Louis, Mo.

Munitions workers in Oak Ridge, Tenn., visit Hoskins Drug Store for soup served from Heinz Electric Soup Kitchen.

Steel workers get a pick-up from Heinz Soups—served in the cafeteria at Empire Steel Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Employees of the Commonwealth Bank, Detroit, Mich., enjoy Heinz Soups in their own lunch room.

Collegians at the University of Pittsburgh stop at the Red and Blue Tuck Shop for hot Heinz Soups.

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. SOUP'S ON!

SERVE 3

Dip your spoon into soup that's rich with the deep, delicious flavor of the finest *homemade* soup! You'll like all ten kinds!

LOOK FOR THE—

HEINZ 57 SOUP KITCHEN

FOR GOOD EATING WHEREVER YOU GO

AT POPULAR EATING PLACES EVERYWHERE, ENJOY THE SAME OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOR YOU GET AT HOME IN LUSCIOUS HEINZ SOUPS!

At over 50,000 lunch counters, restaurants and snack bars throughout the country, Americans have the habit of stopping—mealtime and in between—for delicious, nourishing bowls of Heinz Soups! Heinz Electric Soup Kitchens make possible *two-minute*, individual service of your favorite soup, fresh from Heinz home kitchens!

. 10 kinds to choose from
. 2-minute service
. Real homemade flavor fresh from Heinz spotless kitchens

IF YOU like beef broth swimming with tender little vegetables . . . mushroom soup, richer and creamier than the homemade kind . . . just ask for *Heinz Soups!* Order them wherever there's a Heinz Electric Soup Kitchen, and enjoy your favorite soup in *two minutes flat!*

Whether you're dining out or eating at home, you'll like the nourishing goodness of Heinz Soups. Heinz chefs cook them the small-batch way—from savory meats, plump poultry and fine vegetables. Serve Heinz Soups often—for wonderful meals that cost mighty little!

FOR PROPRIETORS ONLY

See your Heinz man—or write to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C-11, *today* for more information about the Heinz Electric Soup Kitchen. Send the coupon today!

H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. C-11, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kindly send me complete details about Heinz Electric Soup Kitchen, enclosing descriptive material about Heinz two-minute service for my customers . . .

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Our BURROUGHS

8-Column Adding Machine
Capacity 99,999,999.99

...ce-minded? Find out how much *more* you get ...n this famous Burroughs adding machine . . . more dependability, more lasting accuracy, more value in materials and workmanship . . . for only $125. It's a full-size Burroughs, precision-built to the standards that have made Burroughs the most-used adding machines in the world. Put it to work for you. Call your local Burroughs office or mail the coupon.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

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BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

☐ I would like to see a demonstration at my place of business.

☐ I would like immediate delivery of this Burroughs adding machine—terms to be arranged on delivery.

NAME _____

COMPANY _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

THE HOUR FOR HEARTACHE

Continued from page 21

been mashed against the hard floor. John got curious and went to him.

"What happened, Hugo?"

Hugo showed John the die part. "I dropped it. I'll have to plug it there at an angle with a bit of the same kind of steel, and machine it off."

"That ought to do it," John said and thought of the other precision workers. Not one of them would have sustained such a mishap without having at least a small fit over it. "Sometimes, I swear, you don't seem human," he said. "You're a saint."

Hugo put the die part in his drawer. "It'll mean a day's extra work, or more, John. But tell you what. If—"

"Don't worry about it," John said. "Thing like that's bound to happen once in a while."

"I mean I could put in some overtime."

"You don't have to," John said flatly. "The job's behind schedule, anyway—a day or two extra won't matter much."

Hugo began putting his tools away. "I can stand artificial light for quite a while, like today, and if I don't have to start using it till late, I'm that much to the good."

"Damn it all!" John shouted. "I said you don't have to!"

Hugo remained calm. "Just a few nice days," he insisted with a smile, "and I can make up the lost time."

"Crazy stubborn fool," John said, throwing his hands in the air, and walked off.

LEAVING the factory, Hugo Hansteen started at a slow pace for the subway, three blocks away. After a block, though, he was walking fast, and before he reached the kiosk, he was running. Hearing a train pull in, he dashed down the stairs with a dime ready, through the turnstile, and elbowed his way into a car as the doors were closing. His half-smile was gone. His face was drawn, he looked tired and grumpy.

To his wife, when he got home, he looked plain mean—even meaner than he usually did at five thirty—and she guessed that he had had a bad day.

That did not surprise Ellen; nor did his grouchiness at dinner. The fruit salad, he said, was so sour it hurt his teeth; the soup lacked seasoning; the steak was overdone—he found something to complain about in every dish she put on the table.

"You sound so bitter," Ellen said, handing him his coffee, "but you keep wolfing it all down."

"A man'll eat anything when he's hungry enough," Hugo growled. He tasted the coffee and made a face at it.

She watched him go at the big wedge of pie she had set before him. She thought she would scream if he said anything about that. He did, after cleaning up the dish. He said, with his last mouthful, that it had been much better the last time she'd made it. But Ellen didn't scream.

Loosening his belt a notch, Hugo rose and went to the living room to read the evening paper.

Ellen got up from the table too. She stuck out her lower lip and with a fierce upward puff blew a lock of hair off her forehead. Then she began clearing the dinette.

She heard a window sash violently lifted in the living room, and Hugo's voice echoing in the alleyway: "Hey, there, whoever's playing that damned radio so loud—turn it down!" Hugo slammed the window shut and sputtered something about a man's needing a little peace after a hard day's work.

He was silent until Ellen was almost through washing the dishes, when he joined her in the kitchen. Quietly he began drying the things she had stacked up on the draining board. "Ellen," he said suddenly, "I'm sorry."

She wiped her hands on her apron, put her arms around him, and rested her head against his shoulder. "All that really worries me is, the neighbors must think you're an awful beast."

Hugo remembered John calling him a saint. Funny, he thought. If anyone was saintly— "Ellen, sometimes I wonder how you stand it."

"Sometimes," she confessed, "I could throw something at you. But it isn't too bad. You're only a monster for an hour or two a day, and only on workdays."

"I guess I am a pretty nice guy, week ends," he laughed. "But that doesn't make up for—"

She stopped him with a kiss. "It's all right, Hugo. I put it down long ago as my share in the cost of production, and I ought to be used to it by now."

They stood there, holding on to each other for a minute before they went back at the dishes. Then, as if to confirm what Ellen already knew—that he'd be a good man for the next twenty-odd hours—Hugo began whistling.

"I guess they're not home—I just saw them peeking out between the curtains"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S "Don't take it so hard, dear—there are plenty of jobs open that require just as little experience" CHARLES SAKON

INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 6

"Get in there, Walker." Doak rushed on the court and—bang!—the gun sounded. Whereupon, substitute Walker was lifted to his teammates' shoulders and carried triumphantly to the dressing room.

"Just wanted to make a big football star like you feel at home," the basketeers told Doak.

Walker is a natural leader. As a freshman and sophomore he directed predominantly senior teams without any back talk or second-guessing from the older players. Against Arkansas last fall, Coach Matty Bell sent in Ed Green, the Mustangs' ace punter, in a tough fourth-down situation. In the huddle, Walker looked straight at Green and announced, "I'm kicking." He did—a long spiral that rolled deep and put Arkansas on the defensive. After SMU rallied to win, punter Green remarked: "I knew Coach sent me in to kick, but when Doak said he was kicking I didn't say anything. Just figured he had a good reason. Maybe he felt a good one coming on."

When SMU's Matty Bell joined the board—composed of six outstanding coaches—which will select Collier's All-America, he was warned the job involved reviewing and analyzing newsreel evidence on every All-America candidate—plus the risk of discovering a better back than Walker.

"That's all right with me," Matty declared. "There's only one way you can prove to me there are better backs than Doak and that's by showing me the camera evidence."

BILLIARD LADY

Jean Lynch of Rhode Island State College is not the first woman to become proficient at billiards. Willie Hoppe says Cleopatra shot a mighty good cue. (When Willie says somebody "shot a mighty good cue," he is paying high tribute. Of William Lyon Phelps he remarked, "He could have shot a mighty good cue, if he hadn't spent so much time reading books.")

Miss Lynch, the women's intercollegiate billiards champion, swung her first cue over a miniature pool table.

"It was an eighth-birthday present," she recalls. "The balls were little marbles, and I lost all of them in two weeks and quit."

Coincidence reunited Miss Lynch and billiards 10 years later. Rhode Island erected a temporary student union—five Navy quonsets. Quonset number five housed a pool table. Miss Lynch ducked into number five during a rainstorm. One of the players had to leave for class in the middle of a run. "I'll finish it for you," Miss Lynch offered.

The offer was accepted and Jean sank a difficult corner shot. Since then she has been practicing billiards an hour every day. "It's just the sport for women," she insists. "It's all skill—no smashing. Someday there will be as many women billiard players as there are women bowlers."

PACKAGE OF PUNCHES

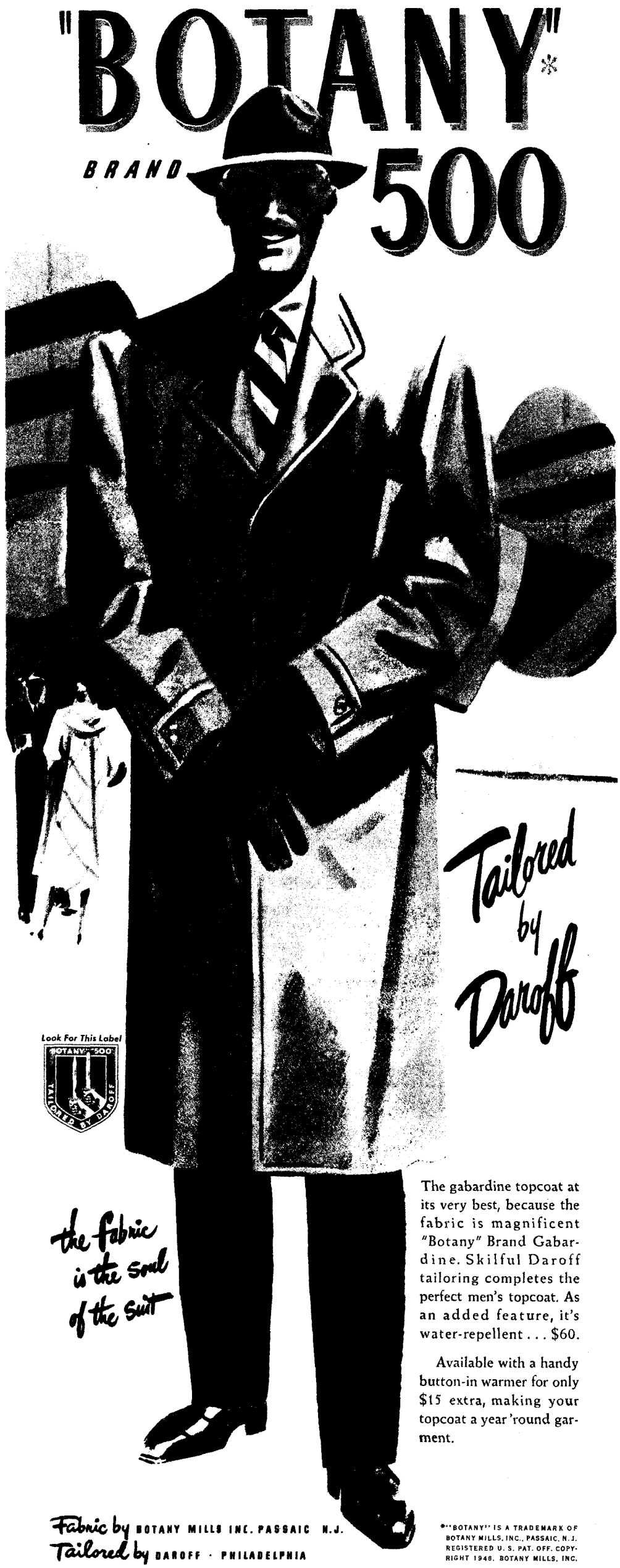
The Jack Dempsey-Luis Firpo heavyweight championship fight lasted only five minutes, but those minutes were packed with more knockdown action than any other five minutes in ring history. Firpo's first punch, a sledge-hammer right, floored Dempsey. Jack got up and ripped Firpo with lefts and rights. Seven times the giant Argentine went down, five times for counts.

Stunned, almost helpless, Firpo threw another right. It drove Dempsey through the ropes into the press row. Sports writers pushed Dempsey back into the ring as referee Johnny Gallagher counted, "Seven."

After the minute rest between rounds, Dempsey dropped Firpo with a left. Firpo got up. Dempsey knocked him down with a right. Firpo staggered up again—Dempsey fired a left . . . a right . . . and it was all over. Five minutes—12 knockdowns—the sluggingest round-and-a-third in ring history.

PUTT IT THERE!

Ben Hogan is a man of few putts and fewer words. Ben makes the same speech to every tournament committee: "Thanks for the check."



The gabardine topcoat at its very best, because the fabric is magnificent "Botany" Brand Gabardine. Skilful Daroff tailoring completes the perfect men's topcoat. As an added feature, it's water-repellent . . . $60.

Available with a handy button-in warmer for only $15 extra, making your topcoat a year 'round garment.

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One part of gasoline to 99 parts of air can be explosive. Today, though, thanks to Underwriters' Laboratories, you are safe in any gas station. Here J. C. Bone, a U.L. staff man, tests the efficiency of a CO_2 extinguisher by using it on a quart of burning gasoline floating on water

Trouble Trappers, Inc.

By GORDON SCHENDEL

They figure out disaster before it happens—and anything can happen, says Chicago's safety group. They made a prophecy that should have prevented the Texas City explosion, and few disregard their warnings now

ON THE morning of April 16, 1947, the French freighter Grandcamp, and an American ship, the High Flyer, were being loaded off the Texas City water front. When fire broke out on the Grandcamp, a considerable crowd gathered to watch the spectacle. Suddenly, with a shattering roar, the Grandcamp blew up, completely disintegrating in the air. The chain of explosions and fires that followed did not stop for three terrifying days. When they did, the nation realized that it had suffered its worst disaster since the San Francisco earthquake. In Texas City 515 people had been killed or fatally injured, 3,000 more injured. The homes destroyed numbered 3,382, and 130 business buildings were lost.

There is a grim, ironical fact behind this disaster. It could so easily have been prevented. There is a safety organization in Chicago whose lifework, for over half a century, has been to prevent such accidents. It is the Underwriters' Laboratories.

The two ships had been loading with ammonium nitrate for fertilizer. For many years ammonium nitrate had been transported in this country without an explosion. Then something new was added. During the war, the producers had discovered that they could keep the chemical from absorbing moisture and caking by adding organic matter to it. The industry's research men worried about that. Would this addition make the stuff more explosive? They referred the matter to the War Production Board, which asked Underwriters' Laboratories to make tests.

The laboratories went to work at once and soon rushed back a report. This was in April, 1945. The laboratories' tests were conclusive and disturbing. Said the report: "The sensitiveness of ammonium nitrate to detonation is shown to increase to a marked extent when organic matter such as was used in the compositions included in the investigation is present." Which is to say that the mixture might blow up with a bang.

The labs added another warning. Heating, such as under fire conditions, would still further increase the explosiveness. The men in WPB were very concerned. They ought to make the report public, they felt. Would that be all right with Underwriters' Laboratories? It was. The report was published, but it received little notice.

When fire broke out on the Grandcamp, the very conditions the Underwriters' Laboratories had warned about were set up.

The report on an investigation made by the

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ART HAUG

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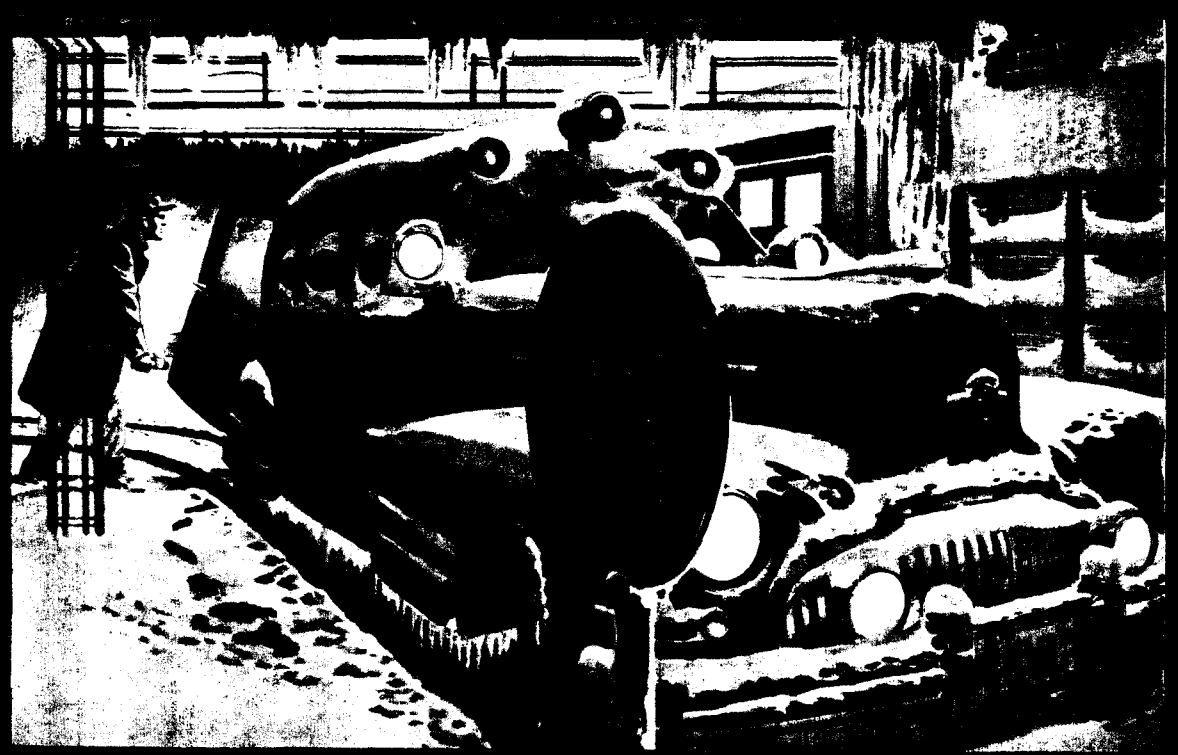
When safety's a must...it's "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

SAFETY'S A MUST WITH FIREMEN...Fire Chief William Lemon, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., says, "My car has got to be safe from freeze-ups. I know 'Prestone' anti-freeze will *keep* it safe – and prevent rust as well." You can depend on "Prestone" anti-freeze—America's Number One brand.

SAFETY'S A MUST WITH AMBULANCE DRIVERS..."You can't race illness with a cracked engine," says Ambulance Driver James Sweeney, of St. George, Staten Island, N. Y. "One shot of 'Prestone' anti-freeze a year keeps my 'bus' safe." There's no worry about sharp weather changes with "Prestone" anti-freeze in your car.

SAFETY'S A MUST WITH POLICEMEN..."I know from experience that 'Prestone' anti-freeze never lets you down," says Police Chief Fred A. Roff, of Morristown, N. J. Give your car the same safe protection that policemen, ambulance drivers, and firemen all over the country give theirs.

Give your car the same safe protection



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"Prestone" anti-freeze is America's Number One brand. Year after year, more motorists depend on it than on all other brands of all-winter anti-freezes combined. *There is nothing else like it!*

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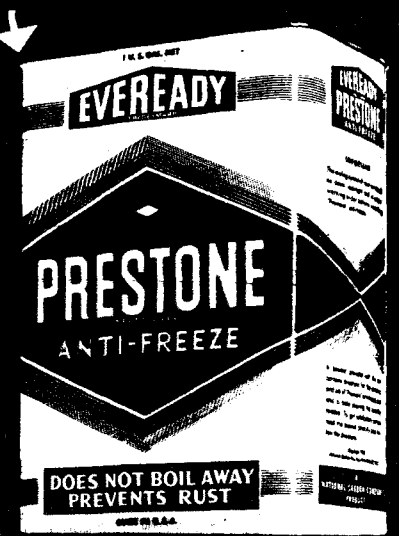

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THIS IS IT!!

THIS IS NASH

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Get ready for the *Airflyte* . . . .

Get ready for the most daring automobile America has yet seen . . . .

This is *it*—and it's Nash!

Completely aerodynamic. One clean sweep of racing curves to tear-drop back. Nearly 18 feet long, 6½ feet wide . . . only *shoulder* high.

That's Nash. ***That's the Airflyte!***

World's first car with Cockpit Control and the Uniscope . . . instruments near eye level . . . one great sweep of curved glass around you. No center strip to interfere with vision!

That's Nash. ***That's the Airflyte!***

World's first car with Super-Lounge Safety Interior . . . you've never seen such room before!

World's first car with Girder-built unitized body-and-frame — one solid welded unit, an *integral* structure . . . infinitely safer, lastingly quieter.

That's Nash. ***That's the Airflyte!***

Twin Beds now . . . ready in seconds for daytime napping, or luxurious pullman comfort at night.

An out-of-sight, Weather Eye "Conditioned Air" System!

Coil-spring cushioning on all four wheels for the softest ride a motorist has ever had.

That's Nash. ***That's the Airflyte!***

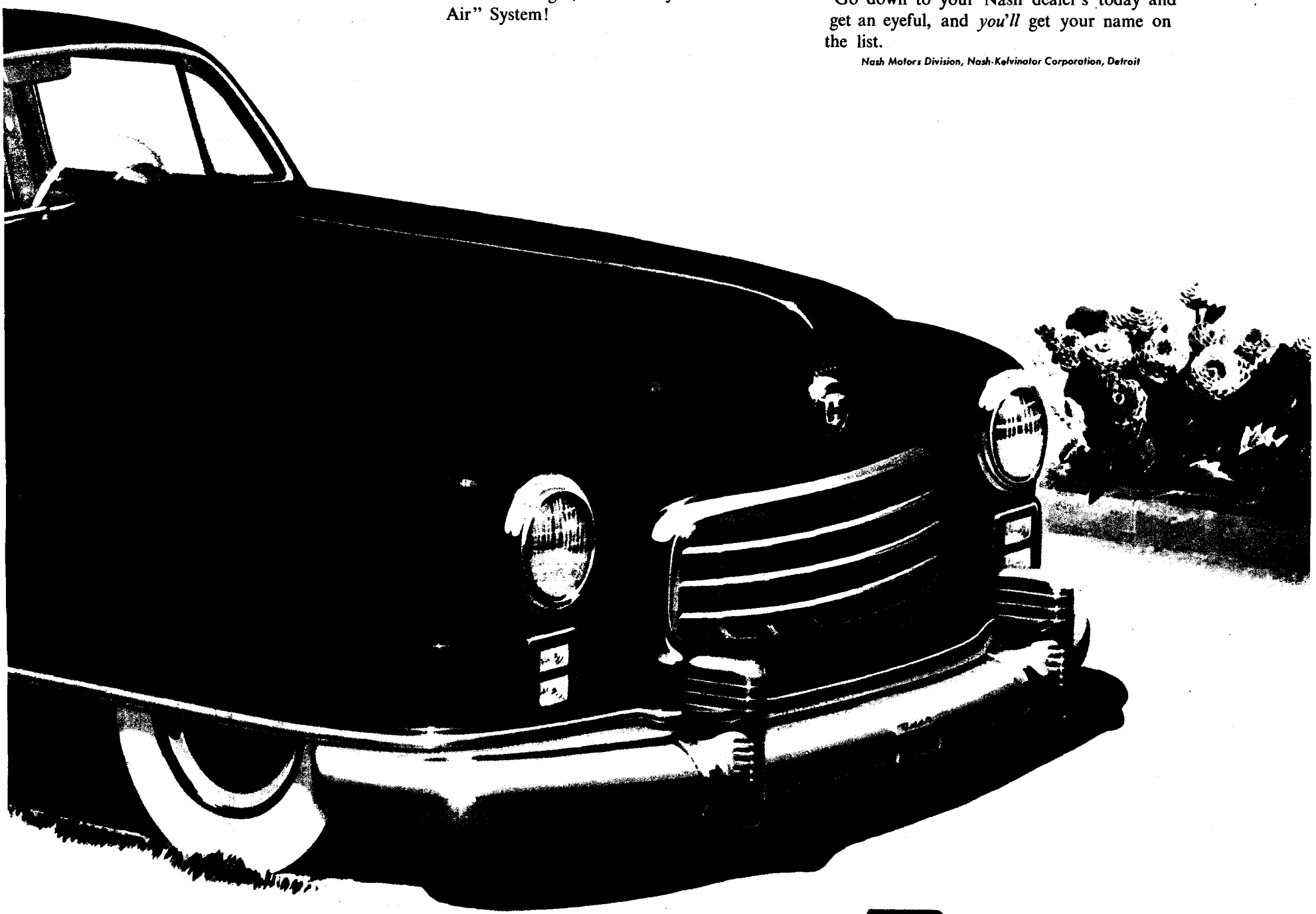
New Uniflo-Jet carburetion! So efficient that in the "600" you get *more than 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline at average highway speed.*

That's Nash. ***That's the Airflyte!***

And you haven't heard half the story.

Go down to your Nash dealer's today and get an eyeful, and *you'll* get your name on the list.

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit



On display throughout America . . . The 1949 Nash Airflyte comes in two great series . . . the Nash "600" in the lower-price field, the Nash Ambassador in the medium-price field. Designed, Engineered and Built with the Touch of Tomorrow.

Nash Airflyte

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

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Fire Prevention and Engineering Bureau of Texas and the National Board of Fire Underwriters described the fire and following explosions as a "needless tragedy." Said the report:

"It is apparent that little was known regarding the hazards of ammonium nitrate to anyone handling or storing this commodity. The false security engendered in the handling of ammonium nitrate which was such a major factor in this disaster was caused by the improper labeling of the paper bags. No instructions were printed on the bags concerning the handling of the material nor was it labeled as being a hazardous chemical."

Fortunately for all of us, recommendations by the Underwriters' Laboratories are seldom taken lightly. Their reports are regarded as gospel by private industry. The more than 6,000 companies whose products are tested by the laboratories are ready to stop their production line and change their products, if that is necessary to win the U.L. label of approval.

A nonprofit organization sponsored by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the Underwriters' Laboratories have saved untold thousands of lives by their tests of just about every mechanical and electrical device you use. The engineers of the labs have eliminated hundreds of potential danger spots in your life. Since the organization was founded in 1894, successive generations of engineers have never lost sight of the original objective: to prevent accidents before they happen.

Walk into the big red brick building at 207 East Ohio Street in Chicago, where the main laboratories are housed, and you'll find a series of rooms filled variously with the sound of gunfire, explosions, shattering glass and crackling flames. You'll see technicians throwing electric irons on the hard floor, tossing matches into pails of gasoline, firing bullets at car windshields. You'll see batteries of machines devised to apply brutal punishment to household appliances.

Tests That Save Lives

Though no human hand is near it, a door opens and shuts repeatedly. That's going to happen 100,000 times before the hydraulic door closer is through with its ordeal. On a rack, mechanical fingers snap away at light switches, giving them a decade of wear in a few days. Rollers jerk an electric heating pad back and forth. These are the processes that may save your life, by showing up the weak spot in a potentially lethal appliance.

Devising a test is no mere academic exercise for the engineers of U.L. Their idea is to study you in action, and to make the test fit your probable behavior—of which they take the gloomiest possible view. Consider an electric heater, for instance. The way they look at it, you'll probably set it near long, trailing curtains; you'll go away and leave it; somebody will open the door, and the draft will blow the curtains over the heater. So, say the engineers, there's our test. They drape curtain materials over a heater that's been on long enough to be good and hot. Those curtains can char, but not blaze. If they can catch fire the heater is, in the eyes of the laboratories, a dismal failure and it gets no label.

The laboratories' attitude that the worst is likely to happen is borne out by news stories like one from Florida last winter. During an unseasonable cold snap a woman laid an electric blanket directly on the springs of a bed, then covered herself with the mattress. The improperly insulated blanket—which did not have a U.L. label—short-circuited through the springs and caught fire. The woman lost her life.

Thanks to U.L.'s efforts, you can be sure that your new electric blanket will give you comfort and not a shock. The manufacturers tell you not to roll the blanket into a bundle when the current is on—so that's just what the U.L. engineers do. And they keep the current on for 24-hour stretches, just to find out what will happen if you absent-mindedly go away and leave it that way. Every blanket contains a network of thermostats—tiny safety devices set to turn off the current if the wiring becomes overheated. Will they work, and keep on working? The engineers find out by breaking the current no less than 100,000 times.

Those U.L. engineers are nothing if not thorough. Witness the testing of an electric iron. First it gets left on for 500 hours at a stretch. After that, the tester drops the still sizzling hot iron on the floor, taking care to see that it lands in different ways—on its nose, sides, heel and flat on its face. Right after that he gives it another temperature test and then he gives it the works to see how much current it will stand without producing a shock. If it's rated for 110 volts, he shoots 900 volts through it. Eight times the official rating is about what he considers a proper safety margin.

"fireproof" safe will stand not only the fire but the fall. They shoot bullets at bank tellers' windows. They try to short-circuit the wiring in motion-picture projectors. They hurl weights against "panic doors" to make sure they won't jam if frightened people push against them.

You can drive into any modern gas station without a thought of danger, because the U.L. engineers have made it nearly as safe as your own living room. That's a remarkable achievement when you consider what dangerous stuff gasoline can be. As little as about one part of it to 99 parts of air can be explosive. So the laboratories have subjected gasoline hose to a routine that involves its twisting 100,000 times without breaking. They've figured out how to render an explosion in the gasoline pump as harmless as the bang of a cap gun. They've even showed the big oil companies just the right spot and depth to bury the gasoline tanks, and just the right way to install piping.

To test a new kind of roofing, U.L. men lay it over pine boards and then toss flaming brands on it, whipping the flames to fury with powerful blasts from a wind

The Underwriters' Laboratories offer these ten household don'ts, based on over half a century of exhaustive experiments in accident prevention

1. **Don't place a radio close to the bathtub while you're bathing.**
2. **Don't turn your refrigerator off when you go away on a vacation.**
3. **Don't leave your bedroom with an electric blanket plugged in.**
4. **Don't allow children to play with electrical toys unsupervised.**
5. **Don't fail to ground your television or radio aerial.**
6. **Don't stick a penny in the fuse box.**
7. **Don't leave your Christmas tree lights on when not at home.**
8. **Don't use inflammable cleaning fluids indoors.**
9. **Don't open a pressure cooker before the steam pressure is exhausted.**
10. **Don't throw water on an electrical fire. Use a fire extinguisher.**

It was electricity that created the need for the laboratories' services, more than half a century ago. In 1893 an earnest young engineer named William Merrill turned up in Chicago. He had been sent out from Boston by a group of insurance companies who were alarmed at the fires being caused by the newfangled electric lighting at the Columbian Exposition.

Merrill bunked at the fire department and rode to all the fires. And there were a lot of them. He turned in a report which indicated that advance testing could have prevented most of the conflagrations. The insurance companies told him to go ahead and set up a laboratory. With $300 worth of homemade equipment, Merrill and a researcher named William Robinson set up shop above the fire barn. Eventually, the big American fire insurance companies pooled their resources to support the project. And since 1917 the labs have paid their own way by charging nominal sums for testing.

Those tests have for many years included articles other than electrical appliances—more than 415,000 different products, in the three big Underwriters' Laboratories set up in Chicago, New York and San Francisco. They have hurled objects at automobile glass to find out what would happen if a bird hit your windshield while you're traveling 70 miles an hour. They drop red-hot safes from five-story-high platforms to see whether, if your office building burns down, your tunnel. The brands must burn themselves out without affecting the pine boards. In still another test, they put the roofing in the mouth of the wind tunnel, where it is lashed by a three-foot-wide gas flame. This flame is blown onto the roof's surface intermittently, two minutes on and two minutes off, for a solid hour. Only about 50 per cent of the products tested win the laboratories' label of approval the very first time.

Once a product is awarded the little yellow label, the laboratories don't consider the case closed. They have inspectors scattered over the country who walk unheralded into a manufacturer's plant and pick samples off the assembly line. If the samples don't measure up, "Goodby, label."

Another job that falls to the hard-working inspector is the task of testing bank-vault burglar alarms. These devices have a hidden microphone, which picks up the sounds of safe-crackers' tools and transmits them, greatly amplified, to police headquarters. Here a warning gong arouses the squad, and a teletype machine spells out the name of the bank. In 15 years the labs have tested and regularly inspected 30,000 bank-vault protection systems.

So far, not one of the U.L.-approved vaults has been robbed successfully, although burglars have made many efforts. That is a tribute to the vigilance of inspectors like the one who decided to see how quickly the New Haven, Connecticut, police would respond to the alarm. He arranged to be left in a bank at night. With his stop watch in hand, he began pounding on the vault. Three times, spaced an hour apart, he forced the police to answer false alarms and spent the night in jail on a charge of creating a nuisance!

Successful as their safety-proofing is, the labs still have to depend on you for some co-operation. They'll ask you, for instance, not to turn off your refrigerator if you go away. Turn it down to "low" but leave the motor running.

Why the Motor Balked

Why? Look at the case of a Pittsburgh family who arrived home from a two-week vacation on a hot July evening, started up their refrigerator, and went right to bed. They awakened to find the house full of smoke and were barely able to escape. The old motor had become overheated when the strain of sudden, continuous effort was placed on it.

You might not think of a radio as a potentially dangerous device, but never park one by your bathtub, the engineers warn. Last year, two small girls bathing together knocked a radio off a near-by shelf. It plunged into the tub. Both children were electrocuted.

Then there's the pressure cooker. The steam generated in the small, eight-inch diameter cooker pushes up on the lid with a pressure of over half a ton. If the unwary housewife opens the cover before the pressure is down, whoosh—the contents can spout up in an explosive shower. The laboratories' idea is to make it impossible for the lid to be removed while there's still pressure in the cooker. However, in case yours isn't that type, *always* wait for the pressure to go down before you try to get the cover off.

Those inflammable cleaning fluids are another household commonplace that really give the engineers gray hairs. To show you why, they have a little test in which they release a small quantity of gasoline, naphtha or benzene vapor 200 feet away from an open flame. Believe it or not, an explosion results!

At Christmastime, especially, the laboratories' engineers hope that you'll observe some elementary precautions. A sodium salicylate solution, commonly known as water glass, will make your Christmas tree less inflammable if applied to the limbs. You'd better keep the tree in a pail of water, too, and sprinkle it frequently. Watch those Christmas tree lights; buy good ones in the first place, and always check last year's string for worn insulation. Don't go away and leave them on. Remember to keep an eye on Junior. Two persons were burned to death and six hurt in Collingswood, New Jersey, when a spark from a toy electric train ignited cotton at the base of a Christmas tree.

"We don't hope to succeed in eliminating human carelessness," explains Curtis Welborn, president of the Underwriters' Laboratories. "We're simply trying to build safety into every device people use."

He has a good example of their success in a news story from Midland, Michigan. A housewife went away with her family on vacation, leaving the electric iron on. When she walked into her kitchen two weeks later, she found the iron, still hot, dangling from its cord in the basement. It had charred its way through the ironing board and through the kitchen floor. It was a U.L.-approved iron, and in accordance with the laboratories' safety standards, it had been adjusted so that the heat could not reach the point where flames could develop.

"In the old days," President Welborn comments, smiling, "an electric iron left plugged in would have set the house ablaze before that family had traveled ten miles."

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Wonderful Living

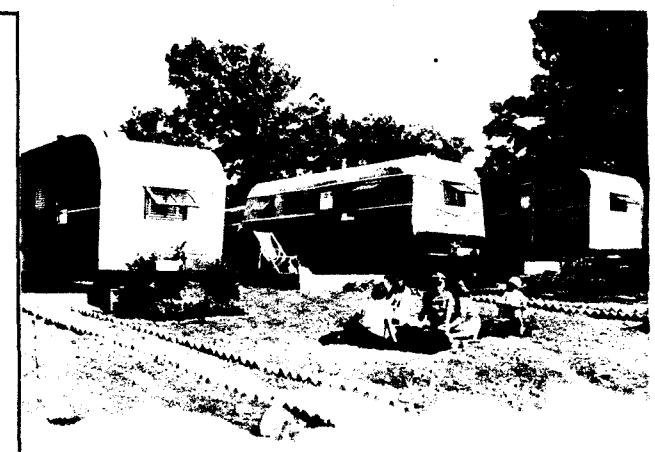
..YOU CAN AFFORD NOW!

You can't beat trailer coach life for healthful freedom . . . for satisfying home convenience, privacy and economy. That's the opinion of most trailer coach owners, as revealed by a national survey. They *prefer* this life for its many advantages.

In a modern trailer coach bearing the emblem of T.C.M.A., built to standards based on the experience of the nation's leading manufacturers, you get *today's biggest dollars' worth* in all-season, all-climate, *all-purpose* living accommodations.

Don't try to imagine . . . Go to a dealer displaying the winged wheel emblem of T.C.M.A. See for yourself the smartly-furnished living rooms; the complete, apartment-type kitchens; the private bedroom units, of T.C.M.A. approved coaches. Ask about the efficiently engineered heating and insulation that assure your comfort, winter *and* summer . . . Let experienced trailer coach owners tell you how easily and faithfully a T.C.M.A. approved coach will follow YOUR car and enrich YOUR life.

As a starter, write today for the free, 72-page official book with specifications and details of America's finest trailer coaches. Address Dept. 1120, TRAILER COACH MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, Civic Opera Building, Chicago 6, Illinois.



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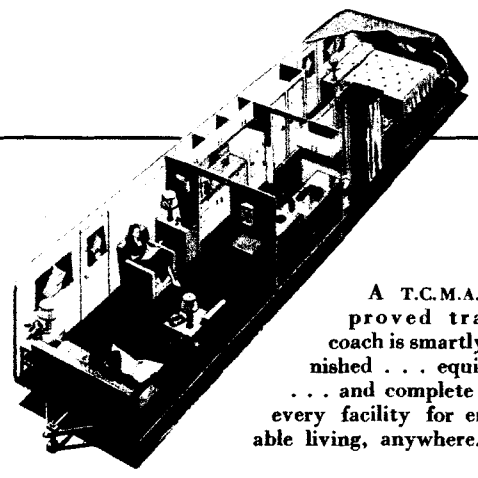
Substantial profits are being made in trailer parks accommodating the more-than-million responsible citizens who own trailer coaches. There is a fine opportunity in *your* community.

T.C.M.A. can give you valuable facts and guidance, even to free architect's plans and the specific advice of experts retained by the Association. As a first step, ask for "*Planning a Profitable Trailer Park*," containing pictures, diagrams and cost data. Address TRAILER PARKS, Department 1120, T.C.M.A., Civic Opera Building, Chicago 6, Illinois.



A T.C.M.A. approved trailer coach is smartly furnished . . . equipped . . . and complete with every facility for enjoyable living, anywhere.

Relaxing moments with the children . . . good fellowship . . . fun-packed recreation . . . all are part of the wonderful living you can enjoy at a beautiful T.C.M.A. approved trailer park like "Trubilt," on U.S. 41 at Milwaukee.

Typical of the nice people you'll meet is Mrs. Helen D'Eath of Ft. Lauderdale Trailer Park, who, with her family, has enjoyed trailer coach living for years.

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PALACE • PAN AMERICAN • PEERLESS • PLATT • PRAIRIE SCHOONER • RICHARDSON • ROYCRAFT • SCHULT
SILVER DOME • SPARTAN AIRCRAFT • SPORTSMAN-COLONIAL • STEWART • STREAMLITE • SUPERIOR • SUPREME
TERRA CRUISER • TINI HOME • TRANSCONTINENTAL • TRAVELITE • TRAVELMASTER • TRAVELO • TROTWOOD • UNIVERSAL
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TRAILER COACH MFRS. ASSN.

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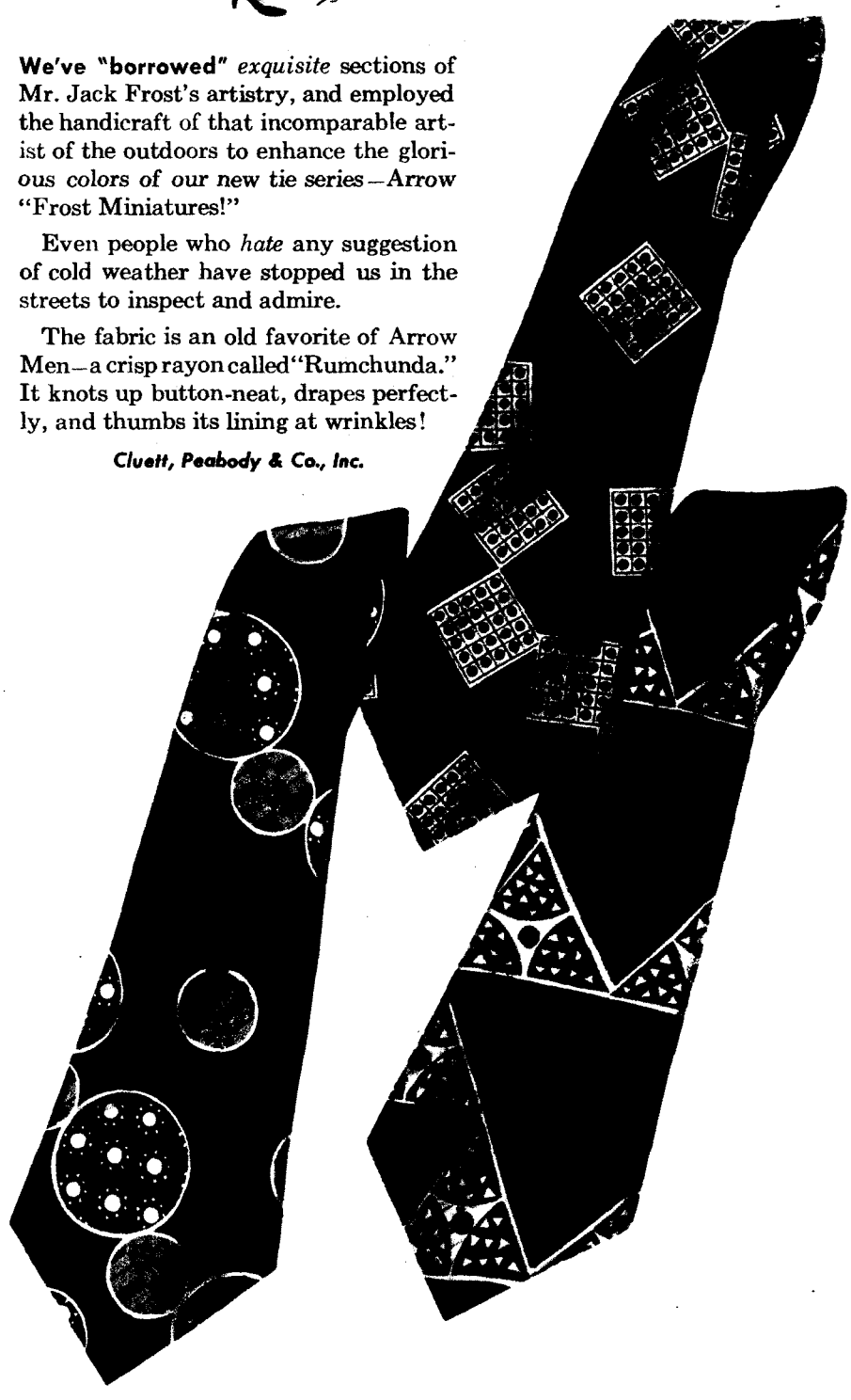
We've "borrowed" *exquisite* sections of Mr. Jack Frost's artistry, and employed the handicraft of that incomparable artist of the outdoors to enhance the glorious colors of our new tie series—Arrow "Frost Miniatures!"

Even people who *hate* any suggestion of cold weather have stopped us in the streets to inspect and admire.

The fabric is an old favorite of Arrow Men—a crisp rayon called "Rumchunda." It knots up button-neat, drapes perfectly, and thumbs its lining at wrinkles!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



ARROW TIES

"FROST MINIATURES" 1.50

COUNTRY UNAFRAID

Continued from page 17

Thousands of Norwegian families live entirely on fish, bread, milk and cheese. The Norwegians have been fishermen for a thousand years and they're sick and tired of fish. When you praise their salmon and the sea trout they say grimly, "Try eating fish three times a day, month after month. See then what you think of our fish."

The housing situation in Norway is desperate. In Oslo the government has had to take reluctant but drastic measures. There are many fine houses on the outskirts of the city, owned and occupied by shipowners or bankers. If a family of three occupies a ten-room house the government requisitions seven of the rooms and moves seven homeless people into the house. In the workers' section of Oslo a man and his wife occupying a four-room flat have to take two additional boarders in to live with them.

No one likes this disruption of normal family home life, but no one grumbles about it. Everyone knows that overcrowding and monotonous, strictly rationed food are not due to the whim of an irresponsible government but are conditions necessary for their eventual economic recovery.

The Norwegians have terrific confidence in their monarch and in their Labor government, which holds 76 seats in the Storting. It is a government of young, dynamic men, and the people believe that these men have avoided many of the mistakes made by the Socialist government in England. The Conservative members of the Storting were worried when the Labor party took over in 1945, lest it immediately socialize the great shipping industry.

Prime Minister Einar Gerhardsen, who spent three years in a German concentration camp, immediately set their minds at rest by declaring bluntly, "Our shipping has always been run by private industry. It has been built up by the enterprise, ingenuity and courage of individual shipowners, who have shown that they can conduct the shipping industry far better than any government could run it. There will be no government ownership or interference with Norway's shipping."

Two Leaders of Heroic Stature

Norwegians like their thirty-two-year-old Minister of Defense, Jens Hauge, one of the most revered heroes of the resistance. They greatly admire their Foreign Minister Halvard Lange, a man who combines the suavity of an Anthony Eden with the toughness of tempered steel. I sat in his office, which overlooks the lovely Oslo fiord, and he talked of the problems his country faces.

Although his English is that of the cultured scholar (he once taught at the University of Oslo) he voiced exactly

Debunking Expedition

DEBUNKER	DEBUNKING	
Statistician, National Safety Council	"Safe at home" is a misnomer—more Americans are killed in home accidents than in traffic accidents.	
Physiologist, University of Minnesota	Undernourishment does not cause teeth to decay, but actually keeps them from decaying.	
Naturalist, Glanton Research Station, England	The first bird to sing in the morning is not the skylark, but the curlew.	
Geographer, Louisville	The Ohio River normally never enters the State of Ohio at any point.	
Pathologist, New York Medical College	Frostbitten skin doesn't do well if rubbed with snow—it's better to bathe it with warm water.	
Chemist, Department of Agriculture	English walnuts did not originate in England, but in Persia.	
Physician, Harvard University	"Athlete's heart" is not caused by athletics, but by excessive eating.	
Sociologist, Yale University	The great majority of confirmed alcoholics hate liquor.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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"You know the rules—no visitors after nine o'clock!"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY

the same sentiments I'd heard from Arvid Nilsen, from Lieutenant Lavik, from Pilot Martin Ellingsen, and from others. Like them he too had gone through the horrible years of occupation and like them he emerged purged of fear, quite ready to endure any suffering, danger or hardship to insure the integrity of his country. Minister Lange began by questioning me.

"You've been here a couple of weeks now." He smiled. "You've been all over the country. What do you think of us?"

"I think you're the toughest people I ever met," I told him with complete honesty. "I've been in almost every country in Europe these past six months. Wherever you go you get a feeling of uneasiness, insecurity and fear of the future. Here in Norway, where you might have real reason to fear the future, no one is uneasy or insecure."

"It's not in the Norwegian nature to tremble when a storm approaches." The minister smiled. "We've been fighting storms for a thousand years. During the occupation we lost more than 10,000 of our best men. The Germans tried to make slaves out of us but they failed. They only occupied Norway; they never conquered Norway. Today through a mere accident of geography we find ourselves in a rather delicate position. We cannot be indifferent to the ideological struggle between democracy and totalitarian government. Economically, culturally and spiritually Norway is a part of Western Europe. We are and will continue to be a Western democracy. We are realists.

"We recognize the danger of this stand and are prepared to accept that danger. The refusal of the Soviet Union and the Communists everywhere to co-operate in the economic reconstruction of Europe has not deterred us from wholeheartedly accepting the Marshall Plan. The generous help which the United States is now giving Europe is entirely in accord with the best traditions of your mighty democracy."

Today Norway stands alone in Scandinavia. When Finland signed the so-called Russo-Finnish Friendship Pact she wrote herself off as an independent nation. Unhappy Denmark is as vulnerable as a bear in a tree, and although her whole spirit is in revolt against accepting Sweden's concept of neutrality, she feels that she has no alternative. Sweden is committed to a do-nothing, hope-for-the-best policy, although her people show increasing signs of impatience toward the unrealistic policy of their government. Only Norway is tough enough and ready to defy any attempt to compromise her sovereignty.

U.S. Ambassador Is Popular

One of the most popular men in Norway is Charles Ulrick Bay, the American ambassador. He is of Norwegian descent, knows the language, the customs, and is spiritually akin to the Norwegians. He is an expert fisherman and he sails his own sloop through the Norwegian fiords. I went fishing with him while I was in Norway. With us was Ole Hansen, renowned for fifty years as a great hunting and fishing guide. The ambassador's luck was out.

"Ole, you and I are old friends," he said reproachfully to the guide. "But today you are letting me down badly. Why are the fish so inhospitable? Perhaps they just don't like America. A thing like this could cause an international incident. It might cause war."

The old guide nodded sagely. *"Ja.* Maybe. It would be a great pity if we Norwegians ever had to go to war against America. We are very fond of America." He busied himself with some fishing tackle and then he looked up at the ambassador and said sharply, "But if it ever does come to war, no matter against what country—always remember: We Norwegians will win."

Ambassador Bay chuckled and slapped the old guide affectionately on the shoulder. Then he turned to me and said, "That's Norway speaking!"

The ambassador was right. That's Norway. I'm glad that the Norwegians are on our side.

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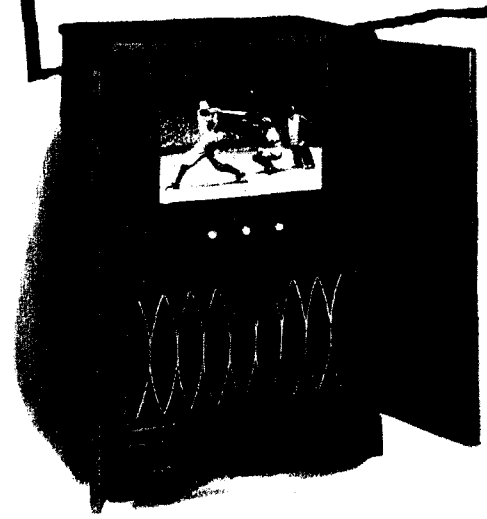

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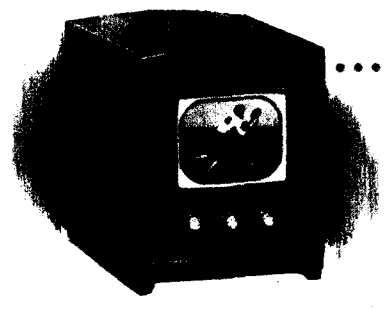
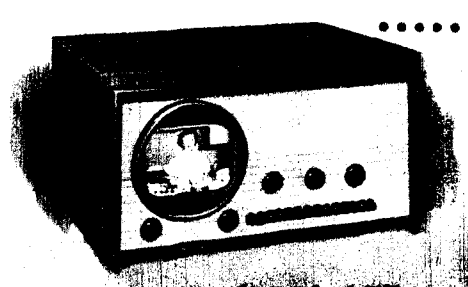


T-67 This handsome table model in hand rubbed mahogany finish cabinet will make a nice addition to any home! The 10 inch tube gives you clear, easily viewed pictures of unusual brilliancy and clarity. $295.00



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How I Got The Business in Government

The author left private enterprise for a top Treasury post. He got a fearsome lesson in the voting public's tyranny. The constituents want it both ways—plenty of economy for you; plenty of spending for me

By A. L. M. WIGGINS

Former Undersecretary of the Treasury

The delegation objected to moving the tax office, saving or no saving

THE senator was discreet. He believed in government economy, but he also represented his constituency back home, and that's where the conflict came in. And that's where the conflict always comes in—when the subject of economy comes up in government. Take the classic affair of the "displaced" tax reporting unit. During the war, because of insufficient office space in congested Washington, a small tobacco-tax reporting unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue was moved to Greensboro, North Carolina. About 50 employees were involved. Relatively it was a small matter of some $18,000 a year.

After the war ended, the lease in Greensboro was expiring, and the proposed new one called for more money. A little study, however, showed that by doubling up a few desks in Washington, we could bring this unit home and save the rent being paid in Greensboro.

It was a simple business proposition, and I, a simple businessman in government at that time, imagined that was all there was to it.

I was wrong. When news of our plan got out, the Greensboro community declared verbal war. Civic leaders burned up the wires with messages to their representatives in Congress, demanding that the Treasury abandon what they thought an outrageous plan. They charged that the removal of the tax unit back to Washington would be a vast and costly inconvenience to the tobacco manufacturers of North Carolina.

We checked into the contention that return of the unit to Washington would be a disadvantage to business and found there were practically no personal visits made by businessmen to the Greensboro office. The operation was almost wholly by mail. This discovery, however, did not still the storm.

Greensboro, in fact, insisted on a hearing. Members of the North Carolina Congressional delegation, representatives of business and civic organizations appeared at my office. They were courteous, but firm, determined that this outrage would not take place.

Many of us were old acquaintances. My friend Senator Clyde Hoey summed it up to me like this: "Lee, you just can't do this to your own people, and to your native state."

My duty, as I saw it, was plain.

"Part of my job," I explained to the group, "is to try to give to the American people a dollar's service for every dollar we spend in administering the Treasury. I was hoping you would give me an eighteen-thousand-dollar reason for leaving that tax office in Greensboro. You have not done so, and the office will have to be moved."

This story points up a fundamental difficulty in cutting federal expenditures. In theory, everybody is in favor of government economy, but in practice, no one wants it applied to his job, his pet projects or his community. Greensboro's hot resistance to the loss of a federal office, with its local pay roll, was normal. Every other community would have done as Greensboro did.

Local citizens almost never see the total field of government operations. They see only what affects them directly, and they believe, always, there are special and sound reasons why they should retain what they have, or get what they seek.

It is a plain, maybe dangerous truth that applied economy is unpopular. If you don't believe that, recall the political speeches you have heard. How many local candidates have bragged about cutting federal money coming to their own states? They tell you, instead, how much they have got for you, as if every dollar from Washington is a net local gain.

Until I went to Washington in January of 1947 to become Undersecretary of the Treasury, I had never held a government job. My career of 33 years had been in private enterprises. I had sweated several businesses through depressions, boll weevils and wars. I had been owner and publisher of a printing plant, head of a department store, president of a bank, director of a seed-breeding outfit, and had served as president of the American Bankers Association.

During those years I did my share of raising sand about taxes and wastes in government. Also I had made a number of speeches about a man's duty to serve his government when called. So, when Secretary John Snyder told me I was needed in the Treasury, I resigned all business connections and went to Washington. I remained there until September of 1948, determined to put more business in government. Why not?

Let me tell you what I was up against.

At the beginning of the war the processing division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue was located temporarily in the Bronx, New York. That division, of about 2,000 employees, handles the sorting and matching of income-tax returns. There was no good administrative reason why it should remain in New York in a privately owned building for which the government was paying about $150,000 a year rent. Publicly owned buildings had been vacated by war agencies all over the United States, and we decided this division of the Treasury should be transferred to one of these rent-free buildings, located, if findable, in the central part of the country. We found what we were looking for in Kansas City, Missouri.

To me, a businessman, this looked like a natural that everyone would go for—improved service at reduced cost. Well, up in the Bronx the lid blew off. Political leaders, including two members of the New York City Council and Representative Vito Marcantonio, joined with business leaders, labor leaders and other leaders to pull and push and

Jobs that were all pay and no work brought on a Senate spiel

He believed in economy, but not the kind that cut his pay roll

DRAWINGS BY AL GABRIELE

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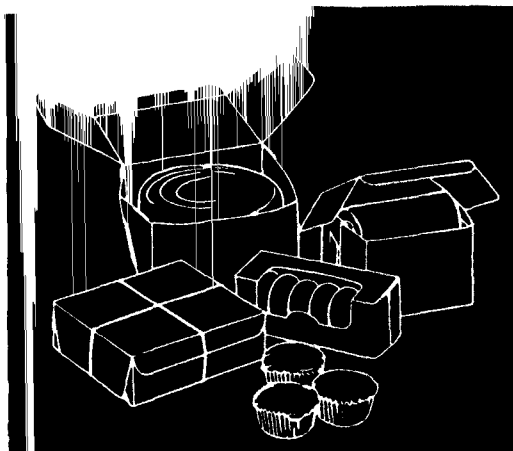

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shout. A petition signed by 1,000 persons was presented to the President asking him to step in and stop us. We were accused of political motives, political sabotage and political stupidity.

This protest really sizzled. Nevertheless, we moved that outfit to Kansas City, where it is now operating more efficiently, I believe, and certainly more cheaply than before.

Some of the employees went with their jobs. Others left government service for private jobs, and still others were transferred to government jobs in the New York area. I felt real sympathy for the workers who did not want to uproot themselves and change homes, but the convenience and desires of public employees should not override the good of the public service. So far as I have heard, no serious damage has developed as a result of this saving of $150,000 to the taxpayers.

One month after my education in government began, the Congress reduced the budget request of the Bureau of Customs by $3,500,000, and at the same time required the absorption of $725,000 in automatic salary increases. To some, this looked like disaster. It was not a new situation to me.

Many times in business it has been necessary to reduce expenses when income declines. The question is how to do it with the least damage.

An Inadequate Border Patrol

One step, the Treasury decided, was to abolish the Northern Customs Patrol, since its 250 men could not possibly check on thousands of miles of Canadian border anyway. We felt we could dispense with them by adding a few specialists in commercial smuggling. But no sooner was this suggested than storm clouds appeared in several quarters, all heading for the Treasury. The men whose jobs were being abolished had an organization. It rushed to the rescue.

People telegraphed, wrote, telephoned and came to Washington to denounce this attack on what they said was a vital service. These about-to-be displaced persons of the Customs Patrol were from many states. Their fate, therefore, was of interest to many senators and representatives, some of whom seemed incensed because we had planned a reduction to fit the appropriation they had allowed us.

Some of these legislators, in hot water back home because of this mild outburst of Congressional economy, accused us of making the cuts maliciously. Speeches were made and articles were written charging us with irresponsibility and cunning, but in spite of everything, we went through with our program. Now, a year later, there are few who believe restoration of the Northern Customs Patrol would be worth the cost. The movement is the other way—to reduce similar facilities elsewhere.

Protests by Noisy Minority

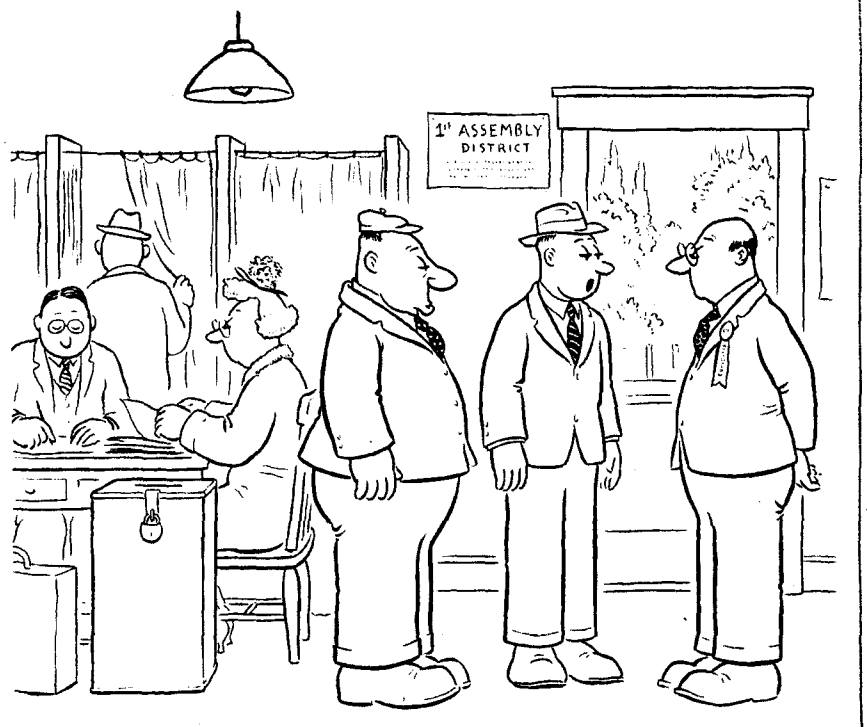
But if anyone approves of this or any other Treasury moves to save money, I have not heard from him. Those who are affected unhappily by government economy are aggressive and noisy in opposing it. Others are silent. I suppose that is inevitable. A man who is losing his job is alarmed and ready to fight for survival on the pay roll; but a citizen for whom someone is saving a few cents or a few dollars is hardly aware of what is happening in his interest.

The Senate Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments is always on the trail of waste in government. Senator George Aiken of Vermont is chairman, and when he heard that one of the Controllers of Customs did little more than go to the office every two weeks for his pay check, he rose on the Senate floor to make a speech about this outrageous situation.

A few days later, intending to open the senator's eyes even wider, I showed him a list of 52 non-Civil Service positions in the Customs Service. These jobs are filled by Presidential appointment and carry total salaries of $402,012.90 a year. Those who hold these positions are not rated as civil servants, and therefore the Treasury doesn't have complete control over them. In short, I explained to the senator that the Treasury was all but powerless to correct the conditions of which he complained. "But *you* can do something," I said. "If you will sponsor a bill abolishing the jobs, and get it passed, I will guarantee to have the work done at one third its current cost."

Forthright Senator Aiken looked at me in surprise, then laughed. "Why," he said, "I get more letters asking for those good

ALFRED — **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred wanted to vote for the forces of decency and good government against the forces of evil and corruption, but the printed ballot didn't say which was which"

COLLIER'S

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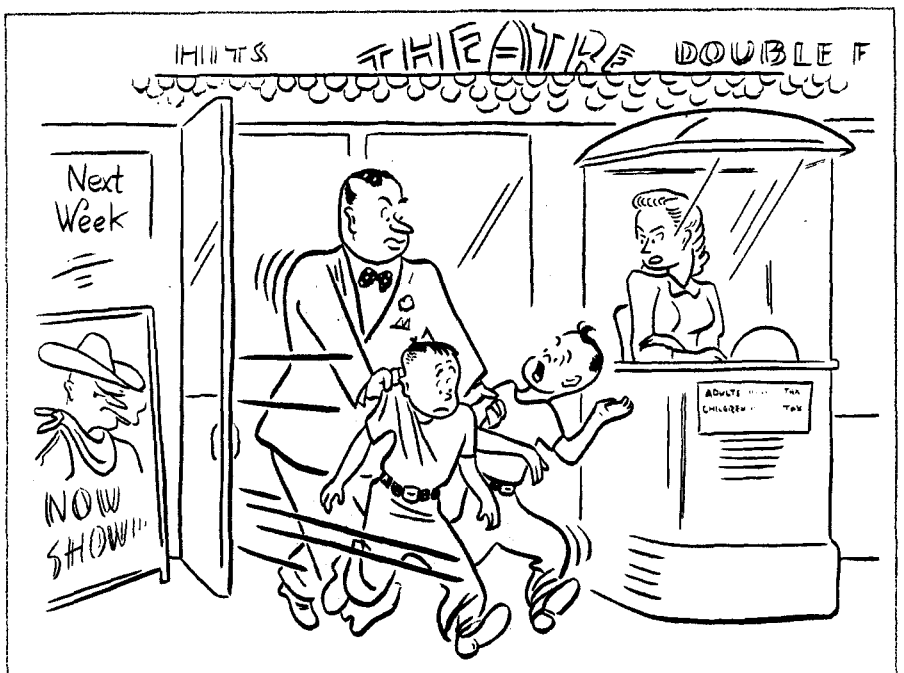


"We didn't sneak in. We asked her if she charged admissions and she said 'yes,' so we told her to charge ours and walked on in"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

jobs than on almost any other subject. If I put such a proposition before the Senate, it wouldn't get six votes."

There you are again. The pressure from back home is to preserve jobs, to spend. When there's a good job to be filled, a senator doesn't get letters suggesting it be abolished. He gets letters, telegrams, petitions urging one man or another for the position. And after all, a man cannot be a great senator or a great representative unless he remains in Congress. If he cuts too much, he is likely to be defeated not by an opponent who advocates still deeper cuts, but by one who promises everything to his constituents. So long as voters are influenced by what they think is free stuff from Washington, this will continue to be true.

Until I had worked in the Treasury for some months, I had no realization of the vast gulf between private business and government, both in objective and method.

Private business operates for the profit that is left after expenses are paid. It renders the best possible service in order to get profit. It spends as little as is practicable to get it.

The profit motive, as known to business, does not exist in government. For that and other reasons a government executive does not have the businessman's incentive to save. He is not responsible to stockholders and directors who know he is spending their money. By its power to tax, government can make its income whatever it needs, within the ability of the people to pay.

Taxpayers Are on a Spot

It does not have to sell goods and services to customers who are free to say yes or no. Government's customers, the taxpayers, have to come across whether they like it or not. Government's purpose is to serve, not to profit.

A business executive would know something was off side mentally if stockholders and directors made violent protests every time he tried to cut expenses. But executives in government face that situation most of the time. The public is always pulling on both ends of the rope —the economy end and the spending end.

Differences in the methods of business and government are many. Private business gives wide discretionary authority and responsibility to its executives, but government necessarily is run by fixed laws, rules and regulations.

For example, the Controller of Customs audits every individual liquidation made by the Collector of Customs, though hundreds of thousands of items amount to only a dollar or two. The cost of this auditing is out of all proportion to the results. Private business would spot-check for fraud, and not worry about inconsequential errors. It would not spend five thousand dollars to save a few hundred.

Why does not the Treasury Department change this? It cannot do so, unless the law is changed by the Congress. Discretion is not allowed.

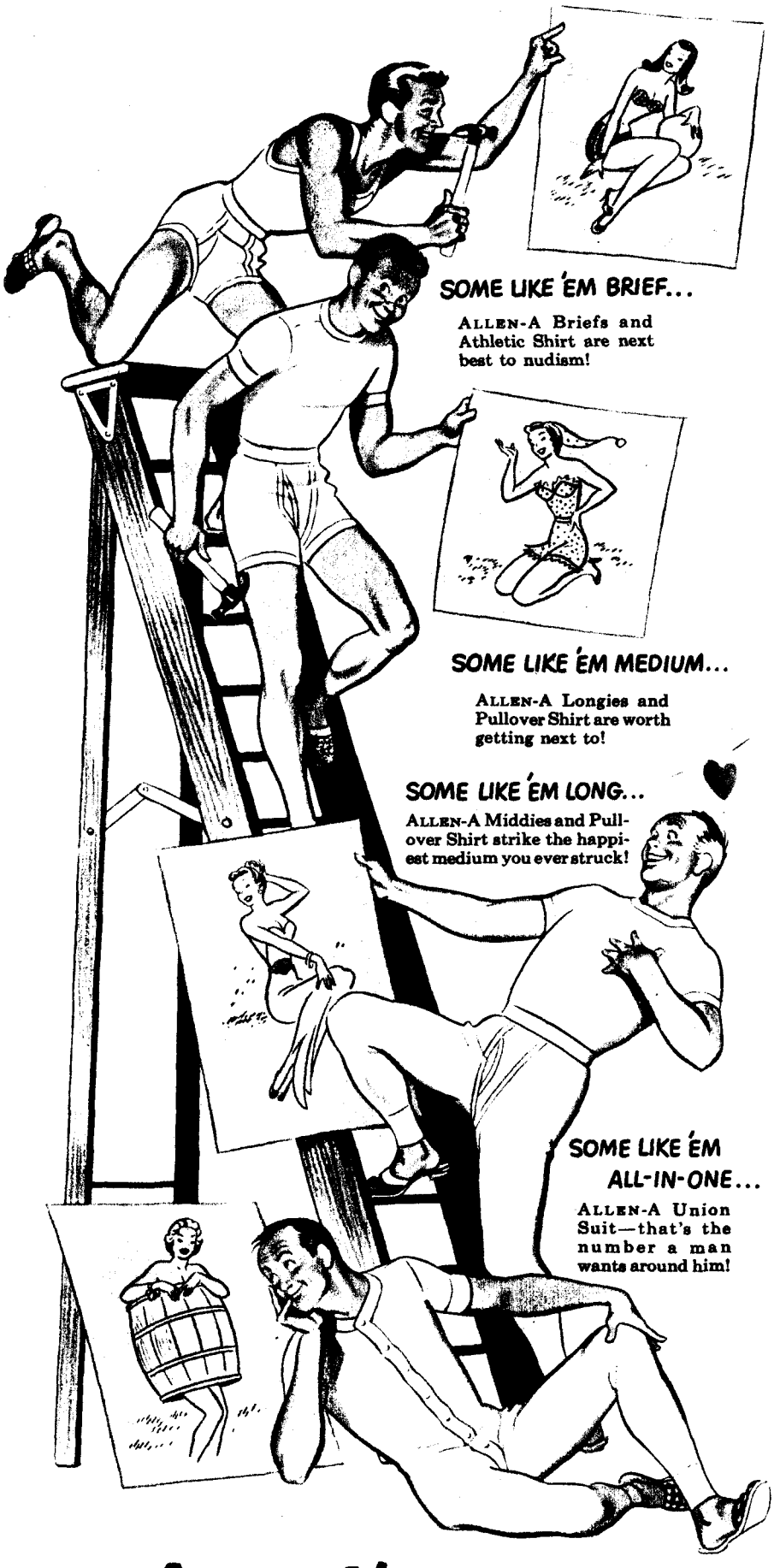
Economy-Minded Career Men

An early and pleasant discovery I made after I entered government was that thousands of career men in Washington are as interested in economy and efficiency as I am. Ed Bartelt, Fiscal Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and his associates have devised a system for turning out 1,000,000 checks a day with fine precision. Government men and women are not the bureaucratic drones they are sometimes said to be. I found in many places a spirit of aggressive efficiency.

I do not mean that government is as efficient as it can be. There are opportunities to improve, and always will be. But I do mean that many headmen in government, specifically the Treasury which I know best, are on to their jobs. They have actual proof to show that more money spent on enforcement of the income-tax laws yields big results.

In one case, an expenditure of approximately $80,000 brought in $5,200,000. I urged the Congress to allow 10,000 additional men to run down income-tax evasions, and the plea had some results. Two thousand were added. I am willing to stake my business reputation on the proposition that there will be ten dollars return for every additional dollar spent in enforcement work of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, up to a reasonable figure.

Government costs now run to about $100,000,000 a day. Many or even most causes are worthy. Can the country afford them? The people must answer that question. If the people continue to think that Washington is the city from which free blessings flow, and if they continue to press their representatives to spend and expand, the federal budget will stay high. So long as you and I continue to push the accelerator of spending to the limit, and fail to put on the brakes when needed, we will keep going down the highway of costly government. We the people pay for it.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Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By KYLE CRICHTON

The agony of Burt Lancaster under the lash

"Kiss the blood off my hands," said killer Burt Lancaster to nurse Joan Fontaine. With a murder for each, this is the year's most rugged romance

NOTHING could be worse for American youth than a recital of the life story of Burt Lancaster. The moral side is all right, his loyalty is unquestioned and his manners are good as well as vigorous. The trouble is that he's had it too easy. Under our national code for success a man must study, struggle and overcome obstacles on his way to the top. Lancaster has neither toiled nor spun nor perspired. He had exactly three weeks of acting experience before becoming one of the big wheels of Hollywood.

What sort of example is that for our ambitious infants? What is to become of a country when a former acrobat becomes the matinee idol of Sunset Plaza? It either proves that acting is a cinch or Lancaster is a genius or that something is wrong with the world. And now what has this big handsome hunk with the uncombed hair done? Has he been content to stick to his miming and turning the heads of that half-conscious multitude that answers to the name of Woman? Ah, no; not Lancaster! He rigs himself up a producing company, Norma Productions, Inc., and makes a picture with the elegant title, Kiss the Blood Off My Hands. This is a raw, red, rousing melodrama set in postwar London and featuring Joan Fontaine and Robert Newton, an English actor so much tougher than the toughest Hollywood thugs that he frightens even the critics.

We might as well give you a run-down on this opus while the mood is on us: It seems this Bill Saunders (Burt Lancaster) gets a little sore at the proprietor of the Anchor and Dolphin, smacks him on the chops with a right and kills him. In a desperate chase through London's water front, Lancaster escapes by climbing through a window into a room where Jane (Joan Fontaine) is sleeping. He quiets her by threats.

Fontaine is a nurse in a hospital and Burt visits her there. She is fascinated by the big lunk and goes out with him to a country race track where Harry (Robert Newton) recognizes him as the murderer at the pub. He lets Burt in on the secret but Burt admits nothing. On the way back on the train Burt's temper gets the best of him; he slugs a hamdonnie, grabs Joan under his arm and hops off. In escaping he bops a bobby, is captured and gets six months and eighteen lashes.

When he gets out he runs into Newton and they start stealing gas ration coupons but have a fight over the spoils and split up. Burt decides to go straight and takes a job driving a truck at the hospital. Newton shows up with a great scheme to snatch a truck full of penicillin and get away on the smuggling ship Pelicano. Burt says it's okay by him and is all set when Fontaine pops up in the cab as his companion for a trip to a scarlet fever area. This ruins the deal but it turns out all right because Burt and Joan find they're in love.

Newton comes to Fontaine's apartment to draw her into the illegal operations but she refuses to be drawn in, stabs him with a pair of scissors when he presses the point and runs to Burt to report. Burt goes back to help Newton and finds him dead. But he doesn't tell Joan; he says he has another plan to hijack a truck so they can get away and start life all over again. She agrees, being a bit dotty with love by this time, and they clout a few guys around the hospital, get the penicillin and beat it.

On the way Fontaine discovers the bloody scissors in Burt's pocket and forces him to admit Newton is dead. Realizing that *she* is a murderer, she hops out of the truck. Burt chases her and overtakes her. They face it out and decide they have to go back.

"We'd be hunted," says Joan, "not just by the police but by ourselves."

Burt agrees and they walk back slowly to the truck. "Maybe they'll give me a break," muses Burt, "and maybe they won't." Anyhow, the Johnston Office will be pleased. Fade-out.

Lancaster was a New York boy who attended the usual public schools and then De Witt Clinton High. He was a basketball player and amateur boxer but got fooling around the gym at New York University and found that the horizontal bar was an intriguing piece of equipment. He got so good at it that he threw away his trigonometry book at the end of the second year and turned up next with a circus, the Kay Brothers touring New England. In due course he and his partner, Nick Cravat, landed with Ringling Brothers and eventually played everything from carnivals to clambakes.

The depression smacked them about this time and Lancaster & Cravat were happy enough to land with a WPA circus. Burt decided he had done enough back flips by now and got a job as floorwalker at Marshall Field's in Chicago and later transferred to men's furnishings. He was doing all right until boredom set him doing cart wheels in the aisles instead of concentrating on suits with two pairs of pants. He graduated into pick-and-shovel work with a construction outfit and was getting nowhere in a rush when a man in Washington greeted him and he landed in North Africa and Italy with the Army in Special Services, meaning he was back in show business again.

After three years of that small chore he was going up in the elevator at the Hotel Royalton in New York one day when he noticed a man examining him intently. He went on to the room of a friend, the phone rang and it was this character from the lift. He wanted Burt to read for a part in Harry Brown's A Sound of Hunting. Burt read, got the part and was so good when it opened in New York that seven movie companies offered him a contract. However an agent named Harold Hecht got to him first. Hecht was broke, Burt was flat. But they threw all contracts back as fast as they came up.

"Keep hikin' the price," said Burt, "and put in a couple more clauses about something. It doesn't matter what."

Hal Wallis finally signed a ridiculous document, giving Burt as much money as most established stars and committing him to only two pictures a year with the privilege of doing as many others outside as he pleased. Before Wallis could use him, Mark Hellinger borrowed Burt for the part of Steve in The Killers and he exploded with such a wham that his price per picture soared into the ether. Three weeks on Broadway and one picture, and he's talking back to bank presidents!

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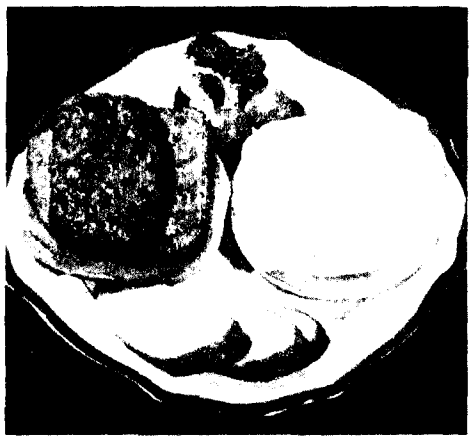
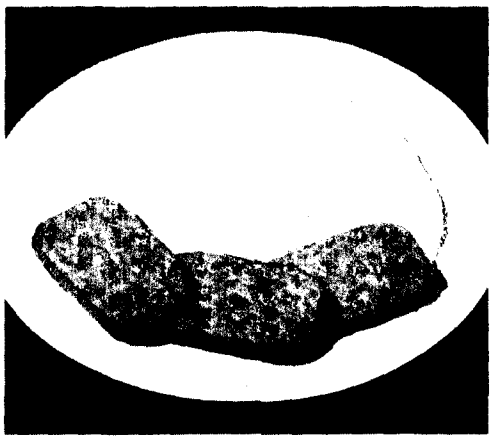
ARRANGE layer of sliced, boiled yams and onion slices in bottom of 2-qt. greased casserole. Sprinkle with ½ tsp. ground cloves, 1½ tbsp. brown sugar, dot with butter. Repeat layer with SPAM slices as pictured; pour ⅔ cup fruit juice (apple, pineapple or other) over all in moderate oven (375°) 25 minutes or until heated through.



FUN ON A BUN. On toasted bun halves, lay SPAM slices and a slice of cheese. Slip under the broiler till SPAM browns, cheese bubbles. Any time is SPAMwich time.



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SPAM
COLD OR HOT SPAM HITS THE SPOT!
HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

THE TRICK

Continued from page 31

the bill and left it there. "Guido," he said, "I want to talk to you."

"I'm listening," answered Guido from behind the counter.

"You are a veteran. I am a veteran, too."

"So what?" said Guido, hardening his heart. For him there was no veteran, but only the dollar, and already he had closed his heart to Dodo.

"You saw so much blood and war overseas and you also got a wound yourself," said Dodo. "Why do you do me like this? Are we not friends?"

"No, Dodo," said Guido. "We are not friends. I have no friends. My only friend is the buck."

This shocked Dodo, who was one in his heart with the Lord. "You must love your fellow man," he said solemnly to Guido. And Guido said, "Blow it out." He pointed to the five. "Pick up your dough and beat it."

So Dodo left the money on the floor and went to the door. "I was glad to clean your place free," he said.

"You are stupid," Guido yelled after him. "You are more stupid than a fool."

DODO went out of the store, and on the street he joined a circle of young men who were playing the number game with their hands. They were gathered in a circle, throwing out hands and fingers and yelling in big, loud mouths their respective numbers.

One of them saw the pain and sorrow in Dodo's face and said, "Hey, Dodo, what's the matter with you?"

"Today I worked for Guido Angeleni and he would not pay me the money he promised me," Dodo answered. He told them everything that had taken place, and they answered him in a way that increased his sorrow.

"You are stupid," one said.

"You are so stupid we do not want you here," another said, and they all nodded.

So Dodo took a walk. He walked down to the beach and sat on the shore to stare at the ships going by.

He sat there on the soft sand with his back against a washed-up log, thinking somnolently how peaceful the world could be if only men lived with the goodness that God had put into their hearts. Then suddenly he heard a light voice come to him. Dodo listened to this voice. He knew this voice well. Often he spoke with this voice, and he knew it was the Lord's messenger.

"Yes, little one," Dodo answered softly into the night, listening intently with his eyes closed.

And the voice told him gently that the time had come for Dodo to make the wicked one, Guido Angeleni, answer for his unkindness. Dodo was told to outwit Guido in such a way that everybody on Seventeenth Street in Brooklyn would know that he, Dodo, was a good and clever man.

"Think," said the small voice, "think of a plan to outwit Guido."

"Thank you, little one," said Dodo. "I will think." Dodo rose from the sand.

"Good night, Dodo," said the little one out of the night.

"Good night, my friend and benefactor," answered Dodo, and he went home to sleep. . . .

It was while he was sleeping that the idea came to him to defeat Guido and when he awakened the next morning his heart was as big as a balloon. He told this to people: "I am strong. My heart is as big as a balloon." And in a way it was true because when he walked he looked as if he were floating.

He did not mind that they spoke of him as Dodo, the stupid one, he who had been outwitted by Guido Angeleni. Dodo did not mind all that was said to him—and much was said—because he knew that he was blessed with an idea. So while they mocked him he walked with exultation because inside him was a golden scheme to defeat the arrogant Guido.

He went down the block, past the group of young men who not so very long ago had returned from the war in Europe, and these young men called after him, "Hey, Dodo the jerk."

"Dodo with the brain of an ant."

"Hole-in-the-head Dodo."

But he walked on confidently and at peace with himself. Dodo went down the street to Marco San Polo's pastry shop and stood before the window, gazing fondly at the many cakes and pastries. He particularly gazed at a delicately

"To me he does this! To me!"

made, crescent-shaped cookie. Dodo nodded and, when he stepped into Marco San Polo's shop, made his first move to defeat Guido, the arrogant one.

"Mister San Polo," he said, addressing Marco the baker, who owned sixteen cats which he kept in the cellar by day and at night permitted to wage war on the mice, "I would like to know if I may have one hundred of those cookies." He pointed to the crescent-shaped cookies.

"Oh, my friend Dodo," said Mister San Polo, who was an old man with a large nose and big mustache and also a big belly, "I cannot give you one hundred today but tomorrow at ten I will have one hundred for you."

"You will have one hundred for me tomorrow at ten?"

"Yes. I will make them tonight for you. One hundred."

"Thank you," said Dodo and he walked out of the pastry shop of Marco San Polo and across the street to the store of the arrogant one, Guido.

Guido saw him coming and stopped him at the door. "You refused the money yesterday and now you can't have it."

"I don't need your money," said Dodo. "I come to buy a new suit."

"Oh," shouted Guido, at once delighted and amazed. This Dodo, he said to himself, is a simple fool. "Come in, come in."

So Dodo was shown several suits and he took a blue one and said, "Wrap this up."

Guido carefully boxed the suit and kept up a running conversation about how wonderfully wise Dodo was in buying the blue suit. "And," said Guido, "to show you my heart is in the right place, I will knock off ten dollars from

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the price because I owe you ten and you're a good guy."

"You are kind," answered Dodo, shaking Guido's hand.

"Yes," said Guido, and he promptly added ten dollars to the original price of the suit. "You will give me only fifty dollars." You see how clever and shrewd this Guido was? Such men are everywhere.

Dodo put the box under his arm. "Tomorrow I will give you fifty," said Dodo.

"Tomorrow," said Guido, "you get the suit. Cash only." He made as if to take the suit back.

"Tomorrow I get one hundred from Mister Marco San Polo. At ten in the morning," Dodo said.

"Give me back my suit. I am not a fool like you," said Guido, and he pulled the box from Dodo.

"Come with me," Dodo said gently. He took Guido by the arm and walked with him to the front of the store. "I'll call Mister San Polo."

"All right," said Guido, distrustfully.

"Mister San Polo," shouted Dodo, cupping his hands around his mouth. "Hey, Mister San Polo the baker."

The baker appeared at the door of his shop and looked across the street. "What do you want, Dodo?" he shouted back.

"Will you have a hundred for me tomorrow at ten?" Dodo asked.

"Yes, tomorrow at ten I will have a hundred for you," yelled Marco San Polo.

A smile of satisfaction appeared on Dodo's face. "Mister San Polo," Dodo yelled.

"Yes."

"Will you please give fifty to Guido Angeleni?" Dodo asked.

"I will do that," the baker answered.

"Thank you," Dodo said, and the baker went back into his shop. Dodo turned to Guido. "All right?" he asked, pulling the box from Guido.

"All right," Guido answered reluctantly, wonder and distrust playing on his face; but at the same time he was thinking that Dodo was, after all, only a fool, so the danger was not great. "Here is the suit," he said.

SO DODO took the suit. With a feeling of jubilation he walked down the block, past all those who had heard the exchange of words between Dodo and Mister San Polo, all those who had jeered at him. He went to his house and put the new blue suit away. That night he walked about Seventeenth Street in Brooklyn with a gentle air of victory.

But, of course, the next day Guido was a very angry man. He walked across the street and said to Marco San Polo, "Give me my fifty."

Mister San Polo wiped his hands on his apron and smiled. "Just on time," he said, and went into his shop and emerged with a great tray of crescent-shaped cookies. He held the tray up for Guido to see them. "For you," he said to Guido with a gay nod of satisfaction, for after all he was the best baker on Seventeenth Street. On Seventeenth Street? On any of the blocks!

"For me?" Guido said happily. "Thank you, but one would have been enough. I am not much for eating cakes."

"Dodo said to give you fifty and so fifty you get," the baker said.

"No, no," Guido said sharply. "Not fifty cookies. Fifty dollars, Dodo said."

"You are out of your mind," Mister San Polo said with a laugh. "Very clearly I hear him. 'Hey, Mister San Polo, give my friend Guido fifty.' So you get fifty. I owe him a hundred and he said give you fifty." He pushed the tray of cookies toward Guido. "Here," he said.

"I will cut his heart out!" screamed Guido, gesturing wildly with his hands. It had not taken long for the knowledge to enter him that the simple one was not so simple. "To *me* he does this!" he cried. "To *me!*"

GUIDO rushed away down the street. He looked for Dodo and found him in the circle of young men playing the number game. Dodo also saw Guido but he was not afraid, because, while he was gentle in heart, he was strong in body, and Guido knew this well.

"Dodo," he called quietly, respecting the strength of Dodo. "You have tricked me."

"How have I tricked you? Tell everybody here how I did it."

So Guido, with much embarrassment, told how Dodo had entered his shop to buy a suit and had tricked him into giving it away for fifty cookies. This story made them all laugh so much that they picked up Dodo and carried him about on their shoulders, shouting out praises for the newly found genius on Seventeenth Street. After a while they returned him to the ground and he was surrounded by the young and old because he had won their admiration. Dodo had defeated the arrogant and clever Guido.

Then Guido said reasonably, "Is it right that he should keep my suit for fifty cookies? Is that fair?"

"Is it fair that you should cheat him of ten dollars when he made your basement more clean than it had ever been?" Naitano Dellasandro asked, he who was captain of the fishing boat, The Fountains of Rome.

"No, it is not," Guido acknowledged.

"Ah," said Marco San Polo, who had entered the group. They all turned to him, for he was known for his wisdom. "Then," he said quietly, and they listened, "you, Dodo, will go to your house and get the suit and give it back to Guido. We will wait for your return."

Dodo, instantly respectful of his elders, ran to his house, which was above Rudo Bonasda's grocery store, and in almost no time hurried back, carrying the still-unopened box. "Here," he said to Guido, and added, "I have not worn this suit."

Guido was about to open it to see if Dodo was telling the truth.

"No," said Marco San Polo, "you must trust a man's word."

And so Guido took two five-dollar bills from his pocket and gave them to Dodo. "Here," he said, and Dodo nodded and accepted the money. "And," added Guido, "I am sorry I cheated you." With that he walked solemnly away, shame in his heart, because like all people Guido was really a man of good will, but very deep inside him.

After that, all the men and women—the children too—greeted Dodo with admiration and respect. He was very much loved that day, very much. And ever since then, Dodo is known, not as Dodo the simple one, the one with the mind of a child, but Dodo the clever one, he with the delicate mind.

"She's been ready for about an hour —fidgeting around. Maybe she went back upstairs. Oh, Barbara!"

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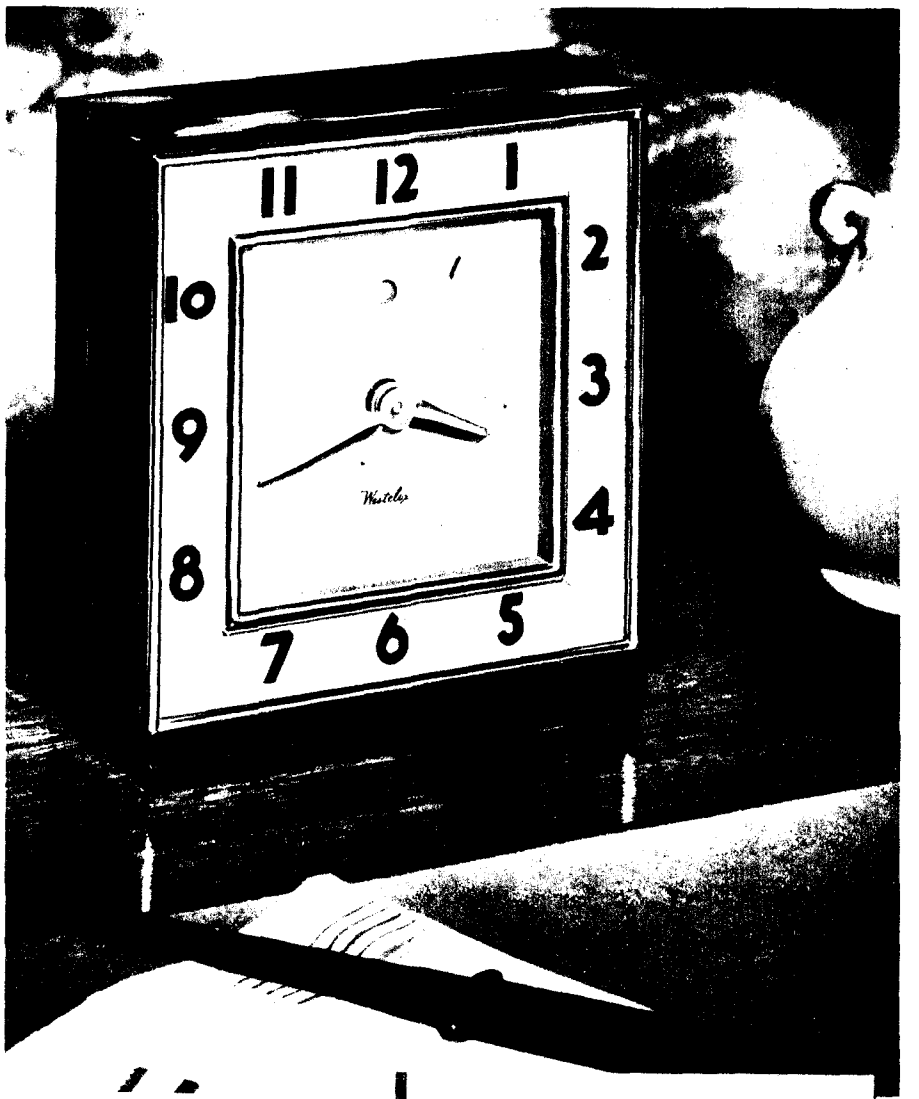

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Recess

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN

Not many screaming schoolyards can boast 200 milling moppets, but cartoonists can do anything

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Beef stew . . . rib roast . . . pot roast . . . hamburger — any red meat and good red wine is a hard-to-beat eating combination. Before cooking, marinate your thrifty cuts of meat with California Burgundy. And baste all roasts with 1½ cups Burgundy while roasting. Then serve at the table with glasses of the same kind of wine

Bring out the wines America likes best

...*the* WINES *of California*

Of all American families who serve wine, seven out of eight choose the wines of California . . . for taste enjoyment

IT'S A SECRET worth knowing. When you set food before your guests, serve also a mellow, fragrant wine. Does it do things for hospitality at your house? Try serving wine and see!

Many parts of the world grow sound, true wines for families everywhere to enjoy with food. Yet by choice of taste, seven out of eight American families who serve wine choose the wines of California.

And naturally so! For the sunshine and soils of California are unmatched in all the world for wine growing. Here each famous wine-grape variety finds its perfect growing environment. *Zinfandel, Palomino, Muscat, Riesling — over 125 varieties in all!* Every year in California the grapes grow to full sweetness and flavor.

Made entirely of fresh sun-ripened grapes, matured till mellow and satisfying, California Wines are featured wherever wines are sold. Come enjoy them — prices are low. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco suggests you write for the booklet "Easy Entertaining with Wine." It is free.

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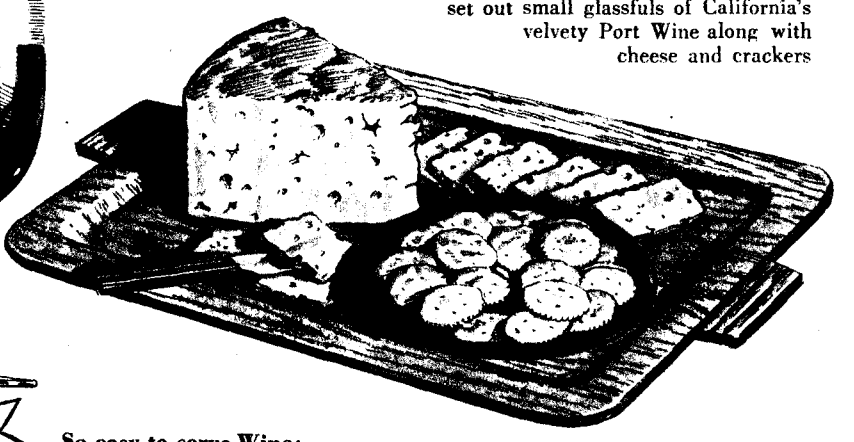
...AND ADD SO MUCH

The wine you like best is the right wine to serve. You'll find California Sherry tastes wonderful with appetizers. Rich red Port is delightful with desserts. Red wines like Burgundy and Claret are grand with red meats. White wines like Sauterne and Chablis do most for lighter meats or fish

For a mighty pleasant evening at home— set out small glassfuls of California's velvety Port Wine along with cheese and crackers



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Wine has the same good taste from any glass . . . even a water tumbler is "correct" glassware in which to serve wine. You fill glasses right from the bottle. After you open the bottle, Sherry and Port keep almost indefinitely. And table wines like Burgundy, Claret or Sauterne will keep in your refrigerator

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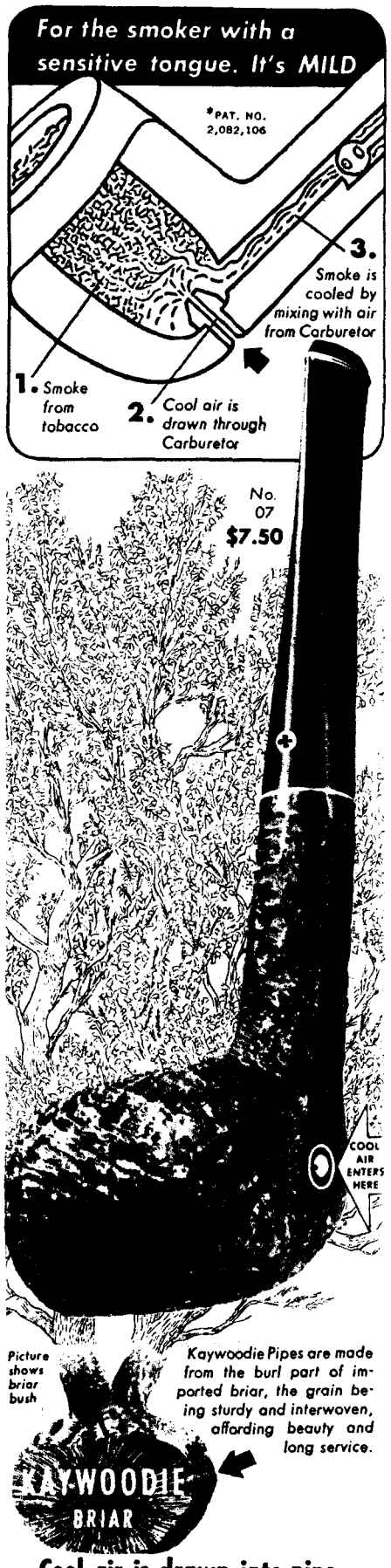
For the smoker with a sensitive tongue. It's MILD
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Picture shows briar bush

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As you smoke this pipe, its Carburetor-Action keeps the bowl dry so that there is no "wet heel" at bottom. The Carburetor-Action improves the flavor of your tobacco. It is a very mild smoke, very welcome to those who are switching to a pipe for the first time, and to anyone who likes an extra-mild, cool pipe.

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OPERA THROUGH ROSE COLORED GLASSES

Continued from page 25

different Violettas, not to mention four Alfredos; Manon with four Manon Lescauts, and La Bohème with four Rodolfos and four Mimis. Tannhäuser was performed on Nov. 13th, Dec. 1st and 27th, Jan. 30th, Feb. 13th and 27th, and March 6th and 12th. Instead of this traditional but uneconomic schedule, this opera could be presented four consecutive nights in December and four in February. And it shouldn't be difficult with five Tannhäusers, five Wolframs and five Venuses on the pay roll.

According to my pencil scribbles, this consecutive-performance policy should eliminate at least 50 per cent of the deficit. But that would still leave us $60,000 in the red, and being allergic to red ink, I would go a step further and cut down the number of operas in the repertory until such time as the Met was in the black again. A season of 29 works is, of course, more interesting than one of 19, but I'm sure New York would rather have 19 operas than none at all.

These three steps—salary savings, consecutive-performance policy and limited repertory—would eliminate the deficit that the board has been beefing about. But I wouldn't stop there. To play it safe, I would start thinking about ways and means of picking up a few extra bucks—the bright boys call it "secondary revenue."

For openers, I would package a couple of television shows, and with the Metropolitan label on them, it wouldn't be much of a trick to sell them to sponsors who are looking for prestige entertainment. These shows could be rigged so as to net the Opera House at least $2,000 a week apiece.

Another sure-fire way to pick up several million pennies each year would be to open the Opera House during its off season to popular concerts at popular prices, and to operettas such as Porgy and Bess, Carousel, Show Boat and Oklahoma!. For several years now, there's been a shortage of theaters in New York, but while every theater owner has been cashing in on this, the Met has been closed about half of each year. This, in my book, is plain stupid.

Somewhere along the line, I would get one of the top movie writers to dream up a backstage yarn about the Met, and if he came up with a good one, I think I could get David Selznick or Sam Goldwyn to put it on celluloid. A few years ago I got $75,000 from a movie company for letting it use the name of my cabaret. Can you imagine what I'd get for the real Diamond Horseshoe?

First to Get the Broom

Would the social registerites who make up the present board of directors go along with these undignified and profitable shenanigans? I doubt it, but if I were in charge, that would be an academic question. When I made my offer to Mr. Sloan to operate the Metropolitan and guarantee it against deficit, it was on condition that I be allowed to clean house. And, brother, if I were cleaning house around the Met, the first thing that would feel my broom would be the board of 38 directors.

With the possible exception of two or three, they have nothing to contribute to good music, and if I were calling the shots, they would hold one last meeting and fire themselves.

Under their aegis and butterfingers, the quality of Met performances in recent years has been small spuds compared to what it was in the days of Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini. Under their bumbleheaded financial guidance, a form of entertainment which has played to 97 per cent of capacity for the last four years has been chalking up six-figure deficits.

Tough words? Yes. But it's my hunch they'll shock no one but the directors themselves. Everybody who can spell "cat" has long realized that letting Belmont, Bliss, Colt, Dillon, Reed, Whitney, Winthrop, *et al*, boss our most complicated entertainment venture is as daffy as letting Harpo Marx run U.S. Steel would be.

In the old days, there was some point in having socialites and bankers on the board. Otto Kahn and his contemporaries were honest amateurs who were willing to pay for the privilege of making the Met their hobby and when deficit times rolled around, they would unsheath their fountain pens and do their stuff. But today's directors have shown little facility with the pen. When the red ink starts to flow, they hold a hurried consultation, genuflect in the direction of La Scala, and issue statements about the impossible demands of labor. And so I say, raus mit 'em!

Have I any suggestions for a new board, and what kind of people would I like to see on it? Well, if I may answer the second question first, I think the new board should consist only of experts whose know-how in a particular field would help make opera the going concern that it isn't.

And to answer the first question second, here's the board I'd like to have checking up on me if I were running the Metropolitan.

Music—ARTURO TOSCANINI.
Finances—BERNARD M. BARUCH.
Labor Relations—ANNA ROSENBERG.
Policy consultants—VIRGIL THOMSON, OLIN DOWNES, DEEMS TAYLOR.
Producing consultants—BORIS GOLDOVSKY, LASZLO HALASZ, VLADIMIR ROSING.

And I'd like to have the following theater people stand by and advise the opera experts on specific problems relating to present-day stagecraft:

Lights—HASSARD SHORT, JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, LEONIDOFF.
Scenery—ROBERT EDMOND JONES, HERMAN ROSSE, JO MIELZINER.
Stage direction—JOSÉ FERRER, JOSHUA LOGAN, ELIA KAZAN, ROUBEN MAMOULIAN.
Choregraphy—AGNES DE MILLE, JEROME ROBBINS, ANTHONY TUDOR.
Costumes—RAOUL PÈNE DUBOIS, IRENE SHARAFF.
Radio and television—NORMAN CORWIN.
Showmanship—OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, RICHARD RODGERS, HERBERT FIELDS.

That would give us a board of 28 and leave ten chairs unoccupied. Until we were well in the black, these could be reserved for the society boys whose wives like to brag that hubby is connected with the Met. The charge per seat should be $100,000 a season—providing the occupant kept his yap shut.

A Twofold Objective

It would be up to this new board of experts to (a) work out the details of the plan I have proposed to keep the Met solvent during the season of '48–'49, and (b) to draft a long-range plan to make opera in America a people's entertainment.

But before the board got going on these problems, I would ask it to help me clean up some of the nuisances around the Opera House. On my memo pad, they are listed as Cliques, Clucks, Claques, Corpulence, Controls and Coast-to-Coast Tours.

Cliques: One of the scandals around the Opera House has to do with the society cliques and their undercover deals with ticket scalpers. Here is the how of it.

Last year, 85 per cent of the Met's tickets were subscribed for before the season began. Most of the regular subscribers, of course, are fine people and an asset to the Met, but a certain percentage are not above chiseling. Instead of using the tickets themselves they turn them over to scalpers for considerably more than they paid, and when the public wants a choice seat it generally has to pay 50 to 200 per cent above the box-office price.

Billy says that letting the old guard boss our most complicated entertainment venture is as daffy as letting Harpo Marx run U.S. Steel

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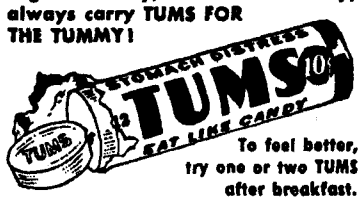

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Clucks: Several times in recent years, the Met has received a lot of bad publicity because of the opening-night antics of certain society patrons. It started some years back when a woofled attorney was photographed standing on his head during an intermission, and reached an all-time low last season when a dizzy dowager got gay and hiked her skirts above her knees.

Claques: The claque, like the Japanese beetle is a foreign importation, and it has been disrupting performances since the Met was organized. The new board shouldn't have much trouble with this nuisance. It's my opinion that the claque will go out of business as soon as the artist is told that the first phony demonstration will mean cancellation of his contract.

Corpulence: Watching a love scene at the Met is like seeing Gone With the Wind with Sidney Greenstreet playing Rhett Butler and Sophie Tucker as Scarlett O'Hara. I recently asked a prominent doctor if all this blubber was necessary. He told me some of it was of glandular origin, but that in two thirds of the cases the fatty tissue was produced by pancakes rather than the pancreas.

My recommendation to the board would be that we interview the fatsos one by one, off the record and off the cuff, and point out that a reasonable diet would not only help their appearance, but would probably add ten years to their lives. Of course, great singers like Melchoir and Traubel should be kept regardless of heft, but minor singers could be given a year's probation and told to get rid of that candy box under the bed—or else. I'm sure the new board would agree that opera would be a lot more popular in this country if there were a few wolf whistles mixed with the bravos.

Controls: There are two artists' agencies which have a strangle hold on the opera and concert fields. These agencies seldom handle new people, and the talented youngster without plenty of money to back him up has little chance of getting a break. The Met has the prestige and power to smash this combine by developing young singers itself.

Coast-to-Coast Tours: Last year the Met scheduled the most extensive tour in its history. The directors handed over the booking of most of it to a couple of entrepreneurs in return for a flat per-performance guarantee. It's true the Met made some money on this tour, but it's equally true that it would have made $150,000 more had it handled the bookings itself. That sum would have wiped out 70 per cent of last year's deficit. . . .

To Entertain Joe Citizen

With these problems out of the way—and it's my hunch that they could all be licked the first season—the new board could get started on a long-range plan to make opera in this country more acceptable to Joe Citizen and his missus.

When the average European goes to the opera, he feels that he's going to the theater, but when Joe Citizen is finally shoehorned into a tuxedo, he feels that he's going to a concert. Joe isn't interested in the plot because he doesn't know what the plot is all about, and the stilted jabberwocky in the printed libretto only confuses him.

Furthermore, he has no more interest in the staging or scenery than he would have in an old mustache cup, because the staging and scenery are those of the European theater rather than his own. And after listening to three hours of vocalizing by people in funny suits, he's ready to scream—and who can blame him?

There's only one way to interest Joe in good music, and that is to present the fundamentally fine plots of grand opera so that he may listen with his mind as well as his ears.

Obviously, step number one is to junk the antiquated auditorium on Thirty-ninth Street and build a modern opera house, equipped with the last word in mechanical, electrical and acoustical stage devices.

Step number two is to tie a can to the so-called traditional methods of producing grand opera and to stage it in terms of the present-day theater, with no thought of pleasing any but an American audience. Grand opera could only be grander if as much attention were paid to the dramatic elements as to the musical ones.

From Tosca to Tannhäuser, every opera should be studied as if it were a brand-new work. If the traditional way of producing it seemed right, it should be put on that way. If not, it should be junked without worrying about the sensibilities of those who kowtow to tradition. Every new production should be able to answer yes to this question: Will it interest a man in the first mezzanine who saw High Button Shoes last night and is going to see Mr. Roberts tomorrow night?

Add Touches of Realism

If it seemed like better show business to project the Ride of the Valkyries by means of a motion-picture machine than to do it with four girls on hobbyhorses, a motion-picture machine should be used. If it seemed more realistic for Mimi to die in a studio that looked like a studio, rather than the waiting room of Grand Central Station, she should die there.

Step number three is to adapt and translate the librettos into the language Joe speaks—English. And why not? In France, the Puccini operas are sung in French; in Italy, the Wagnerian works in Italian; in Sweden, the words to Bizet in Swedish.

It is only in America and England that operas are performed in alien tongues, and a peek at the record shows that in both these countries opera has always been an insolvent shambles.

These new librettos, of course, should only be entrusted to our top talents—craftsmen like Oscar Hammerstein II, Maxwell Anderson and Edna St. Vincent Millay. And these writers should be allowed to work without handcuffs. If a boring bit of declamation doesn't advance the plot, it should be given the heave-ho. If a piece of stage business seems silly by today's standards, it should be brought up to date or dropped. Due recognition should be given to the fact that many librettos were written by in-laws or $10-a-week hacks, and that they rate that much respect and no more.

How much would it cost to build a modern opera house and restage the entire repertory? My guess is $20,000,000. Could it be raised? Well, when you ask that question, Mister, remember you're asking it in America where we've always been able to raise whatever was needed—if enough people thought it ought to be raised. Twenty million is a lot of dough until you remember that it's less than one tenth of the $250,000,000 that United Jewish Appeal will get this year from less than five per cent of our population.

The final step in our campaign to enlist the support of Joe and his missus would be to offer the plans for the new opera house to other cities interested in good music. The seating capacities of this chain of opera houses would depend on the population of the towns in which they were located, but there's no reason why the stage dimensions and backstage equipment couldn't all be identical. This, of course, would make it possible for productions to tour at a minimum of cost and confusion. . . .

Looking through the wrong end of my old opera glasses, I see no reason why grand opera in America can't be what it originally was, and still is in some parts of Europe—the big event on everybody's entertainment calendar.

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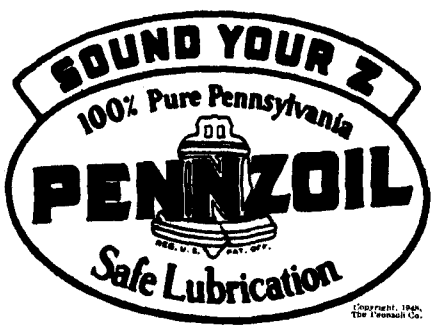

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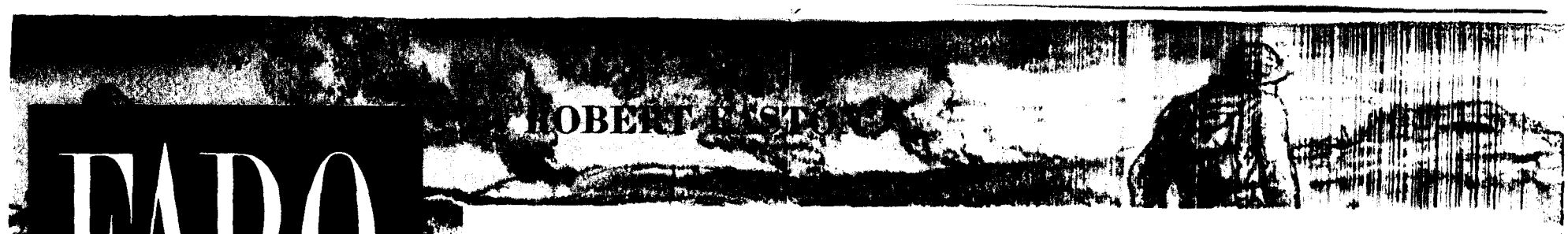
FARO



ROBERT RUSSELL

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

THE Mad Russian was a mighty man. He carried the twenty-pound Browning Automatic Rifle as easily as you would a BB gun, and when he wanted to have some fun he would hold out the BAR at arm's length and fire a burst. Then he would hand it to Faro and say, "Now you, buddy!"

Faro would flush and reply, "No thanks."

"What's the matter? Scared?"

"No, I ain't scared. I got weak wrists, that's all."

The Russian loved a bottle. Measuring a hand's breadth down from the neck he would drain whatever happened to be inside exactly to that level, pass the bottle to Faro, grin and say, "Now you, buddy!" And Faro would have to measure off a hand and try, and always come out red as a baby, while the Russian shook with laughter.

Their first action was the attack on Deutschweiler, the Russian going in with the BAR, Faro as his assistant and ammunition bearer. The platoon jumped off at dawn over a beet field toward the cluster of buildings a thousand yards away. Midway over, a machine gun opened and pinned them down.

Faro lay pressed between two rows of the big green sugar beets, while the bullets went scything through the leaves an inch above his ear. The Russian in the next row called. "Faro? Let's go!"

"Go where? You crazy?"

"Let's go get that machine gun!"

The Russian was up and running, holding the BAR in one hand. He disappeared into the beets forty yards away, as the stutter of the machine gun broke out sharply.

Faro lay where he was. The ground shook like jelly under the mortars and the earth went up in tons and rained back down.

The Russian slithered into Faro's hole. He was mad. "Where you been?"

"I been lookin' for *you!*"

"You been layin' low!"

"Damn you, don't you call me yellow!" Faro screamed at him. "How can I tell what beet you're under?"

"Buddy, we gotta get that machine gun."

"You crazy hunky, you get yourself killed if you want to! I'm not gonna! You go ahead!"

"What's matter, buddy, scared?" The Russian laughed at Faro. "You ready to cover me?"

Faro gasped that he was ready.

Then the Russian rose and walked out of the shell hole firing from the hip; and the sound of the machine gun rose to greet him and those two voices—deep-throated Browning, shrill-throated Schmeisser—filled the whole morning with their argument. Faro raised himself till he could see. The Russian walked toward the machine gun. He was in no hurry at all, and the dark muzzle of the Browning was flaming in front of him as though it were a garden hose he carried, to sprinkle down that field. It was flame against flame, and then it was only the BAR proclaiming who had won.

Behind the great figure standing alone in triumph over the beaten machine gun, the men of the platoon rose and moved forward out of the artillery fire; and then there was a single shot, the Russian slumped suddenly; and the attack swept on over him and threw the enemy out of Deutschweiler.

BY NOON there was an opportunity to reorganize and see just who was missing. The exhausted men lay outstretched on the cellar floor or propped against the concrete wall, and listened to Sam Abels telling the lieutenant what had happened to the Russian, so far as he knew.

"I'm going back to look for him," said the lieutenant. "Faro, you come with me."

Dead men are usually marked with their weapons thrust in the ground; but BARs were precious in those days and so the lieutenant took Faro's own rifle, stuck it in by the bayonet, and offered the BAR to Faro.

"But I got weak wrists!" cried Faro. "I can carry anything on my shoulders but I got weak wrists!"

When Faro had finished protesting, the lieutenant handed him the BAR.

Nothing was said about the little round hole under the Russian's left shoulder blade. He was listed on the Morning Report as "Killed in Action."

Nobody seemed to feel his loss more keenly than Faro.

When the Russian's wife wrote asking to know, saying she must know, she could not sleep, the lieutenant called Faro in and showed him the letter.

Said the lieutenant, "How about you writing and telling just what happened to him?"

"I—I'm not much on letter writing, sir," said Faro.

"Faro, I think it would do you a lot of good to write that letter."

But Faro was firm in the conviction he couldn't write that letter. . . .

Gradually Faro fell out of the habit of conversation. Evenings after supper when the others were gathering at the stove, Faro would roll up in his blankets at the back of the room and lie there listening, his cigarette glowing brightly in the dark, while the talk went around and always came back sooner or later to the war, and the men who were fighting it.

"Russian, there was a man! 'Member how he used to hold that BAR out and fire it one-hand?"

"They gave him the Silver Star the other day."

"Lotta good that does the Russian where he is!"

"He'd be here right today if he hadn't tried to win the war by himself."

"You mean if he'd had somebody to cover him."

"He did have somebody."

"No, he never."

"Like hell he never!"

"Well, the truth of it is," put in Sam Abels, "coverin' somebody's an exhaustin' job. Wears a fellow down." He winked at the stove. "'*Combat* exhaustion' the medics call it."

"Who said the Russian had nobody to cover him?" Faro had joined the circle at the stove.

"I did," said Abels mildly. "Why?"

"You think I'm yellow, don't you?"

A PROFOUND silence followed—a cool silence which was spreading in the way that causes hair on animals and men to rise. Faro's breathing could be plainly heard. But Sam Abels never looked up from the stove as he drawled pleasantly, "Anybody ever accuse you of so bein'?"

"No, but you think so. You all think so!" Faro's face got as red as it used to in the old days, when the Russian was having fun with him.

"What are you, buddy?" Sam Abels drawled. "A mind reader?"

Faro's hands slid back and forth on the back of Sam Abels' chair; and then he began to chuckle and to shake all over, till he was laughing and jerking like an idiot.

"*You* think I'm yellow, don't you? You think I didn't cover the Russian because I was scared, don't you?" And Faro roared with laughter almost as the Russian used to do. "You think the Russian got it 'cause I didn't cover him, don't you?" And he roared again, while Sam Abels never looked at him, but just kept sitting forward with his elbows on his knees, warming his fingers at the stove. This aggravated Faro. He leaned down and he said with a lewd grin, "Who do you think killed the Russian? Smarty, who do you think killed the Russian?" But Sam just went on warming himself like he didn't care two cents in the world who killed the Russian. *"I killed the Russian!"* screamed Faro. *"I* did, you hear me?" he screamed at the back of Sam Abels' neck. "I killed the Russian. Yes, I did. Big as he was, always bragging, always showing off what he could do—I killed him. Yes, I did. *Yes, I did!"* Faro's voice rose into a shriek. He leaned forward over Sam Abels and whispered, "You know why? You know why? Because he was *dumb*. Because he was dumb enough to turn his back on me after he'd called me yellow!"

Sam swung and hit as he rose and it was none too soon. The knife spun from Faro's hand and he went down as though a mule had kicked him.

Sam bent over him. "Come on, somebody," he said, "gimme a hand."

They laid Faro in his bed and when they had stretched him out and somebody had gone for water to bring him to, Sam said, "Now step aside a minute, will you?" And in the pale light, he studied the face of Faro—studied it for so long a time they asked him what he was doing; and Sam replied he was just making sure; and they asked how did he mean making sure; and he said he was just making sure he'd never turn his back on a face like that again.

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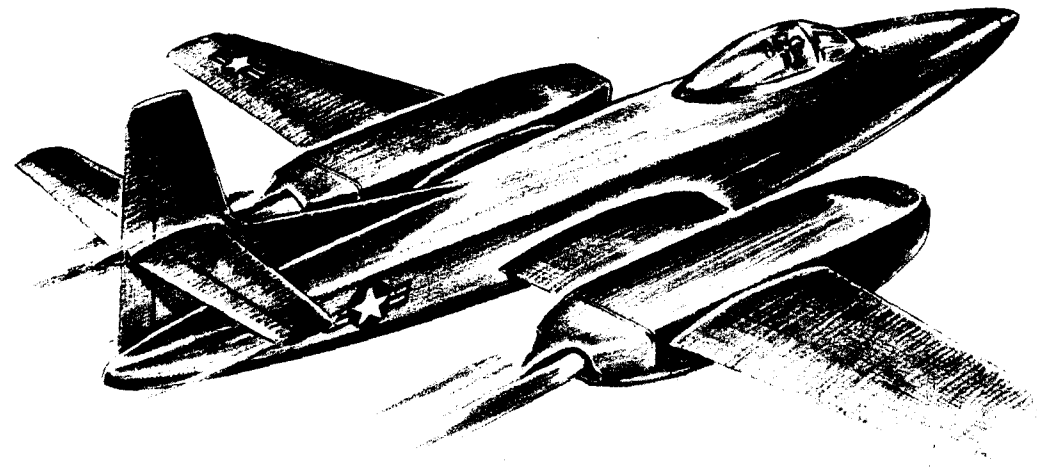

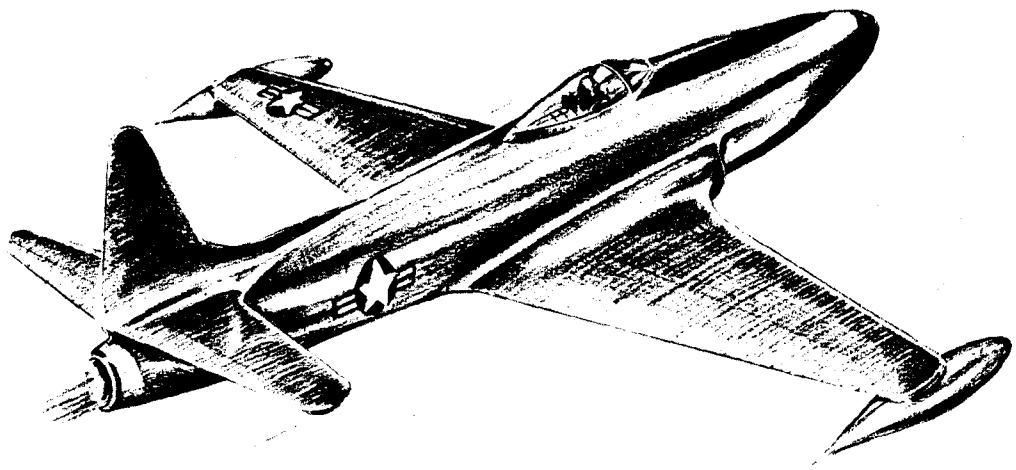

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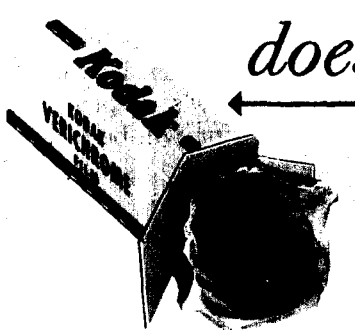

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THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

Continued from page 27

the water. He waited as the others came grunting up and dumped Hogue at his feet. Hogue was conscious still, his eyes open and dull. The slackness of approaching stupor was in his body, and he did not fight.

"In with him," Royall said.

Two took Hogue's arms and two more his legs. They lifted him and swung him out and back for momentum, laughing and calling a cadence. "This time," called one, and they strained together and cast him. His body arched out loosely, turning a little as he fell.

He disappeared beneath the surface but came up a couple of yards downstream. For a moment he fought the water blindly, causing him to sink again. But then the memory of swimming motions traveled automatically from his drugged brain to his muscles, and he moved sluggishly toward the near shore. He reached it farther downstream where the bank began to shelve, stumbled out and lay down.

"Bring him back," said Royall, and a half-dozen men scrambled after him.

BEHIND Royall, Frank Ollers' voice said, "A little strong medicine, eh, Lieutenant?"

Royall came around slowly. Ollers stood there smiling. Already at this dawn hour he was working on one of his thin black cigars.

"You are not welcome here," said Royall.

Ollers waved a hand in an affable gesture. "I'm just a spectator," he said. He continued conversationally, "You are in Arkansas Territory now, young man. The Army doesn't run this neck of the woods."

The men half carried, half pushed Hogue along the bank. When they approached Royall, one gave a shove that sent Hogue sprawling forward. He lay there, dripping and muddy, one side of his face coated with sand.

"Get up, Hogue," said Royall.

Hogue's eyes opened and fixed on Royall with the same glassy stare. He mumbled but did not move.

Royall turned back to the men, seeing eagerness in some of the faces. "In with him," he said harshly.

Hogue waved his arms protestingly this time, turning in the air and landing face down. When he came up he swam at once toward the same point on the bank.

Peering down, Ollers asked, "Isn't he the same man that Ed Traut had on the wooden horse last May?"

Royall's voice slashed at him, "What do you mean by that?"

"Now what, Lieutenant, would I mean by that?" Ollers set his teeth on his cigar. His heavy face hardened. "You soldier boys are all alike," he growled. "But don't play Ed Traut with me, or I'll have your ears."

"Sergeant Taylor!"

"Here, sir." The sergeant came alongside Ollers, his leathery face grinning with anticipation. Royall handed him his rifle.

"Escort Mr. Ollers back to camp."

"Yes, sir."

Taylor stepped smartly behind Ollers and raised the rifle. "You heard the lieutenant," he said. "Step along."

Ollers paid the sergeant no slightest attention. Nor did he change expression. But his shoulders hunched, and his heavy head sank into them.

"Tell your man to shoot, Royall!"

"I'll decide—"

"Tell your man to shoot or ground that rifle," grated Ollers. His eyes bored into Royall. "And be damned quick about it, you pup."

"Sergeant, ground your rifle."

Sergeant Taylor sent a puzzled glance over Ollers' shoulder as he brought the buttstock to the ground.

Ollers regarded Royall contemptuously. This had been an easy triumph. "Talk," he said. "Talk and fine feathers and no backbone. Get out of my way."

"No."

Ollers started to walk into Royall. He stopped at something in Royall's tone, his face hardening again.

"I've owed you this since Montgomery's Point," said Royall. He reached forward suddenly, jerked the cigar from Ollers' teeth and tossed it into the river.

Ollers growled an oath, but it was choked off in his throat as the fingers of Royall's left hand locked in his beard. Royall jerked down and sideways, spinning Ollers' thick body around and closing in against him. Swiftly Royall grasped him by the shoulder and thigh and swung him off the ground. In that moment Ollers realized his intention and twisted powerfully, bellowing his astonishment. But he was too late. Driving a knee up into Ollers' belly, Royall freshened his grip, swung him hip-high and hurled him over the bank. He hit the water face down, as Hogue had done, and sank from sight.

Royall poised to dive after him if he could not swim. But when he came up he struck out strongly for the other side; he touched bottom after a half-dozen strokes and waded ashore. Stepping out, he turned around and faced Royall. His clothes clung soddenly to him and water dripped from his beard and from the hands at his sides. But when he hunched his shoulders and set his gaze on Royall, the menace of him bridged the stream and reached Royall undiminished. It was, as Beth had said, a quality of malignance, dark and powerful. Ollers turned without a gesture and tramped upstream.

"Now you've spit into the wind for *fair*," *said the sergeant*, "*and I'm thinkin'* some of it'll be flyin' back in your face 'fore long."

Royall wheeled on him, still held by temper and the surge of violence. It went out of him as he saw the sergeant's expression. There was admiration in it, and much more. It said the sergeant was in this with him and anxious to share the consequences of it with him.

"It is my doing, Sergeant," he said. "And I should have done it a long time ago."

THE men had brought Hogue up again but had dropped him to watch the fight with Ollers. He was sitting up, blinking and wiping at the filth on his face. Royall walked to him.

"Get up, Hogue."

Hogue brought his shallow stare to bear slowly on Royall. "G'way," he muttered.

Royall said to Taylor, "Keep him awake and on his feet. Give him coffee but no food. And make him work."

Taking his rifle from the sergeant, Royall walked alone toward the camp. He did not expect Ollers to ambush him, or rise up before him with a pistol. But he would not be surprised if either happened. This was an enemy whose course he could not predict, as he had learned to predict Traut.

But even so his thoughts refused to stay on the threat of Ollers. It was Hogue who filled his mind—Hogue and his own weakness. He had forced the drunken brute back into consciousness and obedience. But he had done it with violence. The whole detachment against one sodden man. Even now Royall was completely without pity for Hogue. But Hogue was a man, a human being. By forcing this violent indignity upon Hogue, he had denied the dignity of all

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common soldiers and all ordinary men. Was he not, then, as bad as Traut?

He dismissed the thought and walked alertly now, for he had reached the detachment's bivouac. Passing through it, he made a large circle almost to the road so that he could approach without the dearborn obstructing his vision. He saw Beth first, standing beside a fire her father was building. Then Ollers came up to the fire, wearing dry clothes.

Royall relaxed a little as he moved out of the trees and advanced toward them.

IT WAS Sprague who spoke first as Royall came in. With a frowning sternness he said, "Philip, this piece of folly is going to cost you dearly."

Royall ignored him, keeping his attention on Ollers. The latter worked with his fingers at his damp beard and regarded Royall through a long silence. Royall was acutely conscious of Beth, standing a little to the left of Ollers with her gaze on his face.

"Well, Philip," said Sprague impatiently, "we are waiting for your apology."

"There will be no apology," said Royall. He did not expect the booming laughter that came suddenly out of Ollers.

"Which shall it be, young man?" Ollers said. "A duel or a court-martial?"

"You know that Army officers are forbidden to give or accept a challenge. But under the circumstances I'll accommodate you."

"I'm sure you would," growled Ollers. "It would mean my death and only your dismissal, wouldn't it? I haven't forgotten that rifle exhibition of yours on the Mississippi. Yes, I thought you would jump at that." He turned to Sprague, continuing with a dour smile, "I think I've pointed out to you before, Governor, that the Army isn't interested in protecting citizens on this frontier. Now it looks like they actually want to kill off a few of us, doesn't it?"

"That's not true!" cried Beth.

Royall looked at her in astonishment. She was facing Ollers with eyes flashing.

"Beth!" commanded her father heavily.

"It isn't true," she exclaimed. "It's just what he has always wanted you to believe. Ever since we left Washington. Oh, Father, can't you see—"

"Be still!" shouted Sprague. "Go to your tent!"

She faced her father through a stormy interval of defiance. Then it wilted from her, and she turned and ran to her tent. Ollers' gaze followed her thoughtfully.

"I'm sorry, Frank," said Sprague. He added with genuine puzzlement, "I don't know what got into her."

"She walked last night with our handsome lieutenant," said Ollers. "That's explanation enough."

"Philip," said Sprague. "I don't understand you."

Royall smiled. "Ollers does," he said, and added, "now."

He turned and walked to the tent. "Beth," he called. When she answered from within the tent he said, "I want to say goodby."

She emerged, looking across at her father and Ollers before she raised her eyes composedly to him.

He wanted to say he was sorry for last night. Looking down at her he knew he was not at all sorry, and so he said, "Should a man ever apologize to a girl for making love to her?"

She shook her head, smiling a little. "No."

"That is good. It was—" He broke off, then said soberly, "I withdraw the cowardice." He saw pain come into her eyes, and because he could not understand it he wanted to take her into his arms again, to hold her and be gentle with her. It was an emotion of tenderness new to him; it puzzled and even confused him.

"Goodby, Phil," she said.

"I'll finish here and get back to Gibson before you. You must hurry back. We will miss you."

"We?"

"Sean and I."

"Yes," she said. After a little she repeated it distantly, "Yes." She turned quickly and entered her tent.

THE last day of September turned so sticky hot that there was no comfort in sweating. Sergeant Taylor came to Royall to report that the detachment would be ready to start back to Gibson at sunrise. He looked at the brassy sundown sky and added, "They's a heap of weather in this country, and none of it good. A man expects that, and learns how to keep his feet dry. It's what a man

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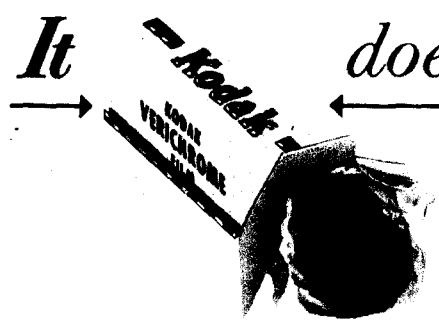
It  *does the rest*

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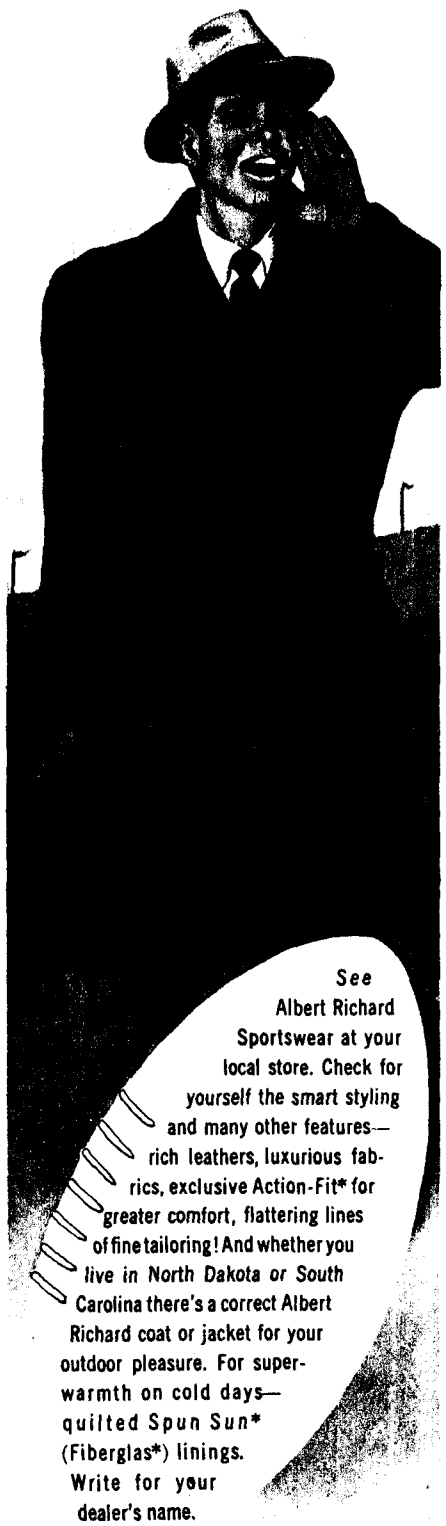

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don't expect that brings trouble, and I'm thinkin' there's some of that comin'."

Royall was accustomed to the sergeant's occasional habit of careful indirection. He knew Taylor would say no more unless invited, yet wanted to talk, and so he said, "What's on your mind, Sergeant?"

"Well, sir, you must of done some thinkin' about why we're back here diggin' around in a fort that ain't been used for ten years."

"I have, and I don't like what I think."

Taylor was encouraged. "If you've got this country fixed in your mind, sir, figure how it will be after they get the Choctaw moved. There'll be Choctaw from the Red River to the Arkansas, Creeks atween the Arkansas and the Canadian, and Cherokee north of them. You'll have a layer of tame Indians from Texas to Kansas Territory, standin' between them plains savages and the whites of Arkansas Territory."

Royall nodded. "A sort of buffer."

"I guess that's it," said the sergeant doubtfully. "Anyway, it's a good way to line 'em up if you just want Indians to kill each other off. Them tame tribes, they been around white men too long to have much Indian-style fight in 'em. They'd kill a lot of Comanches and Pawnees, but they'd git wiped out in the end."

"They have rifles," reminded Royall. "And the plains tribes don't."

"A rifle ain't as good against a bow as some people think," returned Taylor.

"I know what you're thinking," said Royall thoughtfully. "Fort Gibson prevents that kind of war now. But if the garrison is moved back here, there could be trouble."

"Yes, sir. Trouble you don't expect, like I was sayin'. Only, it's in my mind that somebody does expect it, and that's what I can't figure."

"There is one factor you don't know. Governor Sprague has called a conference of all the tribes. He expects to bind them all in a peace treaty. What would the men think of wintering in the Choctaw country?"

Taylor was embarrassed. "Well, sir, it's like this," he said diffidently; "they're your men, and that's what they want to be, and if you're of a mind to go to the Choctaw country they wouldn't like it being left behind. Not countin' Hogue, of course."

"No. If we go, I want Hogue too," said Royall.

"Yes, sir." The sergeant grew even more diffident, choosing his words with care. "Beggin' your pardon, sir, but is it in your mind that there'll be more than quartermastering to be done?"

"It's in my mind," replied Royall sharply, "but keep it out of yours."

Taylor searched Royall's face, finding there the affection that took the sting out of the reproof. "I will, sir," he said, and turned away.

Royall debated a stronger warning and decided against it. He had good reason to trust the sergeant's discretion. It was essential that the men know nothing, for any talk in barracks might reach Traut. And Traut must not suspect that Royall wanted to accompany the Spragues to the Choctaw country. It was the kind of assignment that other officers would dodge if they could. Traut would make it as punishment—and Royall proposed to be the officer punished.

THE detachment reached Fort Gibson after dark of a close night. The next day Major Traut signed a regimental order covering preparations for the Indian conference. Lieutenant Miller measured off a quarter-mile race track along the military road, with the finish line not far from the east gate of the stockade. Lieutenant Dahl laid out a new rifle range behind the council house.

The Spragues returned a week later; thereafter Royall set to work building a brush arbor alongside the council house for outdoor sessions.

He was there in early afternoon when Harriet Ollers came riding down the trace from the north. She had turned her horse toward the sutlery when she saw him watching her. At once she changed direction and walked her mount toward him. Although she sat the usual side-saddle, her careless grace hinted at indifference to the strict conventions governing a mounted female.

"Hello," she said.

He grinned. "You are the first woman I have ever seen who looked as if she belonged on a horse."

"Thank you, sir." She showed her pleasure. "But you have seen nothing. When I am away from here, I ride like a man." She paused, and he heard the remembered mockery in her voice as she continued, "The Indian women do, you know."

"I called on you. And you were not at home."

"I have been visiting my cousins among the Cherokee. You will call again?"

"If duty hours permit. If not, I shall see you at the party."

"The party?"

"Governor Sprague's. After the Indian council is over. Repayment of courtesies from the garrison before he leaves for the Choctaw country."

ROYALL saw Doctor Clausen coming from the direction of the stockade. Harriet observed him, too.

She said, "It will be Beth's party, then."

"It will," agreed Royall.

Doctor Clausen came up. The summer had worn a layer of plumpness off him, and fatigue still put a sag in his cheeks. But he was cheerful. "Harriet," he said, "you're a sight for sore eyes."

She laughed. "Phil said it better."

Clausen chuckled. "Of course. He speaks to the pretty girl, and I don't think he can help himself. I address the vixen." To Royall he said, "The pineries weren't enough for you, my friend?"

This time Harriet's laughter was strong and merry. Royall looked at Clausen quizzically, catching a serious undertone.

"What have I done now?" asked Royall.

Clausen looked up at Harriet. "There is a tale told that this man tossed your father into the Arkansas River to cool him off."

Harriet's laughter died. She looked at Royall in astonishment, and then her lips parted in a strange smile. "Is it true?" she asked.

Royall nodded.

"What did my father do then?"

"Nothing."

She said matter-of-factly, "He will kill you."

Royall shrugged. "No."

"He will." She spoke urgently, leaning down from the saddle to him. "If he has done nothing, it's only because he wants to let you forget a little and become careless. You must ask for a new station."

Royall grinned at her. "I like it here," he said.

"Speak of the devil!" exclaimed Clausen. "I almost forgot. Somebody reported passing him on the road an hour ago. He's bringing the Choctaw delegation in with him."

Harriet pulled her horse around. "Mother will want to know," she said. She forced the animal alongside Royall, and he thought she was going to warn him again. But the strange smile came again to her face. "You are a fool," she said. "A very nice and very handsome fool."

Clausen shifted about and watched her ride toward the sutlery. Still watching her, he murmured, "I think she wants you now, my friend. And she's as dan-

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gerous as her father." He came around, facing Royall. "It is I, Papa Pot, who knows and likes her, that's telling you."

Clausen trotted off with his short steps toward the hospital. Thirty minutes later he was back.

"Ollers is in sight with his train," he said. "Let's have a look at the Choctaw."

Ahead of them a considerable group of horsemen, Frank Ollers among the number, approached the east gate. Behind the horsemen came four mule-drawn wagons. Most of the riders were Indians, although Royall saw three who were not. Other Indians rode the wagons.

Royall and Clausen stood on the edge of a growing crowd as Major Traut issued from the gate, and Ollers and an aged Choctaw dismounted and went forward to shake hands.

The Indian wore the rough, simple clothes of a white farmer, as did all the others. Gray hair fell below his hat. His dark face was wrinkled and weary. He greeted Traut with simple dignity, then turned and raised a hand to the other Choctaw, who each came forth to shake hands.

"That's Moshulatubbee," said Clausen. "Mingo or superior chief of the Lower Towns Choctaw. A wise old bird."

Royall's eyes were drawn to the three white horsemen who had pulled a little aside and sat their mounts watching. There was something familiar about the middle figure. He was a big youth in a filthy slouch hat that Royall was sure he had seen before.

The man raised his head, and quick remembrance came to Royall. He pushed through the crowd to the head of the horse.

"Hello, Scanlon," he said.

Scanlon grinned down. "How ya, soljer boy?"

It was the same broad, stupid face that Royall had smashed and battered to the ground that memorable day at Montgomery's Point, but with a visible difference. The months had written into it the beginning of a viciousness that had not been there in May. Royall looked at the other two men, trying to place them as members of the Texas crowd aboard the Rachel. They were hard and bearded, and they returned his stare truculently. He decided he had never seen them before.

He brought his attention back to Scanlon. "What was the matter with Texas?"

Scanlon scowled. "I ain't been there."

"Where have you been?"

The horseman on the far side of Scanlon said sourly, "Kinda nosy, ain't he, Scanlon?"

REACHING up, Royall grasped the bit ring on Scanlon's horse and gave it an abrupt sideways pull. The horse snorted and side-stepped against the animal on his left so that the way was cleared for Royall to reach the man who had spoken. Royall went for him with no thought but to pull him off his horse and teach him some manners.

"Damn you, Pickens. Keep your horns pulled in!"

It was Frank Ollers' voice, and it stopped Royall. He swung about as Ollers strolled up. Ollers held a cold stare on the man Pickens, and Pickens backed his horse away sullenly. But when Ollers turned to Royall, there was affable amusement on his face.

"You seem to have it in for me," Ollers said. "Now it's my men you're after."

"If he's your man," said Royall, "tell him to keep a civil tongue in his head while he's on this station."

"I'll do better than that, Lieutenant. I'll apologize for his misconduct, which is more than a certain rash young man had the sense to do a few weeks ago." His smile broadened. "I see you've met an old friend."

Royall grinned, "Is that the way he thinks of me?"

"Oh, Scanlon's a good boy. He really wasn't in on that robbery scheme, you know. I got him out of jail and put him

JACK BETTS

Little Women, 1948

Whither, a-dither, goes Doralee Doat,
Pert little skirt in a caracul coat?

Whither, a-dither, goes Milly-Ann Meever,
Slick little chick in a jacket of beaver?

Whither, a-dither, goes Nellathy Neal,
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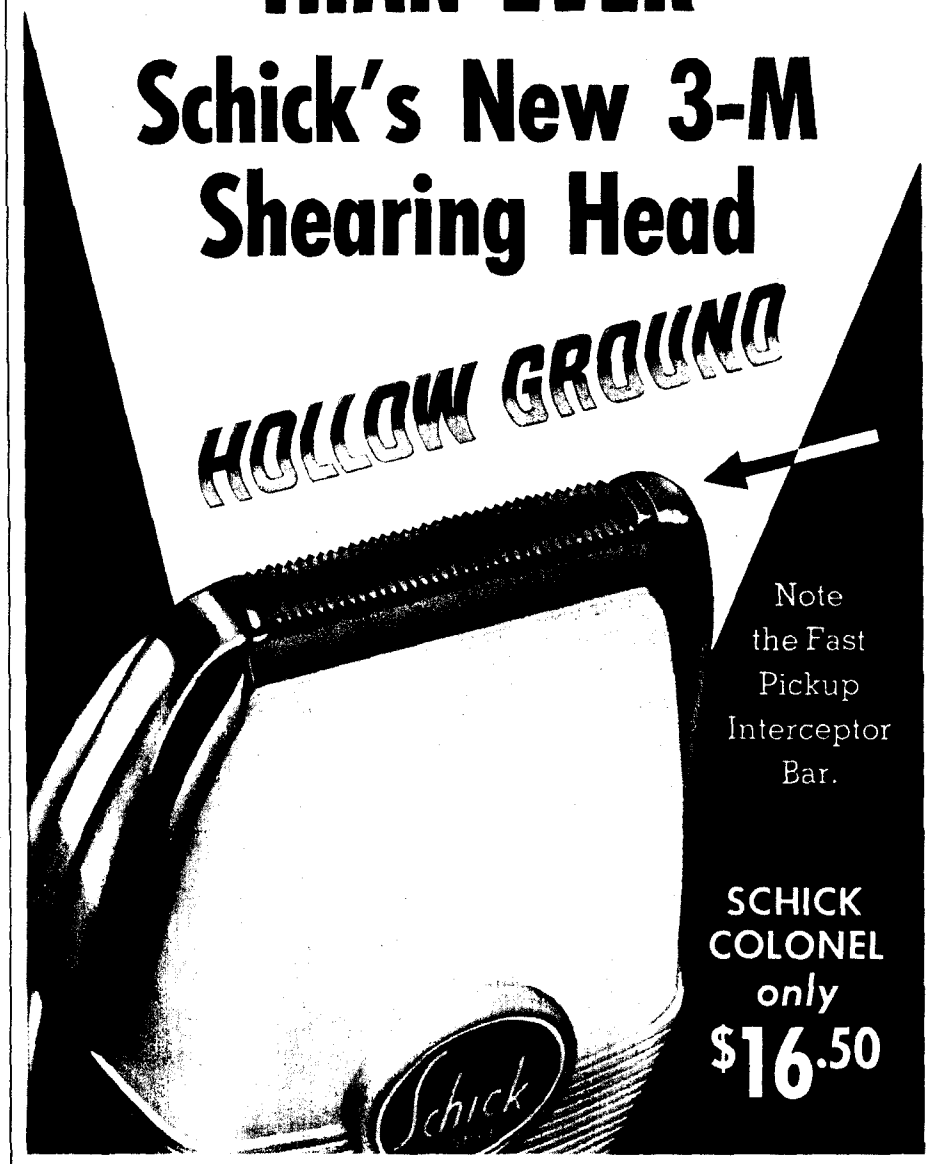

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to work. He's a good hostler. Aren't you, Scanlon?"

"Yes, sir," said Scanlon respectfully.

Royall looked distastefully at Scanlon. He said, "You might take a dollar or two of your wages and buy a new hat."

There was a sudden silence. Ollers' smile disappeared. "Now that's an idea," he said. "We'll think about that, won't we, Scanlon?"

AS LIEUTENANT DAHL fired his tenth and last shot, a soldier broke out of the throng behind the firing line and ran for the targets. Others streamed after him, too impatient to wait until the soldier returned with them. This was the final shoot-off of the officers' matches, and soldiers and Indians alike had wagered freely.

Royall awaited the targets with careless confidence. Dahl was an excellent rifleman, but from the first match Royall had known he would win. He surveyed the crowd, smiling at both Beth and Harriet where they sat a little apart, Beth with Sean and a cluster of officers about her, Harriet with Major Traut. The entire garrison and most of the tribesmen were here. For the horse racing had stopped for the match.

Major Traut came to the line as the soldier hurried up with the targets. The crowd jammed in around them. In a rifle match every man must have his own look, and speak his opinion if the result is close and in doubt. But there was no doubt. Dahl had seven shots in the bull's-eye, one of them dead centered; two more shots just outside the bull's-eye; the tenth was off the board. Royall had four balls in the center that a child's palm could cover. Five other shots were bunched close around these in the bull's-eye. The tenth was just within the bull's-eye.

"You have won, Mr. Royall," said Traut formally. He added almost ungrudgingly, "And you are a superb shot."

The throng streamed away toward the racing course and the fire pits where the beefs were turning, for noon was at hand. Royall started toward Beth and Sean and was stopped by Dahl. The older lieutenant offered his hand. In the months since that quarrel in Beth's house Royall had seen little of this man but had found him levelheaded and friendly.

"It was the best shooting I've ever seen," said Dahl with genuine enthusiasm. "I'm sure you could beat Sergeant Taylor."

"Beat Taylor?"

"Your sergeant has won the matches among the men year after year," explained Dahl. "He'll win their match this time too. But since Colonel Arbuckle left, there has been no shoot-off between officers and men."

"Why?"

Dahl laughed without humor. "You know the answer to that."

"Yes," said Royall ironically, "it would be bad for discipline to have the ranks outshoot the officers."

He joined Beth and Sean, and they strolled aimlessly about, absorbed in the color and excitement of the gathering. There were tepees, brush arbors and tents on all except the river side of the stockade. Though only chieftains would participate in the council, the Comanches, Cherokee and the turbaned Creeks had come by the hundreds for the horse racing, the feasting and the daylong playing of *ishtaboli*, the ball game of the civilized tribes.

The trio paused by the fire pits where soldiers kept the beefs revolving over the coals from dawn till dark, and the mob of the hungry never seemed to diminish. Little Capper of Royall's detachment saw them and twisted his way through the Indians, bringing them thick red slices of haunch on slabs of the unleavened bread.

Royall laughed at Sean's direct, unabashed attack on the meat. "You're becoming a frontiersman, Sean."

"You think so?" said Sean, pleased. "I've been hungry ever since I left that hospital, and I've never felt so good."

Beth sent Royall a rebuking glance. She said to Sean, "You're not a frontiersman, and you're not a soldier, and don't you try to be.". . .

Though the rifle match was not yet over, it was apparent to Royall that Sergeant Taylor was going to emerge again as the champion of the ranks. Royall, watching with Beth and Sean, found it hard to keep his attention on the firing.

Across from them in the crowd stood Scanlon and his two companions. Royall held his gaze on them briefly, puzzled by their presence. They were dull-witted, vicious men, capable of depravity but incapable of any task requiring skill or imagination. These were not the troops for a decisive blow. Why had Ollers brought them?

COLLIER'S "This is all very nice, but when do they start hammering some sense into you?" BARNEY TOBEY

Beyond Scanlon was a young Comanche. He stood aloof from the crowd, his bow across his back, his attention completely absorbed in the rifle match. Noting the bow, Royall made a quick decision. "Come along," he said to his companions, and they moved through the crowd to Taylor, who was preparing to shoot.

"Do you remember telling me, Sergeant," said Royall, "that a rifle is not as good against a bow as some people think?"

"It's a fact, sir."

"Stay around. I'm going to find out."

Royall searched through the crowd until he found one of the young Delawares and, with the others following curiously, walked to the Comanche. The plains savage did not return Royall's smile.

"Tell him," Royall instructed the Delaware, "that I want to shoot my rifle against his bow."

The Comanche listened to the Delaware, settled an insolent stare on Royall, and spat out a brief explosion of gutturals.

"He say," translated the Delaware, "that he will talk to you after the white warriors have finished their shooting."

Sean laughed, and Beth joined in merrily. "You have been put in your place," said Sean.

"And rightly too," murmured Royall. "We shall wait." . . .

It was not a long wait. Sergeant Taylor accepted his victory with the indifference typical of the true marksman, and plodded to them. The Comanche regarded him with an intense interest tinged with envy. Then the savage shifted his attention to Sean, ripping out another stream of gutturals.

"He say," explained the Delaware to Sean, "why are you not dressed as a warrior too?"

The question oddly dismayed Sean. Royall said quickly, "Tell him this man is a thinker, not a warrior—no that wouldn't mean anything to him, would it? Tell him there are a very few white men who hold big thoughts, and these big thoughts are important to all men, and this man is one of the few who own these big thoughts."

As the Comanche listened to the translation, his regard of Sean became respectful. Through the Delaware he answered, "There are men among my people who own this power too, and they are greater men than the warriors."

Sean was embarrassed. "You shouldn't have done that, Phil," he said.

Absorbed by the quick intelligence of the Comanche, Royall sent an absent glance at Beth. She was smiling at him, and he was surprised to see in her eyes an unexpected little glow of pride. Faint color came to her cheeks as he answered her smile, and she dropped her gaze. She was pleased with him, he thought, for reminding Sean that he was never intended to be a man of action, and for acknowledging that Sean's role in the affairs of men was the superior one. It was so even among savages. She had every reason to show pride in Sean.

Royall was unaccountably annoyed with himself, and so he spoke sharply to Taylor, "It's the rate of fire as between rifle and bow that you have in mind, Sergeant, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Taylor. "Take you now, sir. You're one of the few that can get off three balls in a minute and make 'em count. But this young buck here, if'n he's worth his salt, will more'n double that in arrers."

"What distance?"

"Up to a hunderd 'n fifty yards. He'll do better at a hunderd."

"A hundred it is." Royall turned to the Delaware. "I'll start with an empty rifle, grounded, and fire three times, as fast as I can. You'll give us the signal to begin. Let him ground his bow too. He's to shoot as many times as he can but to stop when he hears my third shot. Tell him my three balls will go in the bull's-eye, and he's to put as many of his arrows there as he can."

As the Comanche listened and watched the gesticulating Delaware, an obvious disdain grew on his face. He replied swiftly, pointing first at Royall and then at Sergeant Taylor.

"He say," explained the Delaware with enjoyment, "that he is the best bowman of his band and will shoot only against the best of the white warriors. He will shoot against this man"—the Delaware thumbed at Taylor—"but not against you."

"Tell him," said Royall, sending a sidelong smile at Taylor, "that I am the best of the white men."

The Comanche replied with matter-of-fact logic, "I have heard your talk, but I have seen with my own eyes that this warrior"—he pointed again to Taylor—"is the best."

"My words are true words," said Royall.

The young warrior's reply came instantly, "Among the Comanches too there are those who talk a big fight, but they are not the ones who have coups to count when the fighting is done."

SERGEANT TAYLOR glowered darkly. But Royall laughed. The astonishing thought came to him that this confident young savage was strikingly like himself, and probably knew trouble as often. A Stone Age Philip Royall.

"Tell him—no, wait a minute." He glanced around, seeing that a crowd was growing about them and that many were soldiers. Here was opportunity if he would but embrace it; this was the time to make sure that he would be exiled to the Choctaw country with the Spragues. Inward laughter was strong in him as he drew himself up haughtily, "Tell him I am the best as everyone knows, but a white chief does not shoot against the warriors he commands."

"He say," answered the Delaware, "then how can you have the name of chief? He say you talk like an old woman dressed in chief's clothes."

The sudden silence in the crowd was broken by a soft giggle of laughter that could not be suppressed. Royall flashed a gleam of delight at Beth as she put her hand to her mouth. With an effort he made his face solemn.

"Tell him that is a very serious thing to say. He must unsay it or there will be big trouble between him and me."

The Comanche scowled as he listened to the translation. His eyes too searched over the crowd. He shifted his feet in a gesture that rooted him defiantly to the ground where he stood.

When he replied, it was with dignity and at great length.

"He say," explained the Delaware gravely, "he is the son of a chief and he came to this place in peace. He say he has counted coups against the Osage and the Pawnee and the Hueco, and he is not afraid of the white man's rifle, and he has sung his death song many times but still lives because his medicine is strong and his brother is the wolf. He say he will die now because there are too many white warriors here, for he cannot unsay with his tongue what he has not seen with his eyes."

As the Delaware finished the translation he stepped carefully back. The Comanche folded his arms, regarding Royall bleakly. And through Royall moved the strongest self-censure. This was what he had been maneuvering for: a rifle match against Taylor to be carried out because the Comanche demanded it. Major Traut would be furious but help-

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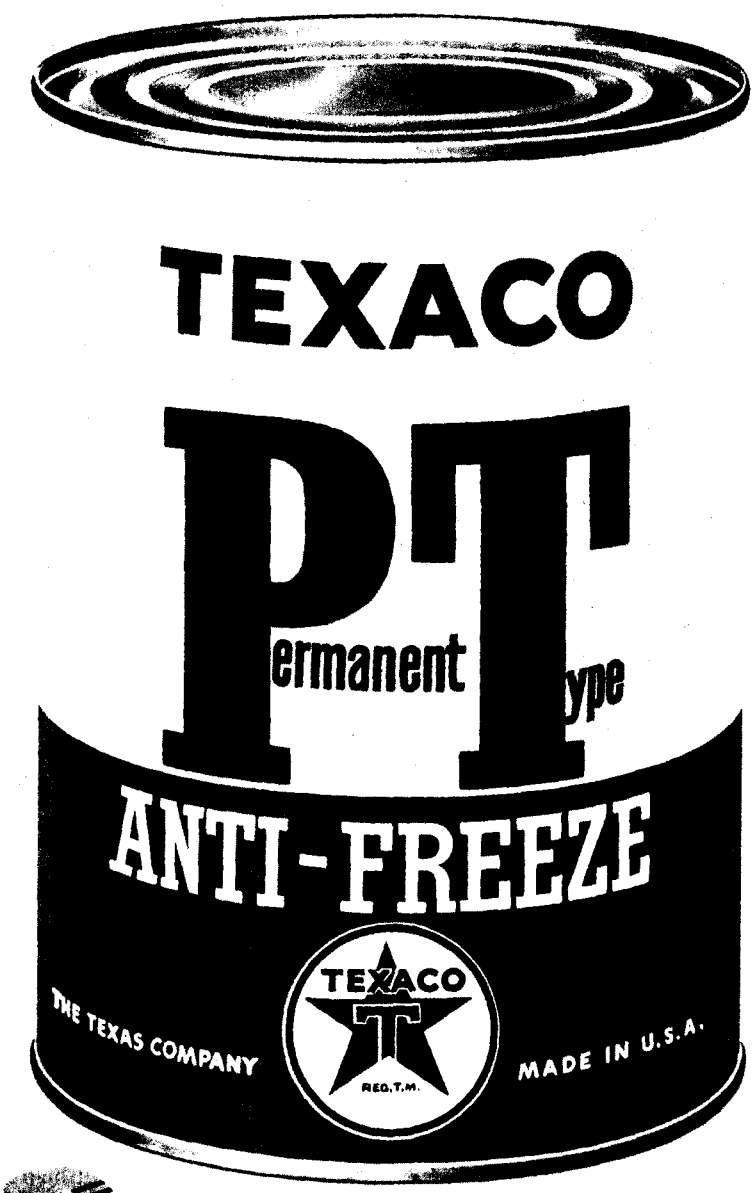

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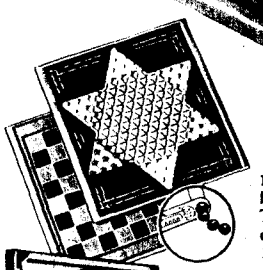

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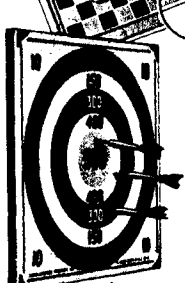

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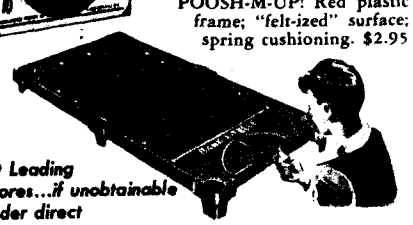

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less. But now Royall had gone too far. The Comanche really expected to die here; the Delaware expected that too. This was cavalier use of a brave man.

"Tell him," said Royall impulsively, "that he is a brave warrior, and I am ashamed that he should have to remind me he came in peace. Tell him there is no quarrel between us."

The Comanche listened and nodded with gravity. Through the Delaware he replied, "It is well spoken. Now I believe you are a chief of warriors, and I would like to see with my eyes that you are the best, so that I can unsay the words."

"Then you shall," said Royall. "Sergeant, have you ever done any peg shooting?"

"Many's the time, sir. But—"

"This is a challenge, Sergeant. If you prefer some other kind of shooting, name it."

"No, sir." Taylor began with a stubborn concern, "but—"

"Then pegs it is. Five shots. Sean, here's my knife. Whittle five pegs that will fit into bullet holes. You over there, soldier. Put up two fresh targets, will you?"

ROYALL walked to the firing line, Taylor following reluctantly, the others eagerly.

Taylor said in a low voice, "This is agin post regulations, sir."

"I know it. Lead off and shoot your best, Sergeant, because I'm going to beat you. First or last?"

"If your mind's set on it, sir—"

Taylor dropped to the prone position. Slowly and methodically he shot his five. When he stood up and rubbed his shoulder there was on his phlegmatic countenance a satisfied frown that only Royall knew him well enough to recognize. It meant he was more than pleased with his shots.

A soldier came running with the target. Royall fitted the pegs into the holes while the sergeant dug a piece of string from his cartridge box. He wrapped the string around the outside of the five pegs, marking the length with his thumbnail before holding the string aloft.

"Six inches at a guess," said Royall. "That's real shooting."

"Thank you, sir."

"But not good enough. Now watch the white chief, Sergeant."

Royall could not help sending an impudent smile at Beth as he dropped to his right knee. He favored the knee and elbow rest, because reloading was faster than from the prone position, and speed was essential to him. There was no slightest doubt in his mind that he would win, for he had often shot five-inch strings.

He fired three balls as rapidly as he could and was priming for his fourth shot when he sensed, rather than saw, the crowd part to his right rear to make a lane. His glance came about as Major Traut stalked through, and he had time to think that there was here, too, as at every station, some craven who raced to carry tales.

"Mr. Royall!"

"Yes, sir."

"Please explain yourself."

Royall said coolly, "This is an affair of honor, sir."

"An affair of honor with a common soldier? Mr. Royall, have you taken to clowning?"

"I have not. The question of honor lies between me and the Comanche."

"This savage?" Incredulity in Traut gave way to the conviction that Royall was laughing at him, and he became livid.

"This savage is the son of a chief and the guest of this garrison," replied Royall. "He requested this match so that he may withdraw an insult."

Traut controlled himself with visible effort. He swung to the Comanche, who showed him the same insolent stare that the Comanche had exhibited to Royall at first. As Traut faced back to Royall he was still half held by disbelief. It was a feeling that Royall shared. He could not for the life of him decide whether he was serious or mocking, but he knew an intense enjoyment.

Traut snapped, "What did you do to provoke this insult?" But then his own indecision made him say, "Never mind." He turned to the Delaware, "Tell the Comanche I want to know if he asked for this match."

Before the Delaware could speak, Royall broke in, "Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"I do not doubt your word, Mr. Royall. But I doubt your judgment, and not for the first time."

The Comanche listened to the Delaware, then spat out a burst of angry speech.

"He say," explained the Delaware reluctantly, "he talk with this chief of warriors"—*the Delaware indicated Royall*—"but not to you."

Traut curiously subsided, as though he understood that the rebuff was the answer he sought. He was not entirely finished, however.

"Can you win this match, Mr. Royall?"

"I can."

"Then see that you do."

Royall stiffened. "Why, sir?"

"We will speak of that later."

"And if I do not win?"

"Then we shall speak of that later too."

The beginnings of a reckless temper shot through Royall. "I want to know, sir, why you require that I win."

Traut smiled. The situation was in his control now. "An officer who seeks out the ranks and savages to find his sport is entitled to no explanations."

"Very well." Royall stared down at his right hand. He still held the cartridge with which he had been priming for his fourth shot. He threw it from him, cleared the pan and angrily bit off a fresh cartridge without realizing that he was doing so.

IT WAS like the uncontrolled anger that held him on that long-ago day when he shot the water pitcher to humble the river pilot. He knew what he was going to do, and he could not stop himself. Mechanically he primed, charged and drew the rammer, and as he did so he looked into the countenance of Sergeant Taylor. It was impassive. Taylor was inured to authority that ruled but did not lead. He accepted quietly the rigid arrogance of caste which held that he must not be a better marksman than any officer. Then why could not Royall accept it? He rammed home the charge and returned the rammer to his thimbles. Why could he not learn a little ordinary prudence?

He shouldered and cocked the rifle, and as he poised it his vision found the bull's-eye. There were three balls very close together in the center of that solid red circle. He knew it with all the sureness of his skill. He knew he could put two more there. He prepared instead to put them into the perimeter, one at the very edge on each side.

But as he drew his customary swift sight he found he could not. His skill was a thing of honesty and pride, and it would not let him pull away from the center of the target. There was only one other way. He held his aim on the bull's-eye, letting the seconds drag on and on. Silence was a palpable pressure in the crowd behind him, and he bared his nerves to this pressure, letting it lacerate them as he strained for the perfect shot. He had done this once with a deer, that day at the pineries, and drew a scolding from Sergeant Taylor. Now, at the moment the bull's-eye began to swim in his vision he fired.

As he reloaded with deliberation, he discovered he could not look at Taylor.

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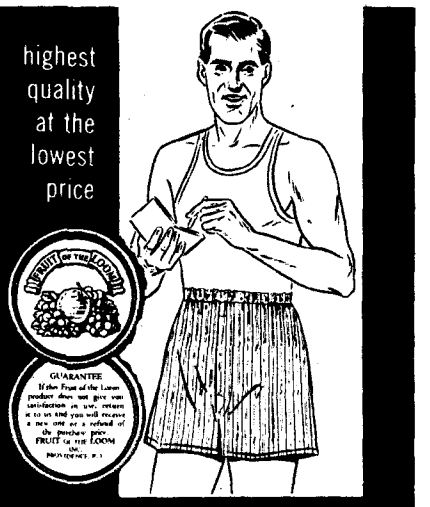

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He glanced at Beth. Her gaze was on Traut, and her eyes were wide with indignation. Traut was examining Taylor's target. Royall shifted his glance to Sean. Sean was smiling at him. It was a warm little smile that seemed to say that Sean understood what he was doing, and delighted in it. Royall kneeled and brought his rifle up slowly again. Sean knew less about firearms than any man present, excepting the Comanche. But Sean's extraordinary sensitiveness to people told him what was happening.

Again Royall fired at the moment the target blurred. He rose and walked to Taylor's side, feeling the sergeant's wordless disapproval. A soldier ran in with the target. He started to bring it to Royall, hesitated, then turned with it to the commanding officer. But a glance told Royall what he already knew: He had lost. Three holes were bunched at the center in a pattern no bigger than a shamrock. But the fourth was only an inch away from the top of the circle, a fifth a little to the right of it and no closer. It was at least a nine-inch string.

Traut spun wordlessly away. He took three small steps and stopped, and his acidulous voice reached across for Royall. "Mr. Royall, is it your opinion that the three shots together are your first three?"

"It is, sir."

Traut held a thoughtful stare on Royall, and as he did so Royall could guess what was going on in his mind. The poor fourth and fifth shots could mean that Royall did not shoot well under stress; since Traut provided the stress, he was in that case himself responsible for the fact that Royall lost. Or they could mean that Royall had lost deliberately. Traut would never know, and it was this doubt that made him turn away once more. But Sergeant Taylor knew. And every man in the garrison who understood good shooting would suspect. Royall was content to leave it so.

He nodded to Sean and Beth to follow and started to work his way through the crowd. Belatedly he remembered the Comanche and turned back. But the savage was gone. That was strange. He wondered if, by some Indian process of logic, his defeat rendered him somehow inferior. It was a possibility he regretted.

"I have a hundred things to do before the party," Beth said hurriedly. "Come along, Sean. You promised to help."

"Coming." Sean looked at Royall with a rich warmth of affection. He said gravely, "It was beautifully done, Phil, and it has made me envy you all over again."

Beth sent a puzzled glance from one to the other.

"Run along," said Royall.

As he watched them walk away from him, his thoughts went back to the Comanche. It was absurd to see himself in this primitive warrior, yet the notion persisted. It was suddenly important to make sure that the quarrel between them no longer existed.

He searched first at the brush arbor beside the council house. It was empty. That meant that the treaty had been signed. Turning back past the fire pits, he went on to the racing course. The Comanche was not there. He was swinging to retrace his steps when he saw Scanlon and the other two. They were riding east alongside the quarter-mile course at a rapid trot. As he watched, they reached the starter line of the course, veered onto the military road and continued toward Arkansas Territory at the same pace until they disappeared over the rising ground.

ONE likely place for the Comanche remained. Royall turned back toward the sutlery, with its infinite variety of goods that fascinated the plains Indians. He circled the stockade, coming upon Doctor Clausen at the northwest jut of the stockade. The surgeon was staring westward. Following his gaze, Royall saw the Comanches at almost the precise point on the far riverbank where he had first seen them the day of their arrival. A single soldier rode with them as escort. The young Comanche was mounted again on his white horse. Royall saw him slash impatiently at a pack horse loaded with treaty gifts. The trees swallowed them at once.

"Why are they leaving so soon?" demanded Royall.

The surgeon came out of his preoccupation with a grunt. "Their old chief said he couldn't sleep until he got back and told his people of the peace. I think that was a polite way of saying he was afraid to sleep another night here."

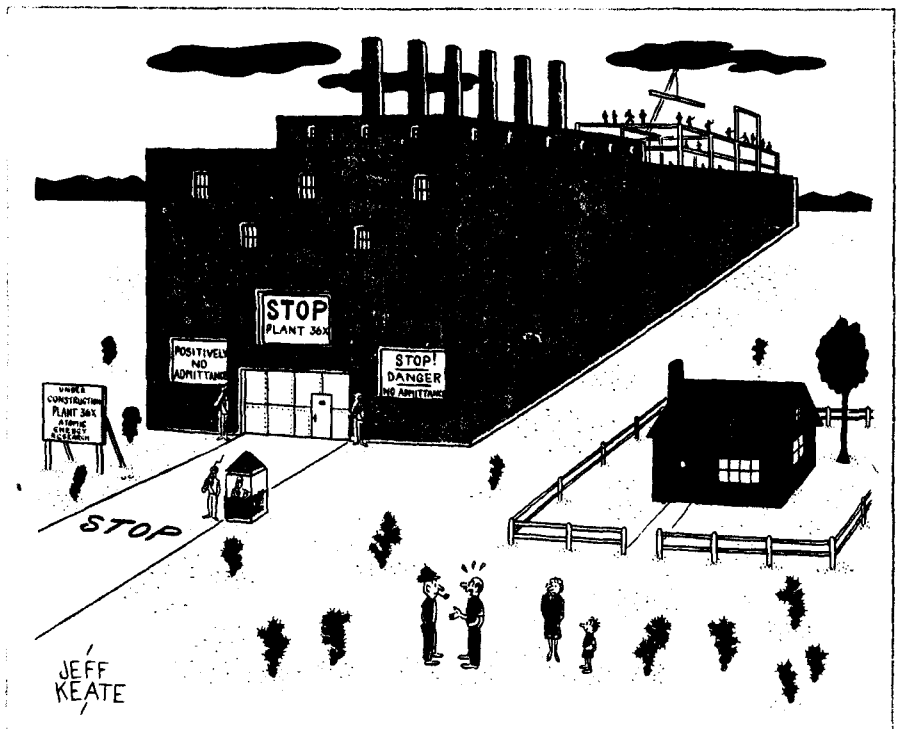
"Afraid of what?"

"I don't know," said Clausen. "But if I can feel it, why can't an Indian?"

"Why the escort?"

"The chief asked for it. Said he didn't know the Creek country very well. Not any better than the wrinkles on his belly he doesn't. That soldier's a hostage and doesn't know it."

(To be continued next week)



"The annoying part is that we moved from the city to this desolate spot a couple of years ago to get away from all this atomic energy stuff!"

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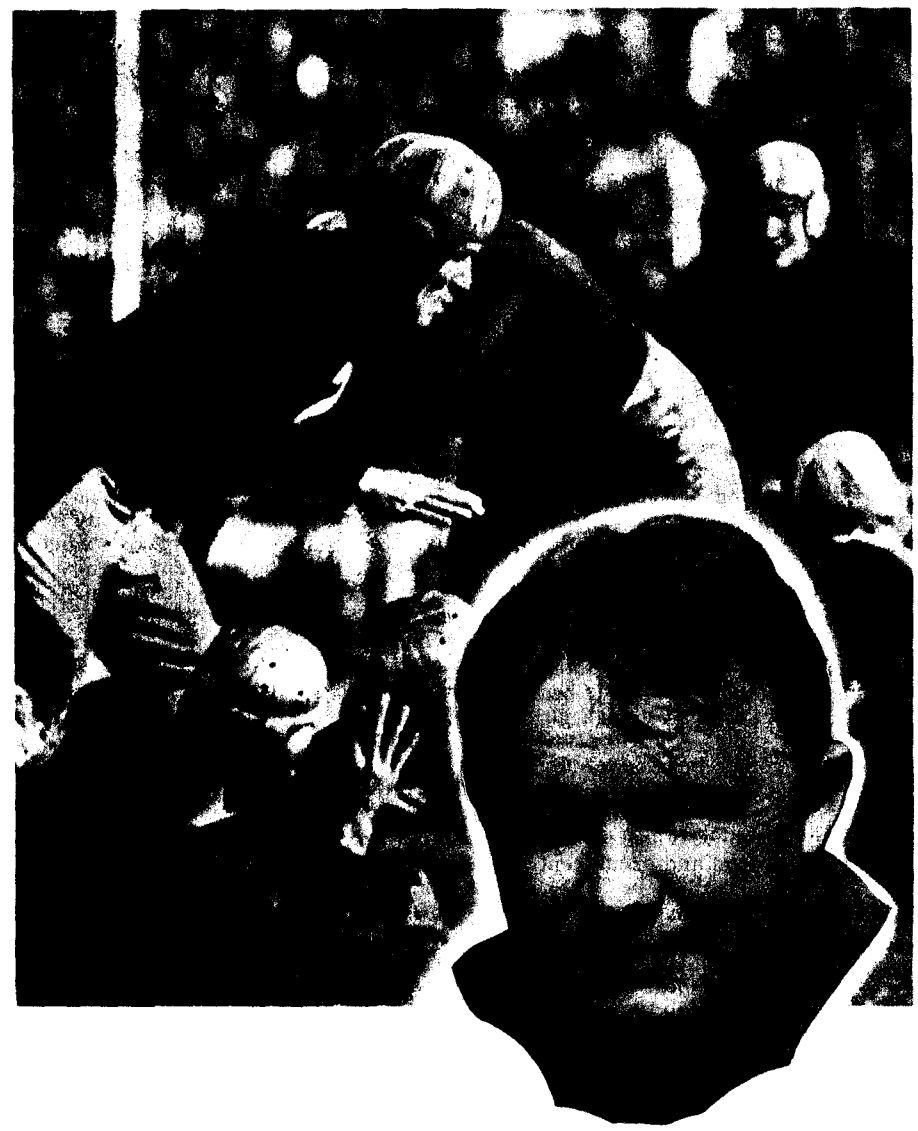

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LONG-DISTANCE CALL

Continued from page 15

Tim turned the volume on full, brought the phone up to the radio; a burst of applause sprang from the speaker. "That's the reaction in New York," he said, "to your very intelligent decision." His voice lowered. "Night, honey," he said softly. "I'll be waiting for you." . . .

Tim lay on the davenport again, his magazine in his lap. He had tried to resume his reading and given it up. Now more than ever, after his phone call to Eve he was weary of being alone, tired of the silent apartment. He lighted a cigarette and lay back again, facing the windows, looking at the night outside, and aware of a curious resentment, a feeling of irritation at something, he didn't know what.

He got up, walked to the windows, and stood looking down at the moving lights of the cars streaming past. As he watched, the lights changed and from a waiting car directly below, he heard the clear soft music of a radio; a girl singing, quietly, sadly. The cars started up again and rolled on, the radio music fading, and it seemed to him that in all the city only he was alone; that everyone else was on the move outside his windows on the way to fun and excitement.

EVE'S suggestion came to his mind, suddenly, like a good idea. He *would* like to get out of this empty apartment; to go dancing, and hear some music at firsthand. It was a good night for it, the right *kind* of night, and he wondered if Nancy would be surprised if he should call. She was pleasant, good-looking; a young widow, bright and vivacious, and they both liked her. Should I call? he thought, and knew he was going to, and he turned, walked out to the hall, looked up her number and dialed.

But before her phone could ring, he broke the connection and stood, holding the telephone, surprised at himself, and aware of a puzzling growing sense of excitement. Suddenly he understood his vague irritation for a few moments before. He was annoyed, he realized, that his wife should trust him so completely. That without a qualm or worry, and far from home, she should blithely send him out into the city and select his companion for him besides; a young, attractive, almost beautiful woman at that.

A tame duck on a string, that's me, he thought, and now another name entered his mind. It had been there, in fact, for quite some time he realized; Ginnie, Virginia Haley. And now he understood his growing excitement. For Ginnie—he'd met her at an office party some months before, a free-lance commercial artist, intelligent, smartly dressed, and, he remembered, an excellent dancer—Ginnie was a very attractive girl. Well, he thought, a little defiantly, Nancy, Ginnie; what's the difference? But he knew there was a difference, and that the difference was this: Ginnie was a girl Eve had never seen, whose existence, in fact, she wasn't even aware of. Ginnie's name was in the book and she answered the call.

And when presently Ginnie said yes, she would like to go dancing, Tim's hand, holding a cigarette, was trembling a little. Once again he felt the old almost-forgotten excitement of going out with a new girl. And when later he walked through the cool night air toward the garage for his car, hatless and wearing a tuxedo, he felt elated. . . .

The evening began just right. They sat in a quiet and nearly empty bar, in the lull before the theaters closed, and talking leisurely nonsense, took time to become reacquainted. Ginnie, her hair blue-black, eyes shining, her skin very white against her vivid gown, was even more attractive than Tim remembered.

"I drove down from New Haven this afternoon," he said, "in an open car, cutting my last class in English Lit." He grinned and took a sip of his drink. "I borrowed my roommate's tuxedo, and all I need now is a crew haircut."

Ginnie smiled, a slow sweet smile. "It was hardly worth while," she said. "I have to be back in the girls' dorm at twelve."

"Not tonight." Tim shook his head. "Call up and say you're staying with a cousin."

"You know what happened to the last girl who did that."

"She has no diploma, it's true, but she's the proud mother of a happy family. You know"—Tim smiled—"when I *was* a kid at school, there was a boy, no older than the rest of us though he seemed to be, who dated, quote, an older woman in New York. She was all of twenty-five, an artist, too, as I recall, and a very smart and glamorous creature. We looked up to that boy; he had our respect." Tim smiled and looked at Ginnie admiringly. "If they could only see me now."

"Yes," said Ginnie, "now you, too, are a debonair man of the world." She studied him for a moment. "Your roommate's tuxedo fits you very well. I like them. Men should wear them more often."

"No." Tim looked down at the black coat and fingered one shiny lapel. "Too funereal. I always have the feeling when I put one on that I should lie down, fold my hands, and wait for people to tiptoe in, look at me sadly, and murmur, 'It's what he would have wanted.' "

"What is?"

"I don't know." He shrugged a shoulder, grinning. "Yes, I do. I want a plum-colored coat with silver buttons. People had the right idea a hundred and fifty years ago; they knew how to dress. I have always wanted a tricornered hat and a wardrobe of coats, plum-colored, bottle-green, sky-blue. All with big silver buttons."

"And knee breeches?"

"No, my legs are too skinny."

"I think they wore padding."

"Mine would slip, I know; probably at a reception for General Washington. I have trouble that way; I'm always losing a garter. No, I'll settle for the coats, with pants to match. Maybe I'll carry a porcelain snuffbox. And if I have to wear a wig, okay."

"Don't do that." Ginnie rattled the ice cubes in her glass, and took a sip of her drink. "You have very nice hair."

"I have?" Tim grinned. "That's wonderful. Keep it up; nothing I like better than good honest flattery."

Ginnie raised her brows. "Even the refugees from English Lit, Mr. Ryan, know that the man usually flatters the girl. It's a very old custom, particularly among the silver-button knee-breeches set."

"I know," Tim said, "but it's really too easy in your case. Starting, however, with what I can see, your hair is a spun mist of shimmering ebony."

Ginnie nodded, judiciously, approvingly. "Go on. That's pretty good."

"It is, isn't it?" Tim raised his brows appreciatively. "Your lips," he continued, "are marvelous, of course, and so" —he leaned back on the bar stool—"are your hips. Your—"

"Okay," said Ginnie, "maybe we'd better take it easy on the flattery for a while until you get used to it."

They ordered another drink, and Tim felt good; relaxed and at ease, enjoying himself. He was aware once or twice, as they continued to talk, that Ginnie glanced at him speculatively, and he knew that she liked him and was having fun, and the evening stretched ahead in his mind full of promise and pleasure.

They sat for an hour or more, and discovered, after a time, that both of them loved to rumba. And presently, when the bar began to fill, they drove leisurely across toward a place Tim knew of where the rumba was played and danced, exclusively and expertly.

THE place was small, dim, low-ceilinged, and the air was bad. Tables lined both walls at which couples, facing outward, sat side by side on red-leather wall seats. Other tables filled the space between, jammed together from the entrance to the very edge of the dance floor. And the floor itself was packed.

But the music was right; they seemed actually to feel it beating softly against the surface of their bodies as they moved to its rhythm, overridden and ruled by the dry surflike monotony of the whispering *maracas* . . . beat-beat-beat-beat, beat-beat, an excited audible pulse.

All over the floor, heads—eyes lost in rhythm—seemed hardly to move. But just below, shoulders swayed slightly; at a lower level, hips rolled with more abandon, and lower still, knees pumped rapidly; while down at the floor, toes darted and heels shot out, raising and clicking on the polished wood in a precise and disciplined frenzy.

They sat down, Ginnie shaking her head and exhaling slowly in a parody of weariness, smiling at Tim. Tim smiled back and they turned and watched the dancers in a relaxed communion of silence, time flowing past unnoticed, meaningless. Presently Ginnie turned to Tim again and spoke.

"I'm having fun," she said softly, "really fun. I haven't liked anything so much for a very long time."

"So am I," said Tim, and he paused, thinking, rubbing at the moisture on the side of his glass. "You know," he said, "I have the feeling that there is a little group of us tonight in New York who are having a particularly happy time. The hours go and we hardly notice it, moving from one place to another, our paths crossing and recrossing, and for us, the true initiates, it's going to go on forever. The sun may rise for everyone else, people may go to work again in nonexistent office buildings, but for us it will still be nighttime and fun. You believe that?"

"Of course," said Ginnie, and her face was serious, her eyes wide, staring at her own thoughts. "It's so obvious that I will never again see another newspaper. Or pay a gas bill. Or drop a coin in a turnstile, or get up in the morning. Those things are part of another shadowy world not possibly strong enough to overcome this one." She turned her eyes to Tim again, smiled, and added, "If you know what I mean."

"Precisely," said Tim. He swallowed the last of his drink, looked at her and grinned. "The conversation after two in the morning is always beautifully lucid and filled with diamond clear subtleties perfectly expressed and instantly understood. It's always seemed a shame to me that they can't quite be recalled in the confused thinking of daylight."

The music began again, one of the band members singing in high wistful Spanish, and they listened. Then, after a time, they danced once more. Tim wondered as they moved to the tight rattle of the gourds, whether their dancing and the music were really as fine as they seemed. He decided they were, or at

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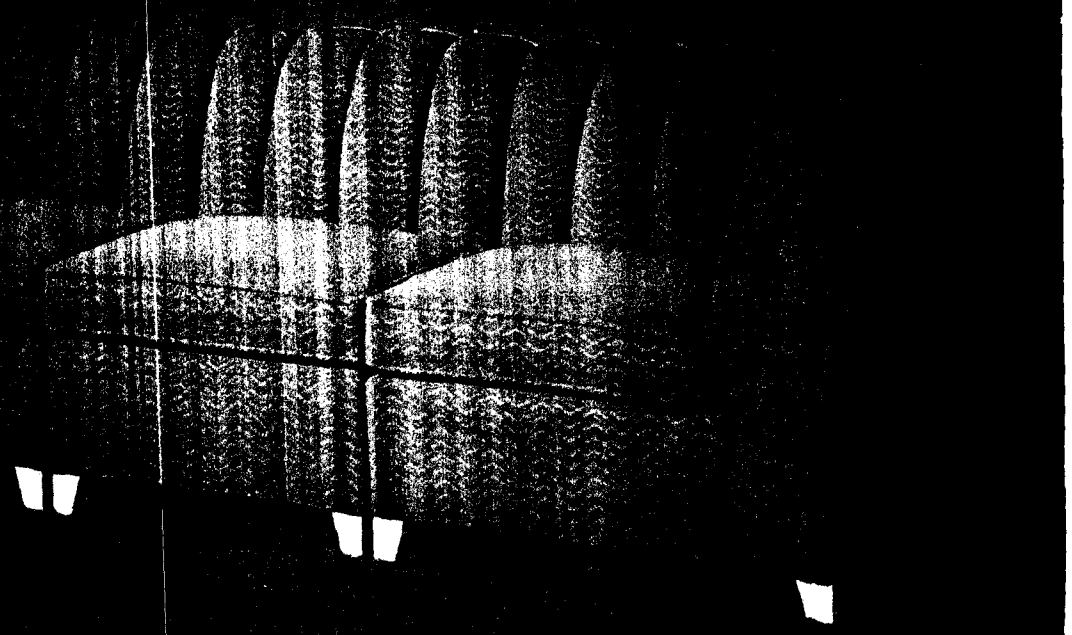

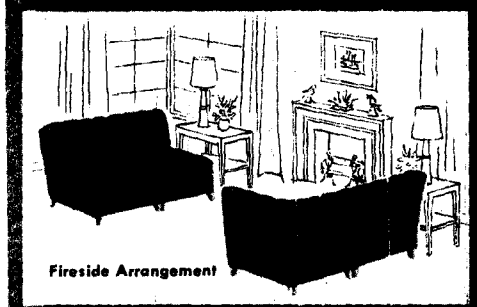

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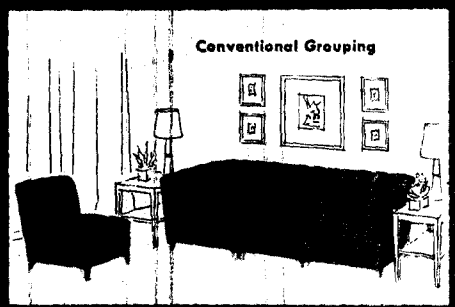

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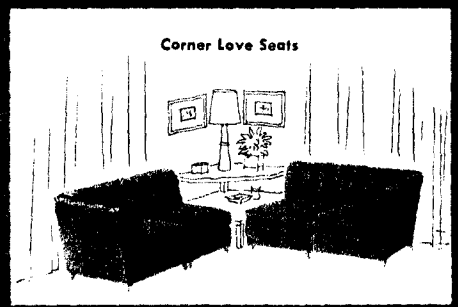

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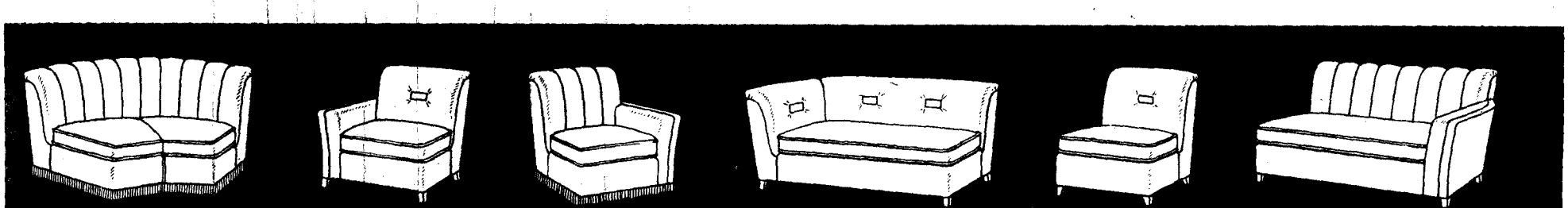

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least if they weren't, that he didn't care. But when finally the music ended again, he had had, he felt, enough. They had been there a long time and he wanted to move, now, to go on to something else, and when they reached their table again, he knew what it was.

"Know what I'd like?" he said to Ginnie. "If you feel like it. I'd like to drive in Central Park, right about now. Slowly, and with the top down. That sound like anything to you?"

"Yes," said Ginnie, "I'd like to. I think it's time to feel real air on my face again. I can't really believe there are trees any more, and I'd like to find out." She rose and Tim stood up with her. "Be back in five minutes," she said. "Maybe ten."

Tim sat down at their table to wait, listening to the music, humming the tune under his breath, and feeling, he was aware, not merely good but cocky; pleased and somehow triumphant.

HE FELT a sudden impulse to phone Eve. He got up and began moving through the crowded tables toward the phone booths outside. He knew that on Eve's last night, even at this hour, they'd probably all be up, still talking, and that he wouldn't be disturbing them; but he wondered why he should be making this call. He was having a good time and he wanted to communicate something of this, to share it with Eve, he told himself, and he knew this was true. But it wasn't the whole truth, and he knew that, too, and he grinned.

He grinned again when Eve answered the phone. "This Tim," he said. "'M at this place. This place here—"

"Now, cut it out," she said. "What is it this time?"

"Well," he said quietly, his mouth close to the phone, "I just didn't want you to worry about me, so I thought I'd better tell you that I'm out at a night club with a beautiful woman."

"Oh, that's *good*, Tim," she said, and he knew that she thought so. "With Nancy?"

"No," he said casually. "I didn't call Nancy." He paused for a moment. "Well," he continued, "I don't want to keep you. I just didn't want you to worry. See you tomorrow. 'By."

"Wait, Tim! Tim, you still there?"

"Yes," he said. "What is it?"

"Well—"

"Yes?"

"Nothing," she said. "I—I'm—glad you're having fun."

"I certainly am," he said, and grinned wickedly. "This was a wonderful idea—of yours. Well, I'll see you in the morning. 'By, honey," he said pleasantly, casually.

"Goodby," said Eve, and her voice, he thought, seemed a little wistful.

When he returned to their table, Ginnie was waiting.

"I was phoning my wife," he told her. "My trouble is that my wife understands me."

"That's bad, Tim," said Ginnie, and she produced a small mirror from her handbag.

"It is," said Tim. "I told her I was out with a beautiful woman; thought I'd make her jealous. But I'm afraid, all in all, that she thinks it's just dandy. She trusts me, you see; Old Faithful Tim. Naturally, a man resents that, and it means, of course, that I've got to do something about it. I've got to do my damnedest to seduce you."

"Naturally," said Ginnie. With a little finger, she began smoothing the lipstick on her lower lip, held taut against her teeth, and staring intently into her mirror. "But I don't think I can be of much assistance," she said abstractedly. She folded her lips inward for a moment, pressing them tightly together, then studied the result in her mirror. "Certainly not just to help a man, no matter how attractive, get even with his wife."

"You see?" said Tim mournfully. "It's true; my wife is right. I don't even know *how* to get into trouble!"

Their tone was frivolous, light; Tim was joking, so was Ginnie, and both of them knew it. And yet, Tim realized, he was enjoying it very much and remembering other times, before he was married, when he hadn't been joking at all. And he wondered if he were entirely pretending now. He should, he thought, change the tenor of their conversation, yet he was reluctant to end it. Instead, he looked around for their waiter, saw him making his way to their table, and he waited, leaning back in his chair, his eyes on the man until he arrived. Tim paid the check, left a tip, then turned

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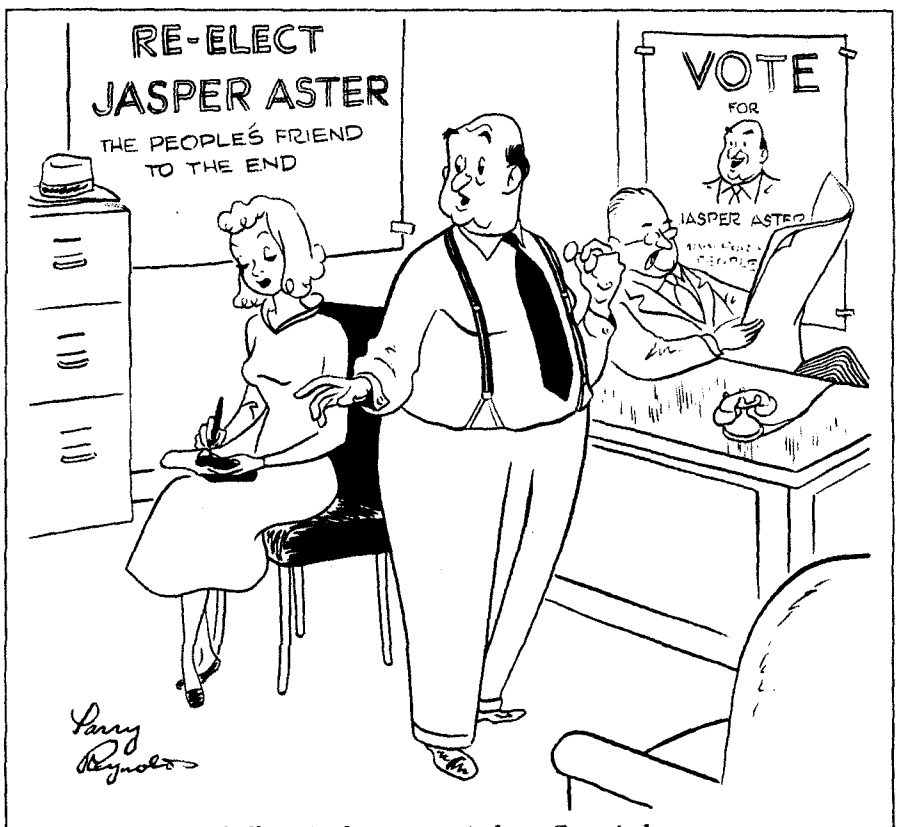

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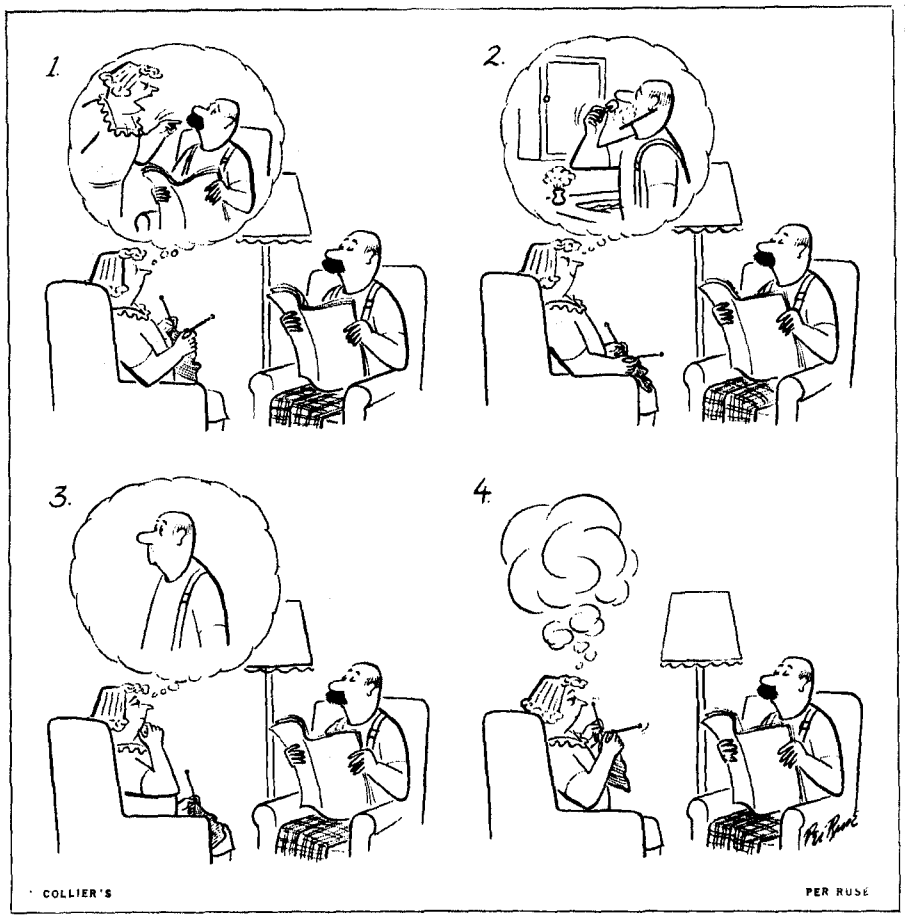

back to Ginnie. He looked at her for a moment, gravely. "To the park?" he said, and Ginnie nodded and smiled and got up. . . .

Outside, it was suddenly very late. It looked late, smelled late, the city asleep now, almost completely, in the one deep hour of the twenty-four in which it nearly achieves a silence. Fifth Avenue was dark and empty; they could hear the sound of their tires on the pavement. They turned, presently, into the park, surrounded by the city, to hear the occasional chirp of a bird. The car moved slowly, almost driving itself over the winding roadway, and they saw a squirrel dart over the road in the dim beam of their headlights.

THE radio was on, tuned very low, the air moved softly, coolly, over their faces and through their hair, and overhead in dim circles of lamplight as they passed. It seemed natural that Tim, one hand resting on the wheel of the car, hardly needing to guide it, should have his other arm around Ginnie's shoulders.

They drove for a time in silence, hearing the radio, enjoying the night, following the road where it took them. Sometimes they passed the same spot twice, at other times the car turned into new stretches of roadway, under the trees. They crossed tiny bridges, they passed a lagoon, and presently the road curved, passed through a low stone wall, and the car was in a street, quiet and empty, beside the park. Tim lifted his arm, put the car out of gear, and it coasted slowly and stopped, under a low overhanging tree, beside the stone wall of the park. He shut off the motor, turned to Ginnie, as she turned to him, and he kissed her.

He drew back, then, and looked at her; she was very lovely, her face tender, smiling softly.

Tim looked at her for a moment but said nothing, then he kissed her again, slowly. He liked it: very much; and when he drew back again finally, he looked at her almost fiercely, scowling a little, as he leaned back against the leather of the cushion. He picked up her hand lying on the seat beside him and looked at it, his thumb running gently over her knuckles. "You're a very special girl, Ginnie," he said, and she looked at him, smiling, but didn't answer. "Let's drive for a minute," Tim said, and he turned on the key and started the car.

They moved ahead, westward, very slowly, Tim's foot not touching the accelerator. He turned for a moment and looked at Ginnie. "I don't know where this car thinks it's going," he said. "Shall I give it its head?"

"Might try it," said Ginnie. "It's a very smart car."

"But eccentric," said Tim. "It does the damnedest things."

They stopped at a lonely traffic light and Tim spoke again, staring ahead through the windshield. "Are you tired?"

"No," said Ginnie. "I should be but I'm not."

The light changed but Tim didn't move. "You can sleep in the afternoon, can't you?" He glanced up at the sky, already graying. "It's going to be a nice morning: no time for sleeping."

"That's right," said Ginnie, "it isn't."

"Then look." Tim turned to face her. "I don't know how you'll feel about this." He hesitated and looked away toward the floor.

"What is it?" she said gently. "I have a feeling I know and that I'm going to say yes, but I want to be sure."

"Please tell me, if you aren't interested, but"—he turned and looked at Ginnie again—"I'd like to go and pick up Eve; drive straight on to Philadelphia. There's time before her train leaves." He smiled at her now, and raised his brows appealingly. "And I'd like you to come along."

Ginnie smiled back. "Long-distance call," she murmured, "in more ways than one. That's what I thought you had in mind"—she looked at him, amused—"and I think I knew it before you did. Let's do," she said. "I'd like to."

"Good," said Tim, and started the car up, driving through the light westward toward the Hudson.

AND that morning, on the road to New York, a filling-station attendant, a Good Humor man and the waitress at a roadside restaurant each wondered for the rest of the day about the car driven by the man wearing a tuxedo and accompanied by two girls, a brunette in a striking evening dress and a petite blonde in a tweed traveling suit, all of them laughing, very hilarious, all of them having a very good time.

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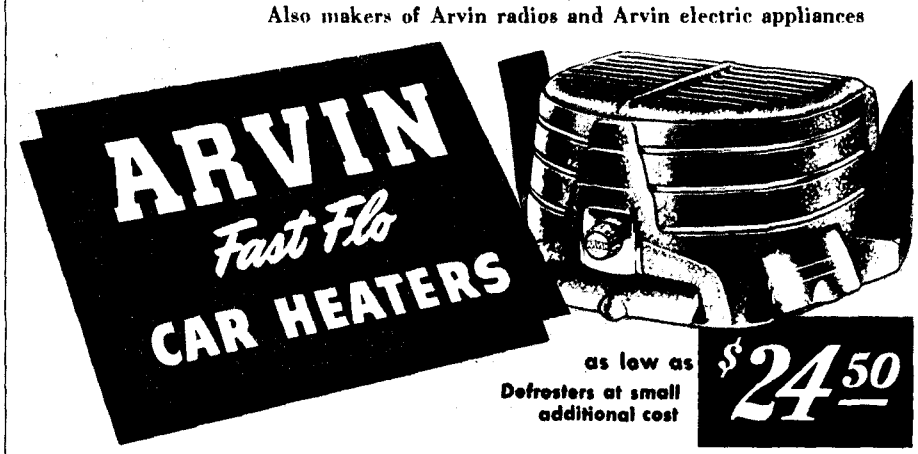

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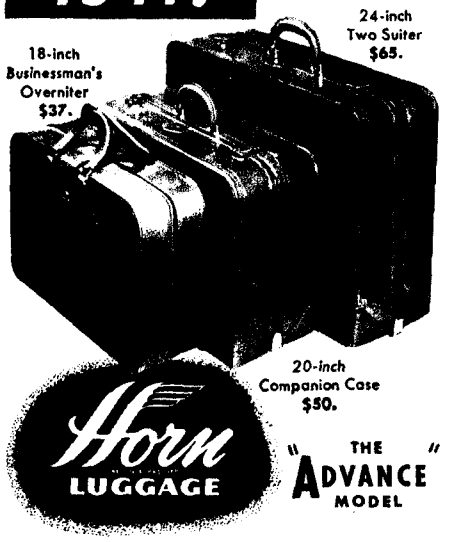

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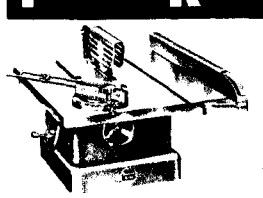

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THE EGG-SHAPED KID

Continued from page 19

George sat beside his wife, holding her hand, suffering in retrospect for the pain she had endured. She opened her eyes and smiled lovingly at him.

"Did you see the baby?" she asked. "Tell me about him."

"He's all right," said George noncommittally.

"Of course he is," she said. "But how does he look?"

"Well," said George evasively, "don't let it worry you. The nurse says all kids look like that at first."

"Look like what?" she asked alarmed.

"Well," said George uneasily, "he's got a complexion sort of like an eggplant and his head's like an underirrigated cantaloupe, but everything'll be all right. The nurse says they all look that way."

Midge's frightened wail brought the nurse into the room on the run. "I want to see my baby," she cried. "I want to see it at once. I want to know the worst."

The nurse gave George a dirty look. She departed and soon returned with the baby. Midge unwrapped it and gazed at it for a long time. Then she looked up and there was a wonderful light of maternal pride in her eyes.

"Why, he's a darling," she said happily. "He's perfect."

Mother love, George decided, is nine-tenths astigmatism.

WHEN Midge came home with the baby, George stripped him to the buff and carefully scrutinized every inch of him. "Well," he said grudgingly, "he is beginning to look human. Skin's nice and pink but his conk is still egg-shaped."

"His head is a darling head," declared Midge. "It's an intellectual head."

"Maybe," said George, "that's why Einstein doesn't cut his hair."

"George," said Midge, "don't you like your son?"

"How in hell can I tell?" exploded George. "I don't even know him yet."

"He'll grow on you," said Midge fondly. "I'm going to call him Eustace."

"Over my dead body, you will," howled George. "This kid's got enough strikes on him as it is."

"He's my son," said Midge.

"I suppose you don't consider I had anything to do with him," said George. "Where do you think all those pineapples came from?"

"We'll call him Eustace George Sommers," said Midge.

"Oh, no we won't," said George. "If you call him Eustace he'll go through life without a middle initial. Where'd you get that name, Eustace, anyway?"

"That's the name of my uncle, the one that lives in Detroit," said Midge.

"Oh, yes," said George, "old Blubbergut. Well, I'm worried enough about the kid's turning out like one of your family let alone naming him after one of 'em."

"Which one of my family are you afraid Eustace will turn out like?" asked Midge dangerously.

"All of 'em," said George, "down to your fourth cousins and that's really excavating. Look at that brother of yours. Why, that orangutan can do more things with his feet that he can with his hands. And that mother of yours! Oh, brother! How she managed to produce such a beautiful, darling creature as you presents a problem that must have Darwin whirling in his grave."

Midge threw her arms around him and nestled her head against his breast. "George," she said, "do you think I'm beautiful and a darling?"

"I sure do," said George. "You're my sweetie-pie."

"We'll call the baby Eustace," said Midge.

"Grrrk," said Eustace.

"Nuts to you, too," said George.

"George!" said Midge. "Is that a way to speak to a baby?" . . .

And so the baby was christened Eustace and everybody called him that excepting George. George called him Eggshape. Sometimes he switched to Gopherpuss but mostly it was Eggshape. He never once called him Eustace.

DURING the ensuing months, George was, on the surface, an attentive, dutiful father. But Midge decided it was all lip and hand service and not from the heart. To her it seemed that George did all the things expected of him and asked of him but only when he couldn't very well get out of it. He never voluntarily held Eggshape in his lap; nor did he ever gurgle and coo at him. Midge began to brood.

The situation neared a climax during the tenth month of Eggshape's life. Midge had gone to visit a neighbor and stayed longer than she should have. When she returned she found her child sitting in the middle of a puddle, cooing happily and shampooing his skull with gobs of mud. George was skulking in a corner of the yard, eying his son with disfavor.

"George," cried Midge. "Why on earth didn't you pick him up?"

"I," said George with repugnance, "wouldn't touch that kid with a ten-foot pole."

Midge lifted Eggshape to her breast, mud and all. "Well, for Heaven's sakes," she said, "it wouldn't hurt you to take care of a situation like this just once. Think of what I have to put up with."

"He," said George, "was *your* idea. He's your hot potato."

Midge went inside with the child. George lurked around outside until he was certain the situation had been cared for and then he went into the house. Eggshape was playing on the floor, clad in spotless linens and smelling like a rose.

"Blifst," he said, looking up at his father.

"Same to you," said George. "Why don't you grow up?"

"George," said Midge, "sometimes I think you don't love Eustace at all."

"You mean Eggshape?" said George. "Sure I love him."

"Well, you don't show it," said Midge.

"How does one go about showing such things?" inquired George.

"Well, you don't do like other fathers," said Midge. "You never coo at him or talk baby talk to him. You never even kiss him."

"Nine tenths of the time," said George, "that kid's in no condition to be kissed. And anyway why should I kiss him? What've we got on our hands, anyway—a geranium?"

"You're an unnatural father," said Midge.

"What's unnatural about me?" demanded George. "Does the kid peddle papers for a living? Do I teach him to swipe handkerchiefs? Do I dilute his farina? My lord, the dough I pour into the kid, formulas, shoes that don't last a week, pediatricians, stuff like that. He's pampered, that's what he is. And what do I get out of it?"

"Blix," said Eggshape.

"You said a mouthful," declared George.

AS THE weeks went by, Midge's brooding look returned more often. George, too, seemed disturbed about something. When he gazed at Eggshape there was a worried expression in his eyes. He said nothing about whatever it was that bothered him, however.

One day George arrived home at two o'clock in the afternoon. There was a look in his eyes that didn't dare to be anticipation but rather was one of forlorn hope. Eggshape was sitting on an expensive Teddy bear, playing with an old tomato can.

"Did he say anything yet?" George asked Midge.

"Who? Eustace?" asked Midge.

"I mean Eggshape," said George. "Did he utter anything that could by any stretch of the imagination be considered a human word? And I don't mean that favorite bon mot of his: brfftz."

"Oh, you silly man," laughed Midge. "Think of it, quitting work and coming home in the middle of the day to find out if your son said anything. Why should he have said anything?"

"Thunderation!" said George looking at his wrist watch. "Don't you realize that in exactly two minutes this kid'll be one year old?"

COLLIER'S "Boy! Does the upstairs smell good!" CHARLES PEARSON

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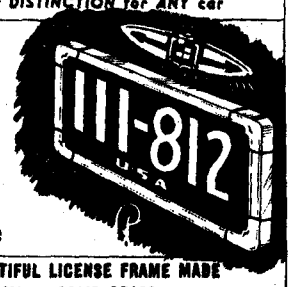

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"I'm glad you remembered it," said Midge, pleased.

"And don't you realize that all kids talk by the time they're one year old?" asked George. "Some of 'em earlier."

"Oh, nonsense," said Midge. "Not *all* children talk at the age of one."

"Look," said George, "in my office there are ten men and all of 'em have kids and every doggone kid talked on or before the day he was one. What's the matter with Eggshape?"

"Not a thing," said Midge. "He's a perfectly normal child. The only thing is that he's a little slow about talking."

"Boy, is that an understatement!" said George. He turned to Eggshape. "Say something," he demanded.

"Tonk," said Eggshape.

"Lord love a duck!" swore George. "What a linguist! Come on, Eggshape, say something. Say da-da, say ma-ma, say anything but say something."

"Brfftz," said Eggshape, nibbling delicately at the rim of the tomato can.

"Oh, hell!" said George.

"Is that a nice way to talk before a child?" asked Midge.

"Don't worry," said George. "He won't tell anyone."

THEREAFTER, a gulf grew and widened between the only two males in Midge's life. She watched sadly and helplessly as father and son developed a mutual antipathy. George swore, cajoled, prayed, but Eggshape either maintained a sullen silence or else uttered some expletive which George claimed sounded like a slow leak in a wad of bubble gum.

George began to lose weight. His face was haggard and his attitude toward his son became more and more inimical. Eggshape met the situation with verve and spirit. He seemed to know that his spluttering intelligibilities infuriated his father and he became a master at inventing new and even more meaningless sounds. On three occasions he bit his father.

On the day Eggshape was eighteen months old, George spent a full hour reasoning with him, explaining to him the value of conversation as a medium of human intercourse and begging him to utter just one intelligible, measly little word. Eggshape sucked his left big toe gravely, nodded intelligently at the right places and when it was all over said: "Glopfffz!"

"Maybe," said George disconsolately to Midge, "benzedrine would help."

"Oh, George," wailed Midge. "Will you please listen to reason. I've told you and told you that his not talking at this age doesn't mean a thing. Lots of children have gone as long as three years without saying a word and then all of a sudden they talk a blue streak."

But George was not convinced.

"Come on, Eggshape," he wheedled. "Say something for your old man. Say ma-ma, for instance."

It was plain that Eggshape didn't like George's attitude. He just stared at his father.

"Say pa-pa," urged George. "Come on, Eggshape."

Eggshape looked his father in the eye and promptly clamped his jaws firmly together.

"All right, then," said George. "Maybe two-syllable words are too tough for that bird brain of yours. Try pa."

Eggshape stared at him in obdurate silence.

"Say ma," suggested George.

Eggshape retreated further into his cave of silence.

"All right, then," said George disgustedly, "say brfftz."

Eggshape wouldn't deign even to say brfftz. He wouldn't say glopfffz. He wouldn't say blix. He, in fact, wouldn't utter a single sound. He wouldn't even sizzle.

"Oh, damn," said George and left the house. He returned that night redolent of fermented beverages and he and Midge went three or four brisk rounds to a draw, which left each feeling that the other had won but by foul and underhand tactics. Tension began to mount in the Sommers household.

From then on, Eggshape adhered to his vow of silence. In all other respects he seemed normal. He walked well on sturdy straight legs; he played intelligently with his toys and he showed a great deal of affection for Midge. Toward George, however, his attitude was one of inflexible, silent hostility. Whenever possible, he bit his father.

One evening George returned home to find Midge decorating the parlor with gaily colored paper bunting. On the table was a large assortment of candy-filled paper containers.

"What's all this for?" demanded George.

"It's for Eustace," said Midge.

"I know Eggshape's got an appetite like a sea gull," said George. "But even

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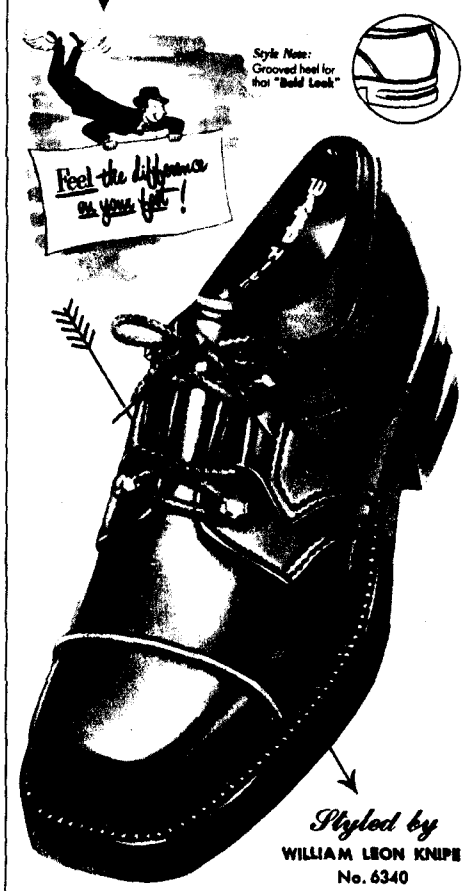

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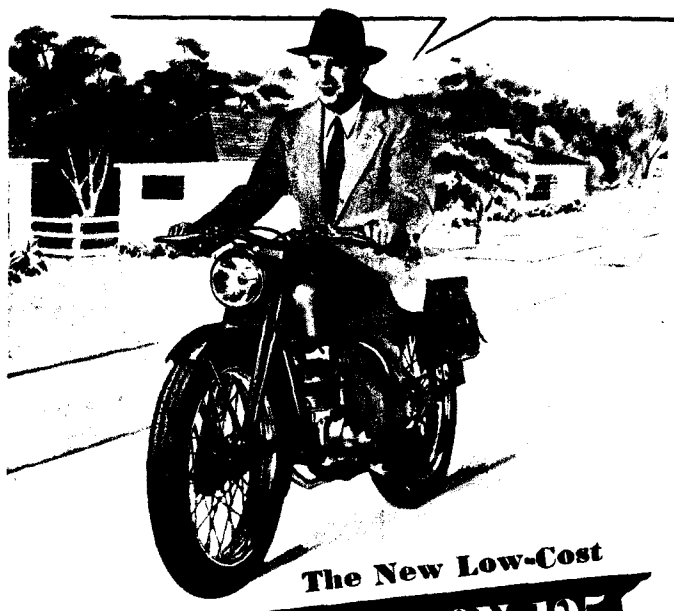
Just what I wanted for getting around!



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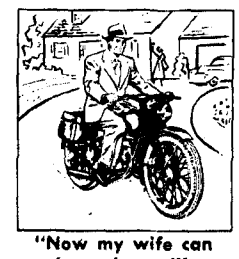
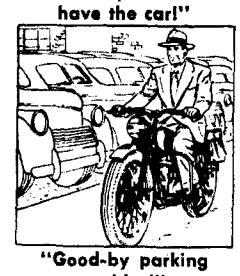
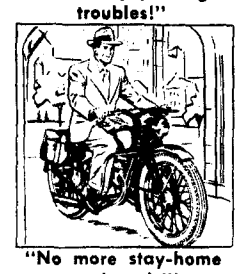


"Now my wife can have the car!"



"Good-by parking troubles!"



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he can't eat all this gunk. There's enough for ten kids."

"That," said Midge, "is how many children are coming to the party: ten."

"Oh, no," said George, alarmed, "you're not giving him a party, are you?"

"Of course," said Midge. "Tomorrow's his second birthday."

"That I know," said George. "But why a party? Whyn't we just take him for an outing, let him ride on roller coasters, visit shooting galleries and all that."

"It'll be his first real birthday party," said Midge.

"He won't remember it," declared George. "A party won't mean a single thing to him."

"I've sent out the invitations," said Midge.

"Well, phone the parents and call it off," urged George. "Tell 'em Eggshape's got smallpox."

MIDGE turned and stared at him. "George," she said incredulously, "do you mean to say you begrudge your son a birthday party?"

"Sure I do," said George sullenly. "What's he ever done for me?"

"George," said Midge, going white. "I really think you mean it."

"I do mean it," said George stubbornly.

Midge started to cry and all attempts George made to mollify her made things worse. George's touch, she said tearfully, was a contamination. He was an unnatural father, a monster. One thing led to another and soon ugly words were being bandied about at a reckless rate. This was no mere spat. This was a no-holds-barred, no-quarter-given Donnybrook.

Then, all of a sudden, Midge withdrew and re-formed her forces. She wasn't hauling down her flag she was merely adopting new weapons, new tactics.

"All right, George," she said in a calm, controlled voice. "You didn't want Eustace and after he was born you didn't like him. Now you're going to have your way. I'm releasing you from all obligations. There is no longer room for three of us beneath this roof."

"You mean you're going to send Eggshape away?" asked George.

"No," said Midge, "I'm going to send you away. Or, if you prefer, I'll pack up and Eustace and I'll leave."

"Don't bother," said George. "I'll go."

"This," said Midge, "means divorce."

"Suits me," said George. "Where's my suitcase, or has that brother of yours still got it?"

Just then Eggshape trotted into the room. There was a vaguely alarmed expression on his face. It almost seemed that he had been listening at a keyhole.

"Go away, you dirty little home wrecker," said George bitterly.

Eggshape looked up at him for a moment and then backed away. "Oh, nuts!" he said.

"Holy smoke!" gasped George. "Did you hear what he said, Midge?"

"I sure did," said Midge. "That's what comes of the language you've been using in front of him."

"But he talked," said George happily. "He said something. Say it again, Eggshape."

"Nuts," said Eggshape.

"Glory be," gloated George. "He's broken the ice."

"Hot damn!" said Eggshape. "Hell's bells!"

"Eustace," cried Midge. "You stop that this instant."

"Eggshape," said Eggshape.

"You're darn' right it's Eggshape," said George. "Here, pal, shake hands."

Gravely father and son shook hands. There was a look of mutual understanding in their eyes.

"Pal," said Eggshape. "Holy cats! Damn!"

"Oh, boy, what a birthday party you're going to have," George chortled. He turned to Midge. "Do you think he's too young for champagne?" he asked.

"He most certainly is," said Midge. "Incidentally I thought you didn't want him to have a party."

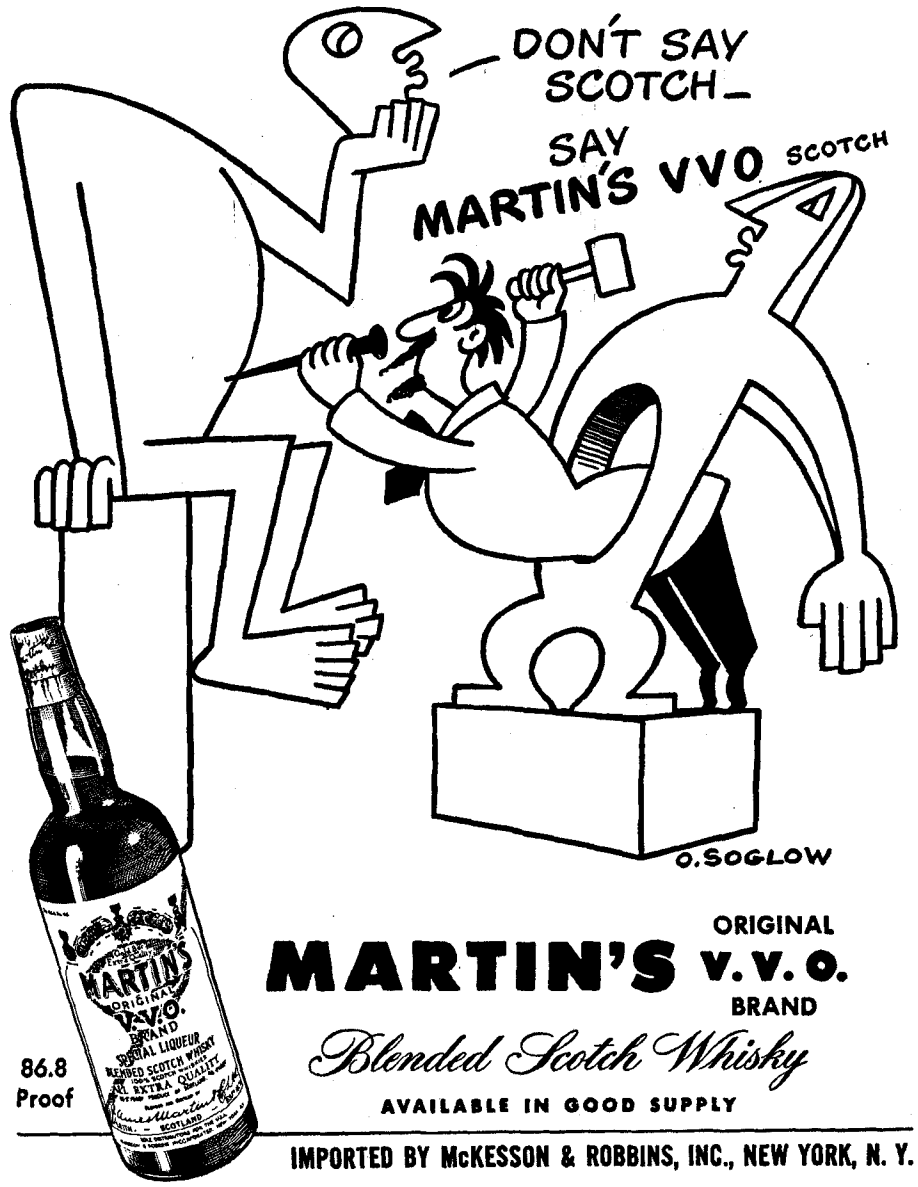
"That," said George, "was because I didn't want him to be humiliated and shown up by those other brats. Midge, do you think we should hire an orchestra?"

THE next day Eggshape was neither humiliated nor shown up by his guests. He frolicked among them exuberantly, talking a blue streak and sometimes offending their two-year-old sensibilities by his choice of words.

George stood with his arm around Midge, beaming with paternal pride. "Darling," he whispered to Midge, "do you think Eggshape would like a sister?"

"Eggshape," said Midge, coloring a little, "is well on the way toward having a sister."

"Glopfffz," said George.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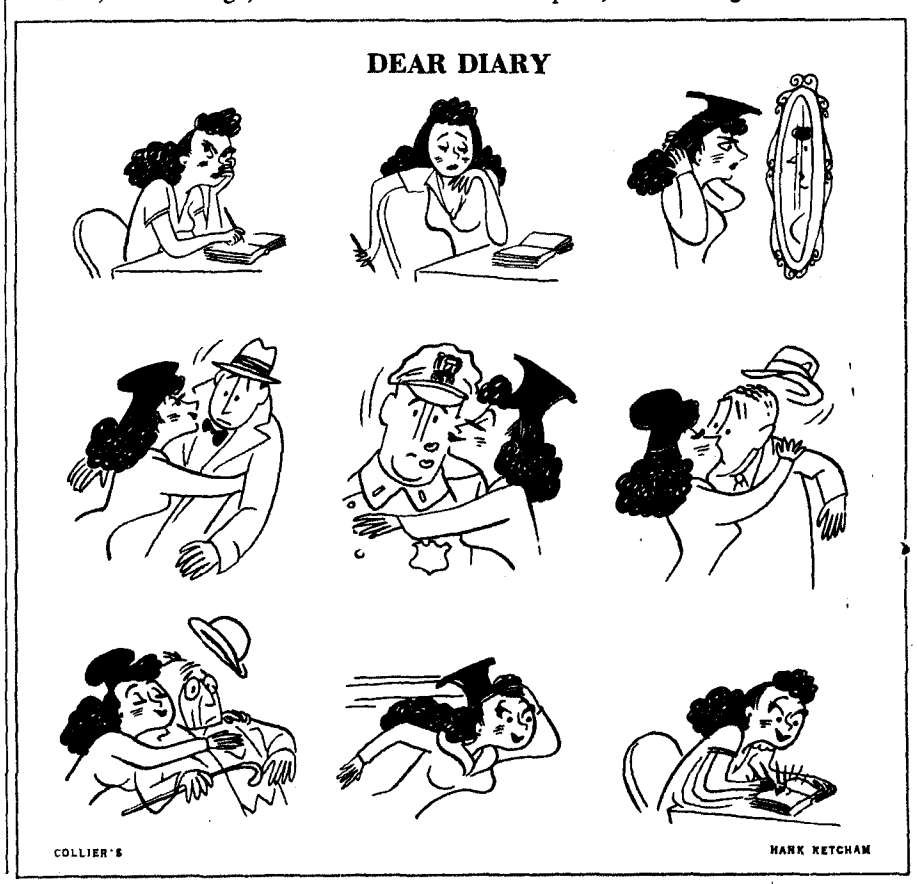

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

temper and nonviolent background. Mr. Stalin is tough! Good psychology would have been to send a big, tough bruiser who could, if necessary, knock him down and six or eight of his bodyguards with him. The late General John Pershing could have done it, and so could "Teddy," Theodore Roosevelt.

It makes me sick to think of the physically incompetent character of the fuddy-duddies we have had representing us in Moscow. The present General Bedell Smith is the only hard-faced, tough and capable-looking man among them.

JAMES BATTLE RIVERS, Evansville, Ind.

. . . Thank Heavens, Robert E. Sherwood's bedtime serial is finished. . . .

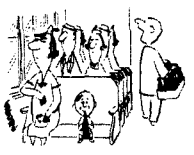
F. G. PRICE, Walla Walla, Wash.

. . . Collier's has added a deathless volume to history. . . .

B. G. PHILLIPSON, New York, N. Y.

LAUGH, ETC., ETC. — DON'T LAUGH, AND YOU DON'T LAUGH ALONE

GENTLEMEN: For several months now, I have carried the enclosed cartoon by Stanley Berenstain (July 10th) around with me to try to find someone who could see the joke. So far, I have not found anyone who was aroused to even the vaguest sort of a chuckle. So will you please do me, and my friends and acquaintances, a favor by telling us if this cartoon has a point and just what it is? MRS. L. F. HILL, Montgomery, Ala.



Point? The kid got it.

ORANGE FOR SAFETY

DEAR SIR: Re your fine article on protecting school children from America's greatest enemy, fire (Death in the Classroom, Oct. 2d), in the city of Orange, during the past few years our Bureau of Fire Prevention has worked closely with all school heads, increasing the speed of fire drills, replacing old fire-fighting equipment with new and eliminating all fire hazards.

Two years ago a new practice was put into effect. During Fire Prevention Week, at each school a small fire is built on the outside, and the pupils themselves extinguish these fires. This tests fire extinguishers and trains pupils in the proper handling of extinguishers in case of a real fire.

Fire prevention should not be left to a single group or unit but should be practiced by us all every day of the year, for the life we save may be our own.

GEORGE J. GMEINER,
Chief, Dept. of Public Safety,
Orange, N. J.

LEFTY MITTSTER

DEAR SIR: Where in the wide world did you get the idea of a left-handed catcher as drawn in Ruse's cartoon of Sept. 18th? I have only heard of one and he is in the minor leagues. I have tried it myself but I never could get a mitt for my right hand.

DOUG DICKERSON, Pulaski, Va.

There have been several big-league lefty catchers. One was a star: Jack Clements of the Phillies—long, long ago.

THIS IS A COMMUNIST

DEAR SIR: In your Sept. 18th Week's Mail Mr. A. H., Salt Lake City, requests a definition of a Communist. In the Selected Writings of Lenin, by Joseph Stalin, Stalin quotes Lenin: "The aim of Communism was to bring the complete overthrow of capital by alliances and blocs, or by revolution if necessary." J. H. MOORE, Tulsa, Okla.

. . . It is a bubonic plague in modern times. . . . FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER, New York, N. Y.

. . . A Communist is a person who has to work 24 hours to secure a pair of cotton stockings; 320 to buy a cotton shirt; 100 to buy a pair of woolen gloves; 4 hours to get a toothbrush; 1,000 hours for a lady's coat and 160 hours for a pair of galoshes.

W. C. ODELL, Kannapolis, N. C.

. . . It's the masses ruled by the asses. . . .
GEORGE B. DISTONG, Newark, N. J.

. . . Communism is a bear in wolf's clothing. . . . HELEN ACKRAN, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Many moons ago I ran across the following which seems pertinent:

Communism: If you have two cows, you give them to the state and they give you back some milk.

Socialism: You give one cow to the state and keep one.

Nazism: The state shoots you and takes the cows.

Capitalism: You sell one and buy a bull.

H. M. APPLEGATE, Lansdowne, Pa.

The way we heard it, under Communism, the state shoots the cows and milks you.

FOREHANDED HEROINE

DEAR EDITOR: Will you please tell me how one of the heroines (Helen Snyder) of Vera Caspary's new serial (Marriage '48) manages to hook her bra with one hand, while putting slices of bread in the toaster with the other? No matter how I figure it—it still takes two hands for that job. I would appreciate an answer.

MRS. JOHN M. LEYDEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The hooks on the bra have eyes—Helen's hand just gives directions.

HOT D—

DEAR EDITOR: Oh, dam, dam, dam that piece by Quentin Reynolds. Rainbow Route to Berlin (Sept. 25th) was worth a million to me. I am glad I am an American. Oh, boy, what we can do! I am a staid old grandmother, but let me add another good dam and pat on back for all concerned!

MRS. JOHN CHRISTIAN, Cullman, Ala.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

THE WEEKLY MAIL: In his story Death Had Strange Hands (Sept. 25th), Mr. Charles B. Child confused the method of fingerprint identification with the Bertillon system, called Anthropometry. The latter has nothing to do with whorls, arches, loops, etc.

The Bertillon system is a method of personal identification by recording the dimensions of certain bony parts of the human body, not by any impressions taken from the ridges of the skin. By the way, it might be of interest to know that I posed for the story's illustration. I was Hassan.

PAT MALONE, New York, N. Y.

. . . The illustration to Marriage '48, Sept. 25th, has moved me to verse:

Paging Artist Fredman!
Lilith's chic from her toes to her crown,
And her bright eyes are slanted and BLUE!
So why did Lt. Fredman paint her eyes BROWN?
While the eyes should really be BLUE!

MARGARET R. HECKMANN, Cleveland, Ohio

Lilith's eyes were so dazzlingly fair
Fredman was unable to look into them square.

My cooling system is sitting safe and pretty

by don herold

Last year I had to beg any old anti-freeze I could get.

But this year I am snootier.

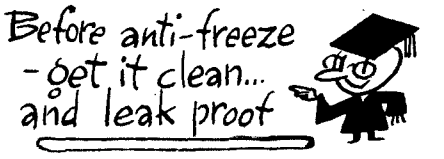
I've studied the whole anti-freeze line-up, and consulted some scientific birds. Folks really in the know agree on NOR'WAY* and PEAK* because they're both made by one of the great chemical concerns in America—Commercial Solvents Corporation—leading makers of such things as penicillin, riboflavin, ammonia and over 200 fine industrial chemical products.

The best money-saving anti-freeze I've learned about is their NOR'WAY. It costs little, and you need less of it than of other types to keep your radiator from freezing. (It has a dandy ingredient that helps to reduce evaporation.) It has a methanol base—does not smell boozy—and contains one of the finest anti-rusts ever created.

Or if you want a permanent type anti-freeze, PEAK is tops. It's guaranteed to last all season in a properly prepared cooling system—won't seep—circulates freely—embodies one of the finest anti-rusts—won't hurt rubber or clog radiators. Seems perfect.

BUT BEFORE ANTI-FREEZE

To be real fair to your car however, have some things done before you load up on



anti-freeze. Get a good service man to tighten hose connections, check the thermostat, clean the cooling system of summer slime (rust, scale and grease). For this he'll use NOR'WAY CLEANER or NOR'WAY QUICK FLUSH. Then get him to use NOR'WAY STOP LEAK to seal any leaks—present or future—so you won't lose your anti-freeze.

For the first winter in years I feel that my cooling system is as safe and snug as a bug in a rug.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR SPY SYSTEM?

Continued from page 13

Americans traditionally regarded spying as a dirty business, better left to others. And for at least a generation the United States allowed the British to do its spying for it, not realizing that indirectly it was permitting them to influence American policy. The British intelligence system, founded in 1412 and perfected through innumerable wars, saved England's life on many occasions. It tipped off the Admiralty to the coming of the Spanish Armada in 1588. It did us a good turn, too, in 1917.

German Bait for Mexico

In January of that year, British secret agents intercepted a note from the German Foreign Office to the German ambassador in Mexico City. The note offered Mexico a chance to grab off Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, in exchange for an alliance against us. While the Mexicans pondered the tempting offer, the British informed Washington of what was going on.

Our first reaction was to pooh-pooh the whole thing as propaganda designed to drag us into war. But the British proved the note's authenticity by showing exactly how the German code had been broken. On March 1st, President Woodrow Wilson published the facts, leaving out the part espionage had played. The disclosure did more than the sinking of the Lusitania or the stories of Hun atrocities to catapult us into World War I.

The British did practically all of America's intelligence work throughout World War I. But the United States soon set up its own system. It was composed of many branches, from State on down to Agriculture, with Army's G-2 and the Navy's Office of Naval Intelligence in between. These functioned separately and highly competitively—like rival newspapers after scoops. Individually, branches often did good work. Collectively they were awful.

Everybody poured information into their own agency or department. Political and economic information was collected by the diplomatic representatives and commercial attachés of the State Department. Military data was gathered by Army, Navy and Air attachés. Agriculture, Labor, Commerce and other agency leg men gathered and sent back facts of special interest to their outfits. Each jealously held out material on the other.

Nobody put all of the data together, and no single individual or group of individuals sat down to try to figure out what they all meant. The facts as received fell neatly into place.

Seen as a whole, rather than separately, Japanese aggression in China, Italian invasion of Ethiopia and German rearmament, when added to negotiations between Tokyo, Rome and Berlin for formation of an alliance, equaled Axis ambitions to conquer the world. But there was nobody topside in Washington to do the simple arithmetic involved.

It often happened that the information of one branch was at odds with data collected by another. Military observers, reporting out of Europe in those twittery thirties, repeatedly forecast war. But ambassadors and lesser diplomats, reporting mostly what they learned at cocktail parties and receptions, where they heard only what officials of potential enemy countries wanted them to know, discounted the dispatches of the military men.

Spain was a case in point. Civil war, forecast months ahead by our military observers, broke out in Madrid virtually on the day that the State Department received a dispatch from our ambassador predicting peace.

Even the various departments' reporting, although voluminous enough, was incomplete. About 90 to 95 per cent of the information required by a top-flight intelligence service is available openly in government publications, newspapers, magazines, speeches and other obvious sources.

It can be collected "overtly" by personal research and observation. But an all-important five or ten per cent—corresponding to the plan-stealing and secret-swiping done in films and fiction—can only be got "covertly," by secret agents. We had none in Europe between wars. We had a few in the Pacific, planted by the Navy, and these paid off in World War II, but the Navy won't say how. To do so would give away their methods.

But the weakest aspect in our between-wars intelligence setup was the lack of machinery for interpretation and evaluation of information after it was collected. For this we paid through the nose throughout World War II.

"... And in con-clu-sion ..."

COLLIER'S "You're off the air" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Thanks to something cryptically called "Magic," a system for breaking Jap codes invented by a certain U.S. Army G-2 officer, we had all of the information necessary to prevent the enemy, for instance, from achieving surprise at Pearl Harbor. But inaccurate evaluation of the information caused brass hats to underestimate the threat to Pearl Harbor. And you know what happened.

A Tragic Piece of Bungling

Cockeyed interpretation of combat data, an intelligence expert told me, allowed General Rundstedt to surprise us with his December, 1944, raid that culminated in the bloody Battle of the Bulge. Army G-2 had predicted the attack for days, but its findings were reversed by higher-up evaluators.

So it went with German war production, enemy casualties, oil output, the reaction of bombing on German morale and enemy resources. In every case our policy makers were way off the mark in their evaluation of strategic information.

The worst bobble was in connection with German industrial output. Our evaluators consistently predicted imminent collapse of German industry. The truth, established after V-E Day, was that German industrial activity increased 600 per cent from 1939 until the end of the first half of 1944 in spite of bombings.

It was to overcome these deficiencies of proper interpretation and the lack of secret agents in strategic places that the Central Intelligence Agency was created. The CIA is an intricate setup consisting mainly of the intelligence services of the State Department, the Army, Navy and Air Force, the Atomic Energy Commission and half a dozen lesser agencies. Their respective diplomats and attachés send back to their departments what information they gather in the countries to which they are assigned.

Their facts are funneled into the CIA where they are double-checked, organized into understandable form and, finally, evaluated. The process is similar to that involved in producing a good newspaper. Diplomats and attachés in our intelligence setup correspond to reporters; its researchers and analysts to rewrite men and subeditors; and its evaluators to editors.

The object of intelligence work, like that of a newspaper, is to produce the raw material of policy.

After the CIA's top men decide what the information in their possession really means, they recommend specific policies for the government to follow. The CIA's recommendations go to the President and the National Security Council, the new high-level policy-making body.

President and council can ignore the CIA's suggestions. But they never have in the 18 months of the organization's life. The CIA is the mainspring, therefore, of our policy-making machinery. If its facts and interpretations are ever cockeyed, the country could make tragic mistakes.

The CIA is a vast improvement over previous intelligence setups. But even the agency's most enthusiastic tub thumpers have to admit that it represents only a "small beginning" in global espionage. For instance, the agency failed to forewarn the State Department that all hell would break loose in Bogotá, Colombia, last April while the Inter-American Conference was being held there.

Had it done its work properly, the agency's critics maintain, it would have recommended postponement or holding of the conference at another capital. The uprising cost Colombians 1,500 lives and Uncle Sam much prestige among his Latin-American friends. If it failed to forecast the Colombian fracas, critics ask, what assurances are there that the CIA can forewarn the nation of a future atomic Pearl Harbor?

"Our day-to-day as well as long-range decisions on the conduct of our foreign affairs," one intelligence expert explained, "depend on complete, timely, objective knowledge of the facts. Only when we are fully informed of the acts and intentions of others can we avoid fatal miscalculations of their future policies and objectives. The CIA, as presently constituted, is not able to produce that kind of intelligence."

Picked for Foreign Service

The CIA is empowered to hire, train and install in foreign countries those undercover men needed to do the five to ten per cent of the dirty work connected with intelligence.

And, although all of the departments and agencies involved do their own preliminary analyses of information, it is the CIA's job to make the final, over-all evaluations, forecasting the intentions of other nations toward us.

The agency's record in these two all-important matters to date is, in the opinion of most of our professionals, less than satisfactory. One crusty old spy, who loves his work, said that the CIA "doesn't have the faintest idea of how to go about planting undercover men in other countries." A good spy, he explained, must have "cover"—a disarming "front" behind which he operates. Many of Britain's best "spies" are just plain businessmen, salesmen and even newspaper correspondents.

"But the CIA's idea of cover," the old intelligence sourpuss said, "is to use the diplomatic service. It plants agents in countries in the guise of consular officers and other lesser officials. That's all wrong.

"In the event of war, the first ones to leave a country are the diplomats and blooey, there would go our 'spy system.' And even when the CIA uses diplomatic posts as cover, it hasn't sense enough to keep its mouth shut about it. When some CIA people were justifying their Colombian fiasco to Congress they came right out publicly and told just who their spies were in our embassy down there."

CIA men have pulled several colossal operational boners. Secrecy, of course, covers them, but enough is known about one of their flops—in Rumania—to give substance to the charges of the agency's critics. Two former O.S.S. men, taken into the CIA when the O.S.S. was disbanded after V-J Day, established contact with Rumanian anti-Communists.

They helped these elements form an antigovernment group. But they violated practically every rule in the spy book. They kept written records of everything they did, including the names of the Rumanian conspirators and transcripts of what happened at meetings in which they

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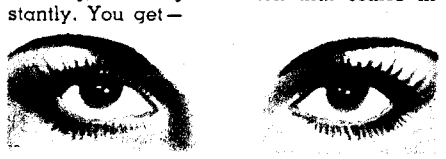

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participated. The Russian secret service easily uncovered the plotters.

The Americans escaped, but the Rumanians landed in the clink. The Russians made excellent propaganda use of the material they captured. It helped them prove America's "imperialistic ambitions" in Europe and to send Juliu Maniu, anti-Russian Rumanian politician, to jail for life.

So far, there is no proof that the CIA is unable to evaluate accurately the information it receives from its own agents and the other agencies and departments. The only known CIA misfire, from the interpretation angle, was the one concerning Colombia; but this, the agency's attackers maintain, was serious enough. The agency defends itself on the grounds that no one could possibly have anticipated the event which ignited the Bogotá holocaust—the assassination of a politician named Jorge Gaitán.

But the privately outspoken critics find other faults with the CIA. They mistrust its abilities as a top evaluating agency, saying it is staffed with many former O.S.S. men of reputedly dubious intelligence skill.

They say that an agency like CIA, in view of the functions ascribed to it by the National Security Act—to "co-ordinate the intelligence activities of the several government departments and agencies in the interest of the national security"—should be able to operate with about 100 top-notch men. It has, instead, upward of 3,000.

This fact smacks of the old Washington industry of job making as a means of achieving power.

High Brass Bias Charged

Another criticism aimed at the fledgling organization is that it is top-heavy with brass and, therefore, its estimates of any situation are bound to reflect a strictly military interpretation. The CIA is headed by Rear Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, a patient, close-mouthed man who has spent a lifetime in intelligence work. His deputy is a general, also with many years of experience.

"But service intelligence officers," some critics say, "are inclined to relate everything to their specialty. An Army man sees any situation in terms of divisions, the Air officer interprets it in terms of bombers, and the Navy expert in warships. Let us say that their various preliminary estimates of a given situation—Russian military strength, for instance—are laid before the top-level analysts of the CIA.

"In those estimates, the Army has emphasized Russian ground strength, the Air has stressed Soviet bomber power, and the Navy has underscored the size of the Soviet's submarine force.

"It is Hillenkoetter's job to take all of these estimates and re-evaluate them in accordance with information coming in to him from secret agents and other sources. Being a former Navy Intelligence man he is bound to frame an evaluation of Russian power more in line with Navy views than with those of the others. Or, knowing his own predilection for the Navy, he will lean over backward too far in underevaluating the Navy's arguments. Either way, it's bad."

Hush-Hush Policy Prevails

There is no proof that Hillenkoetter at any time has been influenced by his Navy background in preparing those CIA analyses required by the White House, State Department and National Security Council in formulation of policy. If there were, that proof would remain locked in CIA files anyway. For our intelligence agency is one of only two places left in peacetime Washington where you have to be practically fingerprinted before being allowed to enter to see even a third assistant to the chief clerk. The other is the Atomic Energy Commission.

One of the reasons why the CIA is getting it hip and thigh from all quarters—aside from its obvious deficiencies—is that it is an unwanted child of "unification" of the armed forces.

As anyone in Washington can tell you, "unification" is largely theoretic. The services continue their feudin' and fussin' vigorously behind the scenes. Among other things, none wants its intelligence prerogatives touched. In the State Department the CIA has an additional foe. All look at the CIA with much the same suspicion and downright fear with which they formerly regarded the O.S.S.

But the wartime cloak-and-dagger outfit was not so bad as its detractors say. It developed scores of first-class intelligence technicians. It was not continued after the war, because it was not, strictly speaking, an intelligence machinery.

It was what is known in the trade as an "operational force," useful only for gathering information of a combat nature—how many men the enemy had in a given case, the number of weapons at their disposal, the condition of their supply system and so on. It had no facilities for collecting the political, economic and other data essential to an over-all intelligence system.

However, the O.S.S. did develop men like Allen Welsh Dulles, brother of the John Foster Dulles who is often mentioned as a potential Secretary of State in a Thomas Dewey Cabinet. Allen is scholarly, self-contained, discreet. He

COLLIER'S "I'm positive I didn't outgrow them!" DON TOBIN

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was stationed in Bern, Switzerland, during the war and is credited with several of the most amazing coups pulled by American espionage agents.

One involved planting an undercover man right in Adolf Hitler's own Foreign Office. From 1943 onward, Dulles received, by courier from the German-Swiss frontier, daily copies of every message that left the desk of Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop.

Another coup concerned information about "strange structures" being built by the Germans in the vicinity of Peenemünde on the Baltic coast in the summer of 1943. Dulles passed the facts along to the British, who sent reconnaissance planes over the places mentioned. Aerial photographs disclosed the "strange structures" to be the launching sites of V-1 and V-2 rockets, subsequently destroyed by bombs.

But Allen Dulles' most amazing exploit, faintly resembling a spy story laid in some Graustarkian kingdom, involved a remote and little-known place called Campione d'Italia, literally a "sample of Italy," a bit of Italian territory on Lake Lugano lying entirely inside Switzerland, about three miles long and half as wide, containing some 600 Italian subjects.

Campione thrived on gambling, but when war came the casino closed. Rome subsidized the place with grants, and the Germans used it as a point from which to infiltrate Nazi agents into Switzerland. Although living under a Fascist regime, the people were strongly pro-Allies. Allen set out to take advantage of this fact.

Nazi Stooges Were Ousted

Operating on neutral Swiss territory, Allen did not have sufficient radio facilities. So under the noses of Nazi agents, he made contact with Campione's underground and started a revolution. The government which succeeded Campione's Fascist regime declared itself an ally of the United States and Britain.

It then entered into "diplomatic relations" with those governments and allowed them to establish communications facilities on its territory. Allen got his radio station and subsequently used Campione as a key briefing station for agents sent down into Italy to operate behind Nazi and Fascist lines.

Such exploits constitute intelligence of a high order. The country has, in men like Allen Dulles and others, the kind of intelligence brains needed to create and operate an espionage system fully as efficient as that of the British. It may not, however, have enough of them. To find and train them may take 10 to 20 years. Is there time for this? If not, what short cuts to a top-notch espionage system are there?

An investigation by a committee of three, of whom Allen Dulles is one, is under way to try to find an answer to that and a lot of other questions including whether the boss of the entire outfit should be civilian or military. The whole matter of personnel will be overhauled by the committee along with the CIA itself. In the long run the quality of the people engaged in intelligence determines the caliber of the system itself.

Career Men for Espionage

Dulles' committee will probably recommend, in their report to be published in January, that the government try to open up careers in intelligence for our best political scientists, economists, historians and transportation and communications engineers and a host of other experts required by a first-rank espionage system.

This could be done by offering salaries at least comparable to those available to such men in the graduate schools of universities and private industry. There are very few $10,000-a-year salaries available in intelligence work now. Lack of security in government service turns many first-rate candidates away.

The staff problem plagues the CIA. It adds up to this: How can you encourage good men to enter the service when we as a people have always looked down on spying and never dreamed that it would become a part of our national and international existence? Even the CIA's most violent critics admit that there is nothing theoretically wrong with the physical structure of the organization. Its failings are the failings of individuals.

"When we develop a breed of men," one G-2 veteran said, "with a passion for anonymity, a genius for silence under all conditions, and, above all, the cerebral capacity to take a mass of facts and be able to tell, accurately, what they mean, we will have an intelligence service. But it may take another whole generation."

But one thing is certain. We are in the spying business to stay. If the recent war and the troubled peace that followed taught us anything, it taught us the value of foreknowledge. We are only 2,500 years late. The ancient Chinese, 500 years before Christ was born, already had learned.

"Foreknowledge," wrote the great Oriental war lord, Sun-tzu, in 500 B.C., "is what enables the wise sovereign and the good general to strike and conquer and achieve things beyond the reach of ordinary men."

As of now, we are exactly 536 years behind the British in developing an intelligence system capable of producing the foreknowledge that means security in peace and victory in war, when and if it comes. Our present system was patterned after that of the British. This means that we, like them, will eventually have not one, but eight or nine different spy rings operating in other countries—friendly countries as well as those which might become enemies.

Such an elaborate network might sound downright "un-American" to old Ivy Leaguers. But the cost and hard work involved are the price which this country must pay in order to ensure survival.

It is not enough to uncover enemy spy rings in our own country. We must also set up our own systems in other nations.

Cheer-Up Chirp

When I am ill, no greeting card
By Pollyanna makes me better;
No pains abate when I peruse
A sticky, sentimental letter.
In fact, resentment roils in me
Till bedside roses turn to thistles,
And I determine to survive
In *spite* of "get-well-soon" epistles.

—LENORE EVERSOLE FISHER

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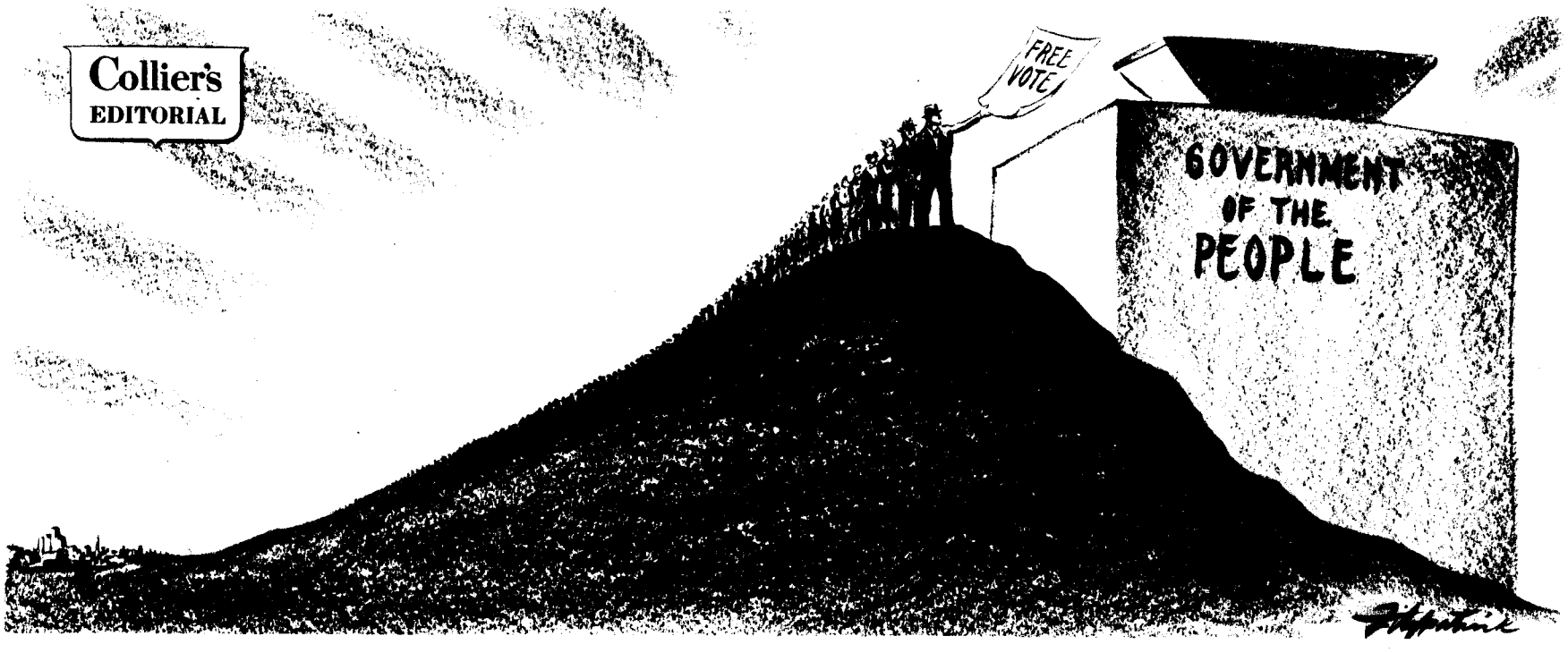

Collier's believes...

WE HAVE CAUSE TO REJOICE

WE GO TO the polls Tuesday. We enter the booths. We have been given a piece of paper with names of men and of parties printed upon them. Or else we face a voting machine. We read printed words and look at symbols. We try to remember the names of minor candidates. And the meanings of issues. Then we mark X's on paper. Or perhaps pull the levers of a voting machine. We hope we remembered rightly. We pull back the curtain of the booth. If we are conscientious we may be perspiring a little. We may feel a little harried and just a trifle confused. We think, many of us, how poorly we have done.

Yet what we shall have done is the culminating act of the great drama of self-government. For this one privilege we so awkwardly exercised, tens of millions of men have struggled, fought and died during the last four centuries.

We are a long way off from danger. At least we think we are. If the Russians had the atomic bomb and our aircraft we would not be far from danger. If the Communist fanatics who say that war between Communists and the democracies is unavoidable had the bomb and our air transport, perhaps Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, perhaps even Chicago and the other Great Lakes cities would already have been bombed. We would then be going to the polls as the shattered Japanese might have gone to the polls in Tokyo or Hiroshima during the last weeks of World War II.

The great fact is that we are still free to exercise the unhampered selections of free men and free women. We can choose between candidates and parties. Nobody can do anything evil to us for what we do in the voting booth. Very few people in this world enjoy such a privilege.

The Russians do not. The Russian voter is allowed to vote for one party and one kind of candidate—Communist. If he does not like Communists or believe in Communist principles, he must still vote as he is instructed to vote. If he refrains from voting or votes "no" he asks for punishment and doubtless gets it.

The peoples of the European countries under Russian control and duress vote for one party only—the Communist. If a Czech or a Bulgarian or a Hungarian does not like the Communist candidate, he still must vote for the government slate. Or else he or his family may be asked to pay the price. If he is important the price may be execution or banishment or worse.

We are among the fortunate. If our skins are moderately white and if we have complied with a few relatively minor registration regulations, in most of the 48 states we may vote. In a few places we might encounter trouble if our color were a non-Caucasian red or brown. Even so, 1,500,000 Negroes, it is guessed by responsible leaders, will vote in the South on Tuesday. So generally everybody who seriously cares about voting will have the privilege.

Our only handicap is within ourselves. We are at liberty to use all of the wisdom and intelligence we possess. Nobody is going to do anything to us now or soon because of our vote. We may vote for President Truman, for Governor Dewey, for Norman Thomas the Socialist, for Henry A. Wallace the pro-Russian candidate, for Governor Thurmond the States' Rights and anti-civil rights candidate. We may vote as we please. No boss in business, no political leader, nobody need ever know how we voted unless we choose to inform them.

We are free of everything except our own personal limitations. We can blame Communists, Democrats, Republicans, or anybody outside ourselves for that. If we are stupid, we may hold ourselves responsible. We have no scapegoats.

This very fact increases our responsibility. To be accountable only to yourself is the supreme responsibility. This is what all of us, every one of the fifty- to sixty-odd million voters, must accept this coming Tuesday. Whatever we do, whomever we choose, it is our doing. A majority of us will prevail. Wise or foolish, generous or mean, we make the decision.

It is not the task of a national weekly, as we see it, to recommend candidates. Collier's does not. We hope, however, that every American voter will go to the polls with a full sense of the part he is playing in the unfolding drama of human history.

It is not of our willing that the United States is the leader of all nations that prefer liberty to enslavement. We want nothing for ourselves as a people that we do not freely concede to all other people. We have no imperialistic ambitions. We covet no man's land, nor his oil, nor anything that is his. We want simply to live—to live well, it is true—and we hope other people will earn, possess and enjoy the same good things we have sought and obtained.

Because we have prospered with liberty, the world looks to us for leadership—leadership in ideas and in ideals as well as in material accomplishments. This year in particular, more than ever before, the eyes and the heart of the world follow us to the polls.

Collier's hopes and believes that however we vote as individuals, the sum total of our choices will assure the world that the United States will continue in the years ahead to be a promised land to all who love liberty and aspire by their own energy, imagination and effort to build for themselves a good life in a peaceful world. . . . W. L. C.

☆ ☆ ☆ "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER ☆ ☆ ☆

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To a yachtsman, hoisting the cocktail flag is a perfect end to a perfect day. It invites friends aboard for a mellow Schenley highball while they talk of the day's run.

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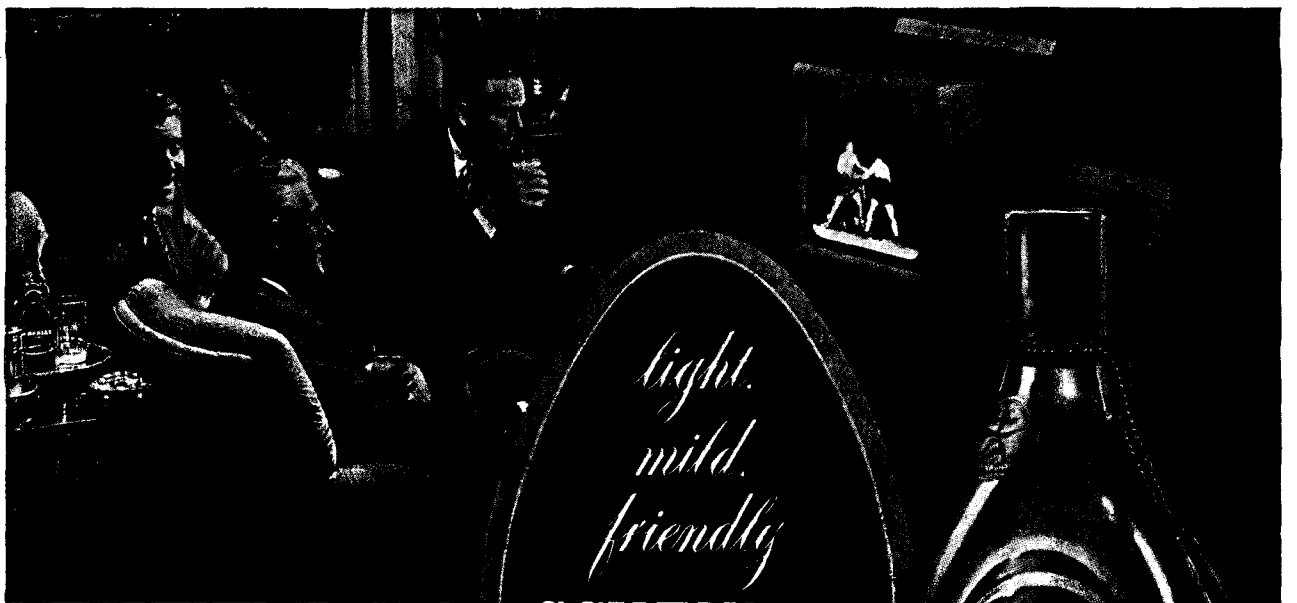
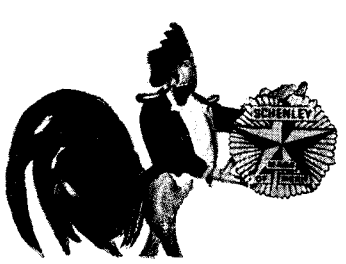


Yachtsman, fisherman, or armchair sportsman—whatever your pleasure when day is done, you deserve mild, mellow Schenley.



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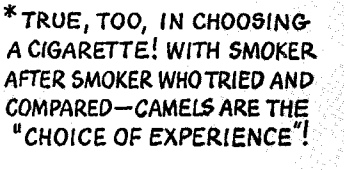
Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon finds EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER —in handling "big cats" ...and in choosing a cigarette, too!

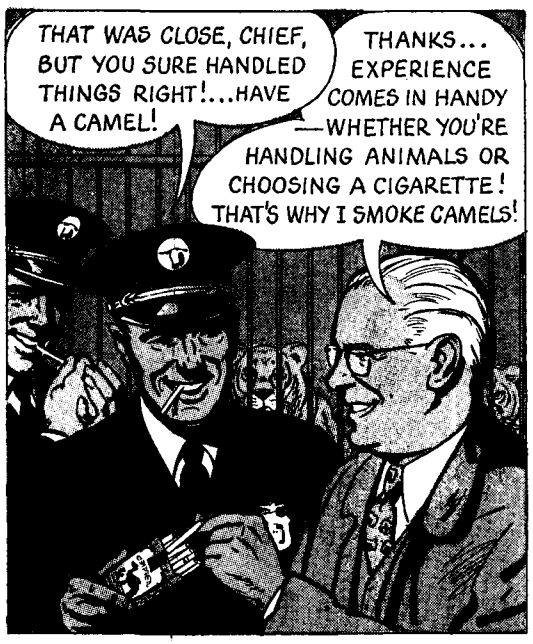
FAWSANA'S ON HER WAY — BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE WITH SULTANA!
BE CAREFUL! I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE—LIONS RAISED IN CAPTIVITY CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN JUNGLE BORN!
WITH A SUDDEN ROAR...
SULTANA LEAPS THROUGH THE CAGE DOOR—CRASHES THROUGH THE RUNWAY FENCE!

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER*

LONG EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS HIS GROUND... SPEAKING SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE DIVERTING HER ATTENTION WITH BROOM HANDLE.

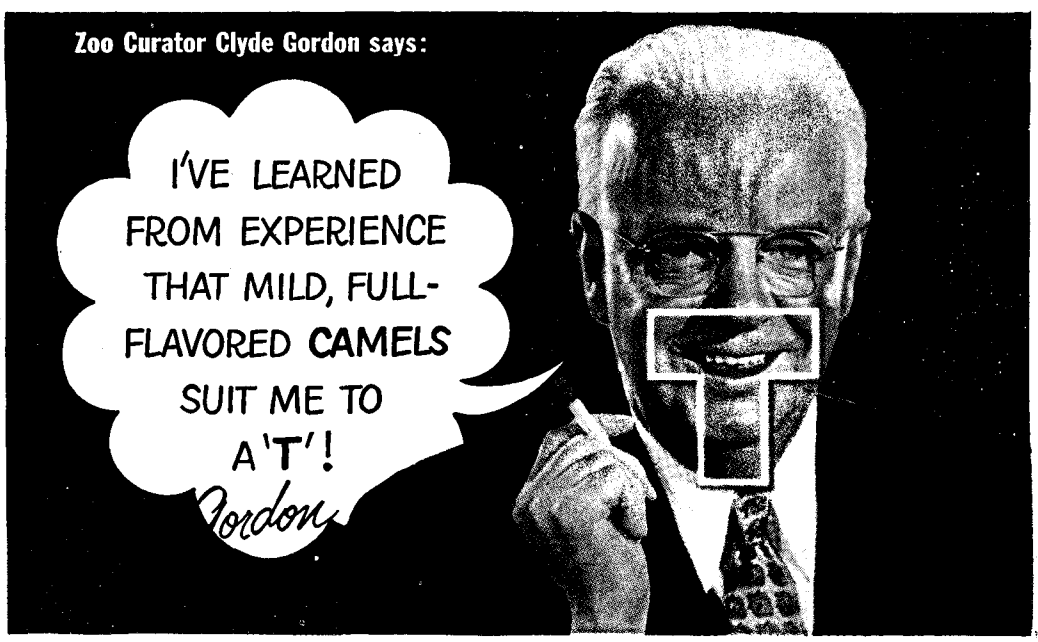


*TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!


THAT WAS CLOSE, CHIEF, BUT YOU SURE HANDLED THINGS RIGHT!...HAVE A CAMEL!
THANKS... EXPERIENCE COMES IN HANDY —WHETHER YOU'RE HANDLING ANIMALS OR CHOOSING A CIGARETTE! THAT'S WHY I SMOKE CAMELS!

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...
T for Throat
...that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



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